a BIG 52 PAGE magazine

Miss America

PATSY WALKER in LOVE IS WHERE THE HEART LIES!

NOV. 10c

Plus
ROMANTIC
TRUE-LIFE
TALES

FASCINATING NOVELTIES! SEND TODAY!
AMAZING! SENSATIONAL! FUN!

"Please hold me....I'll bring you good luck!"

LUCKY LAURA! THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE!

- Made of Rubber Wonderskin
- She Has Moving Eyes
- Life-like appearance

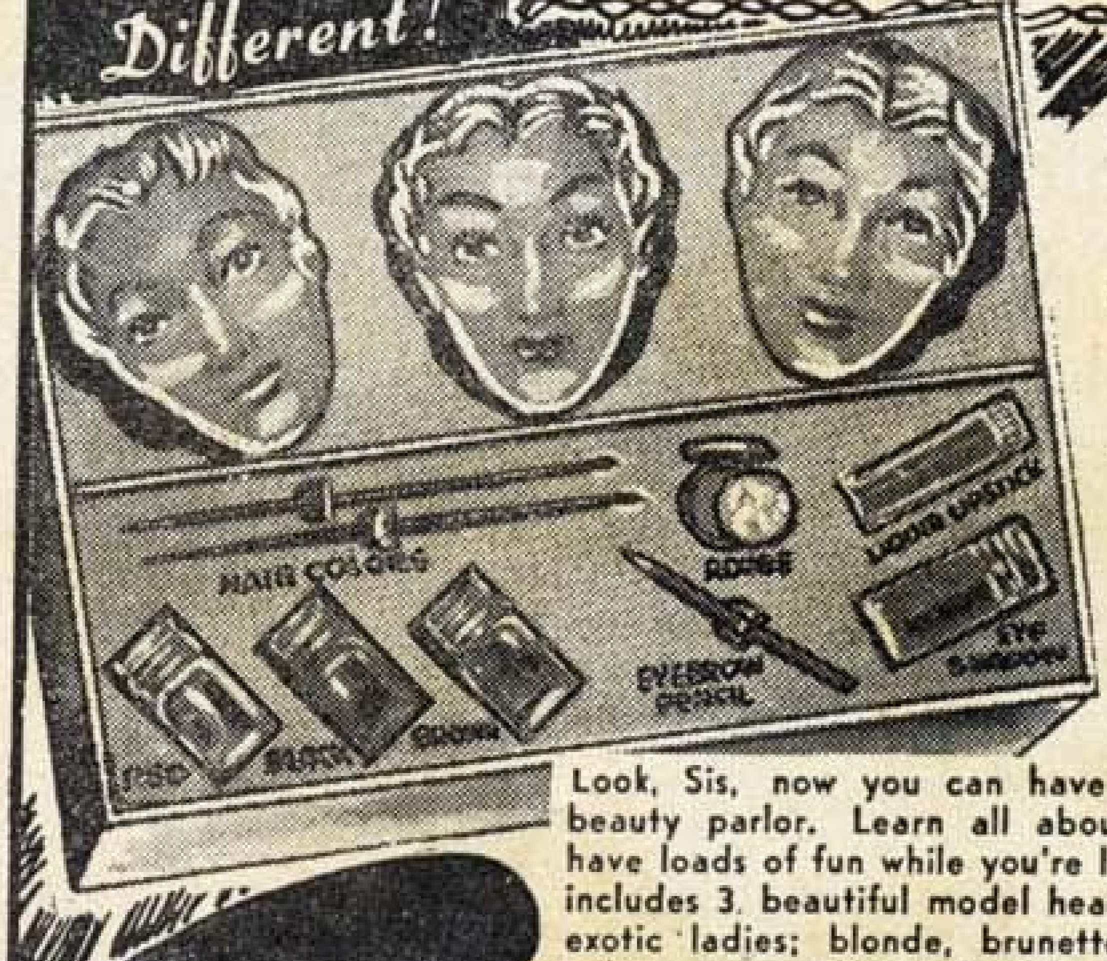
You'll love Laura and want to play with her all day long. She's the sensational new rubber doll every girl is craving for. Laura has fingertip length hair that you can actually braid just like Mothers. . . . You will thrill to her amazing Rubber Wonderskin — and, when you touch Lucky Laura's charm bracelet, you're bound to have good luck. Laura is dressed in a pretty party dress, cute panties, socks and booties. This wonderful, thrill-to-hold, lucky-to-caress rubber doll is 13 inches high — a cuddlesome bundle of joy to take care of. Ask Mom to order one today. SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

LUCKY ME EVERYBODY LOVES ME, WONT YOU?

IMAGINE ONLY $2.98 complete

Excitingly New! Wonderfully Different!

LITTLE PRINCESS Beauty Parlor



★ Learn Makeup
★ Develop Your Own Styles
★ Educational Instruction
★ Can Be Used Over & Over Again

Look, Sis, now you can have your very own beauty parlor. Learn all about makeup—and have loads of fun while you're learning. The set includes 3 beautiful model heads that look like exotic ladies; blonde, brunette and red hair colors; rouge; liquid lipstick; eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Just apply the makeup you think will make them lovelier. You can beautify them over and over again—because they are completely washable. Try little experiments and see which makeup style looks best on each. And, tell Mommy there is no need to worry—all colors are completely harmless and safe. SEND NO MONEY. Rush order today. Remit with order or C.O.D. plus postage.

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Hello! I'm SANDY! I drink I wet I sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR!

NEW! AMAZING!

Little Miss WAVE-A-DOLL HAIR KIT
WAVE LOTION

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with 24 plastic curlers, 24 rubber waving bands, 60 waving end papers, plastic comb and 3-oz. bottle of doll hair lotion. ADORABLE SANDY, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

TERRIFIC VALUE! only $3.98 complete

SEND NO MONEY
(C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

IT'S A 2 POINTER!! BASKETBALL TALLY BELL SET

SCORE A BASKET..RING THE BELL!

★ Portable basket . . clamps over a door or chair in 15 seconds
★ Complete with 7-inch regulation ball and inflating needle
★ Helps develop a "good eye"

Listen to those points ring off on the new Tally Bell! Junior basketball players love this fun-filled practice for team or high school games . . . and thrill every time their "2-pointer" rings the bell. The basketball is the standard 7" size—made to take all the abuse active young players can heap on it. Basket is regulation diameter, portable and sturdy . . . with a bell attachment that rings as the ball slips through. Up in a jiffy—in the boys' room, play room or cellar. Order one today. You'll make your son the most popular boy in the neighborhood. SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

IMAGINE ONLY $2.98 complete

RUSH COUPON! FAST DELIVERY!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 266
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

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Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

☐ Lucky Laura ______ $2.98 ☐ Beauty Parlor ____2.49
☐ Basketball Game ______ $2.98 ☐ CHEWING GUM ______1.98
☐ Sandy Doll ______ $3.98 ☐ MASK ______1.98
☐ 3 FOR 5.75

Name________________
Address________ City________ State________

A STICK OF GUM WITH EACH DEPOSIT!

$1.98 COMPLETE

CHEWING GUM MACHINE and BANK That Really Works!

FREE! A PACKAGE OF GUM WITH EACH MACHINE

Fun for all, kiddies and grown-ups . . . the fascinating and sensational novelty that really works just like a real gum machine. Just insert a penny, nickel or dime in a coin slot—pull the lever and out comes a stick of real gum. It's a bank too because the money remains locked in and can only be opened with a key supplied. Made of gleaming plastic and metal in two bright colors.

Introducing THE NEW SENSATIONAL RUBBER MASKS!

FITS CLOSE TO THE FACE AND MOVES AS YOUR FACE MOVES!

- SO LIFE-LIKE
- PAINTED FOR REALISM
- MADE OF MOLDED RUBBER
- PERFECT FOR PARTIES

Here's party fun for young and old! Real molded rubber masks that fit skin-tight and move with every muscle of your face! They're so life-like, so realistic you can't tell they're being worn. Just watch junior astound the gang with a different face every five minutes . . . And Dad will love them too because he'll be the life of the party. You can look like someone else and be yourself—breathing easily, eating, smoking, talking and seeing with your very own eyes. Every mask is painted on the finest molded rubber. Buy a dozen—the more you have the more you'll want!

$1.98 EACH 3 for $5.75

Check Masks Wanted
☐ PIRATE
☐ DEVIL
☐ MONKEY
☐ MANCHU
☐ HOBO

SEND NO MONEY Rush your order today. Remit order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

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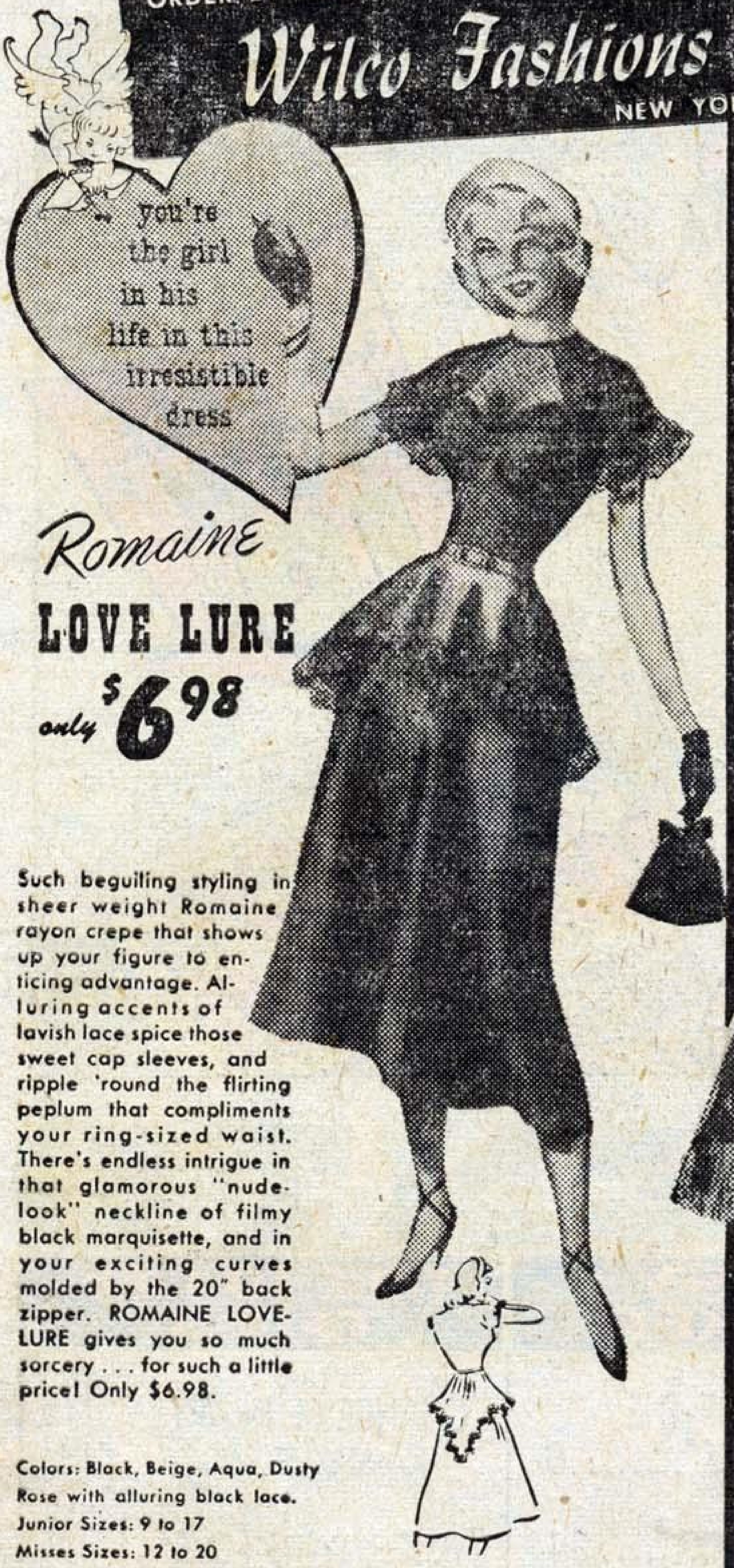
NEW YORK



Romaine LOVE LURE

only $6.98

Such beguiling styling in sheer weight Romaine rayon crepe that shows up your figure to enticing advantage. Alluring accents of lavish lace spice those sweet cap sleeves, and ripple 'round the flirting peplum that compliments your ring-sized waist. There's endless intrigue in that glamorous "nude-look" neckline of filmy black marquisette, and in your exciting curves molded by the 20" back zipper. ROMAINE LOVE-LURE gives you so much sorcery . . . for such a little price! Only $6.98.

Colors: Black, Beige, Aqua, Dusty Rose with alluring black lace.
Junior Sizes: 9 to 17
Misses Sizes: 12 to 20

SEND NO MONEY—ORDER ON APPROVAL

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Please send me ROMAINE LOVE-LURE at $6.98
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage.
☐ I enclose $6.98. You pay postage

SIZE	1st COLOR CHOICE	2nd COLOR CHOICE

Please send me "Trickster" at $6.98.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage.
☐ I enclose $6.98. You pay postage.

WAIST SIZE*	1st COLOR CHOICE	2nd COLOR CHOICE

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City______________Zone_____State____________

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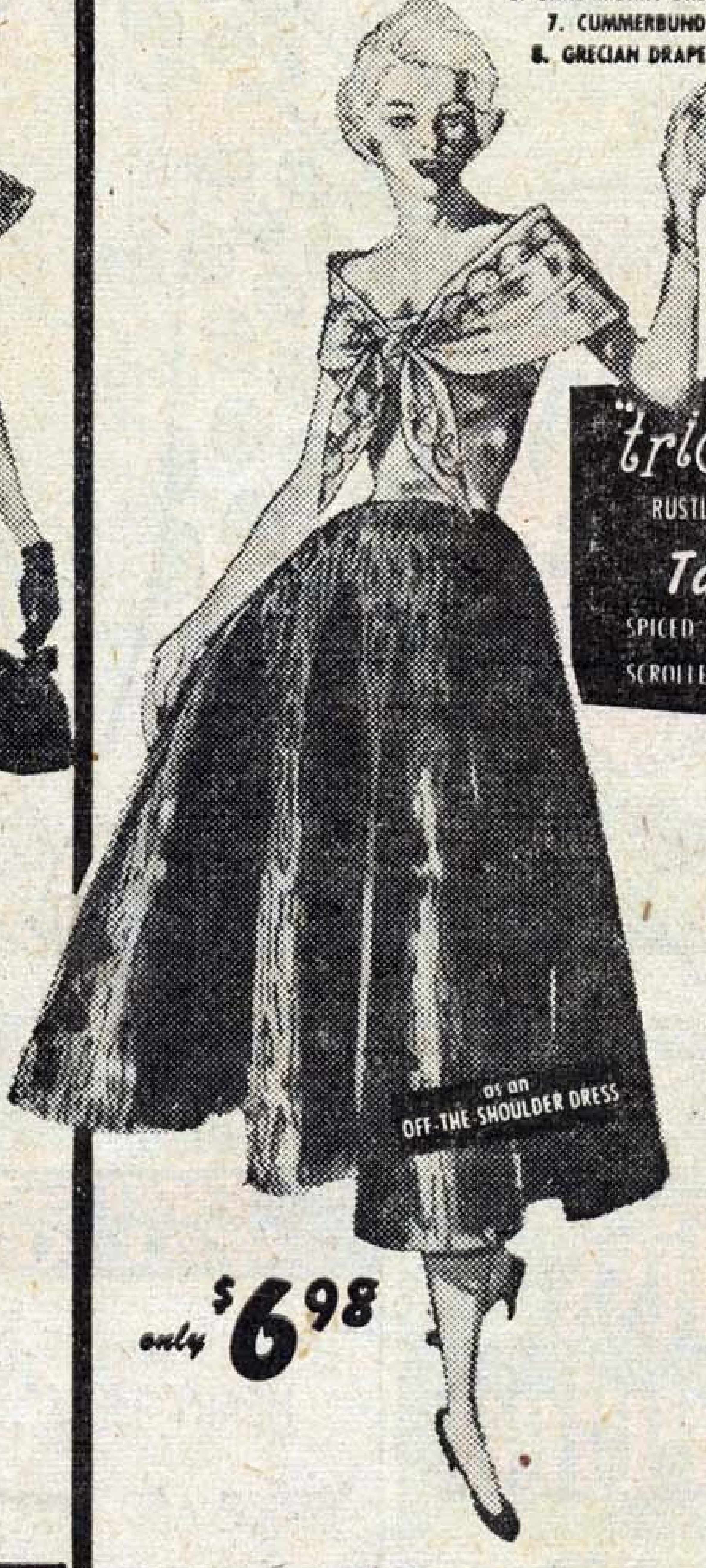
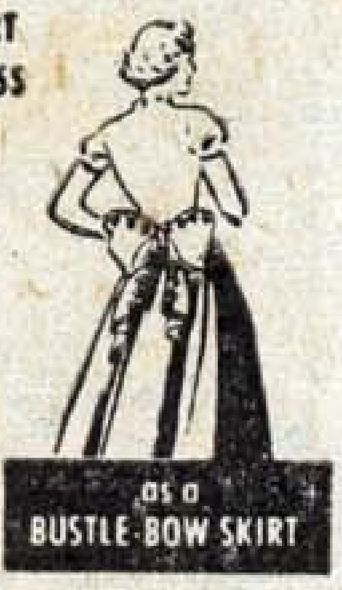
"8 Way Wonder"

TRY IT... *and you have an*

1. OFF-THE-SHOULDER DRESS
2. JAUNTY JUMPER
3. BUSTLE-BOW SKIRT
4. TORSO-HUGGING OVER-BLOUSE DRESS
5. STRAPLESS BOW-FRONT PARTY DRESS
6. BARE MIDRIFF DRESS
7. CUMMERBUND SKIRT
8. GRECIAN DRAPE DRESS



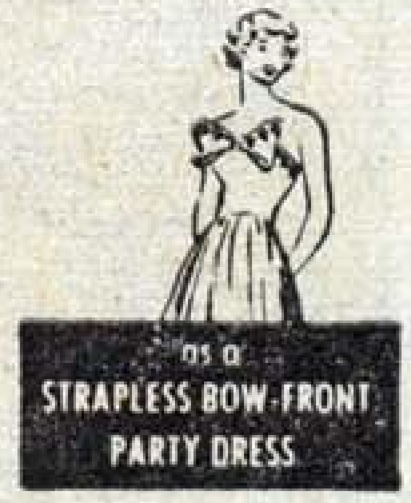


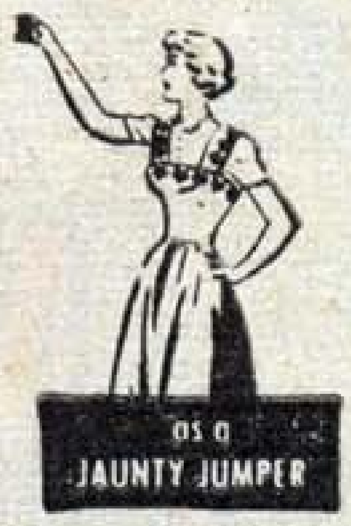
"trickster"

RUSTLING ROMANTIC

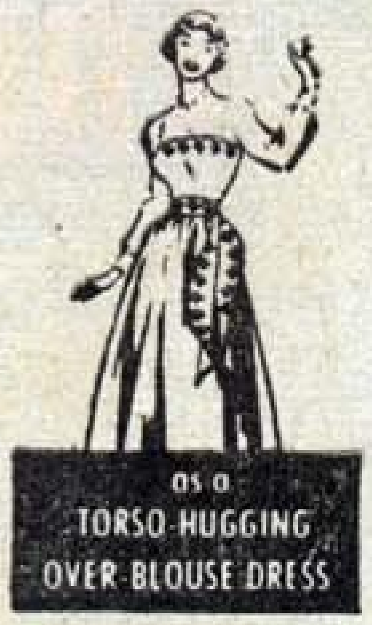
Taffeta

SPICED WITH GRECIAN
SCROLLED SOUTACHE BRAID!





only $6.98



You'll marvel at this many-way, every-season, every-day miracle dress that plays eight parts for the price of one! Just listen to the pulse-exciting swish of twirling, swirling taffeta, so enchantingly feminine . . . the magic-changing "TRICKSTER" bewitches the same beau anew every time he dates you. And there's money-saving magic too in its thrilling low price of only $6.98.

Moire taffeta skirt with contrasting taffeta top, spiced with black Grecian scrolled soutache braid.

Color Combinations:
Black with Red top
Black with White top
Black with Dusty Rose top
Black with Aqua top
Order by your waist size!
22-24-26-28-30

Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist.

PATSY WALKER
MORE LOVABLE
MORE HUMAN
MORE ROMANTIC
THAN EVER!
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEEN QUEEN!
ON SALE NOW! 10¢
MARVEL COMIC
PATSY WALKER
10¢
GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

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Miss America

NUMBER 28
NOVEMBER, 1949

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PATSY WALKER

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Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

DON'T STAY FAT... LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES SAFELY- WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says. "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3.: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. 108
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City__________________State________

☐ I enclose $5.00. Send the Giant Size Body Massage Cream with My Spot Reducer.

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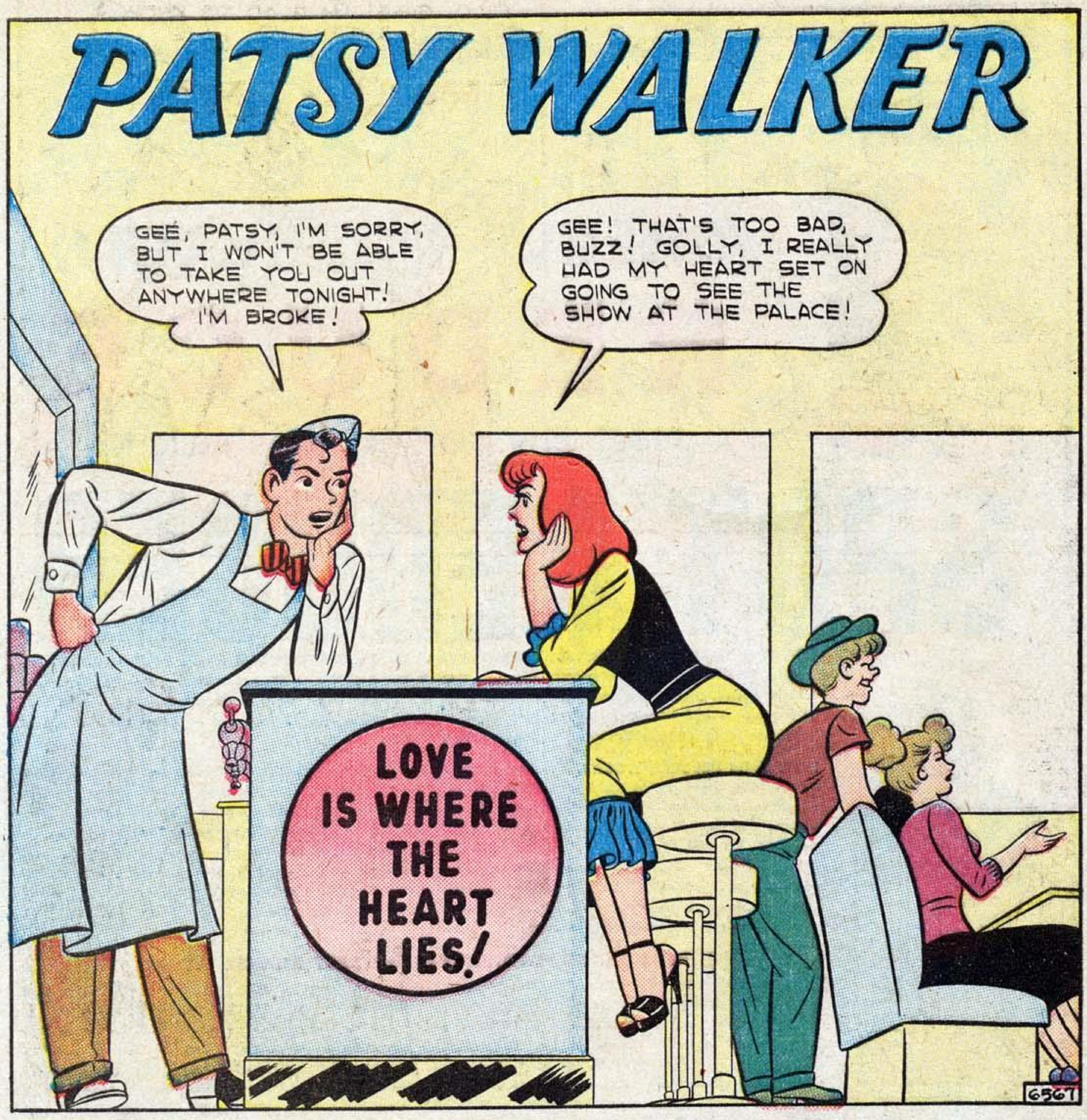
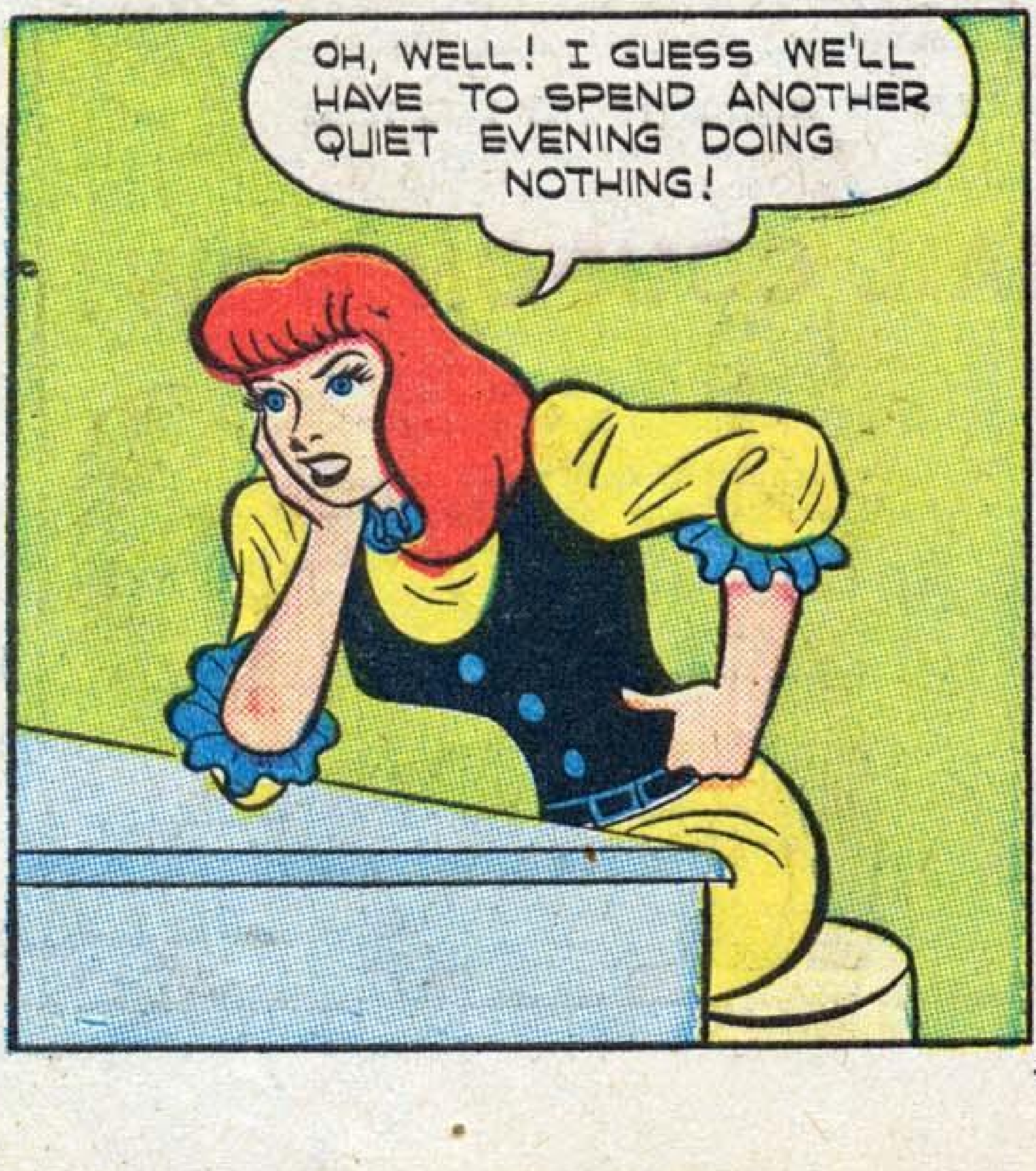
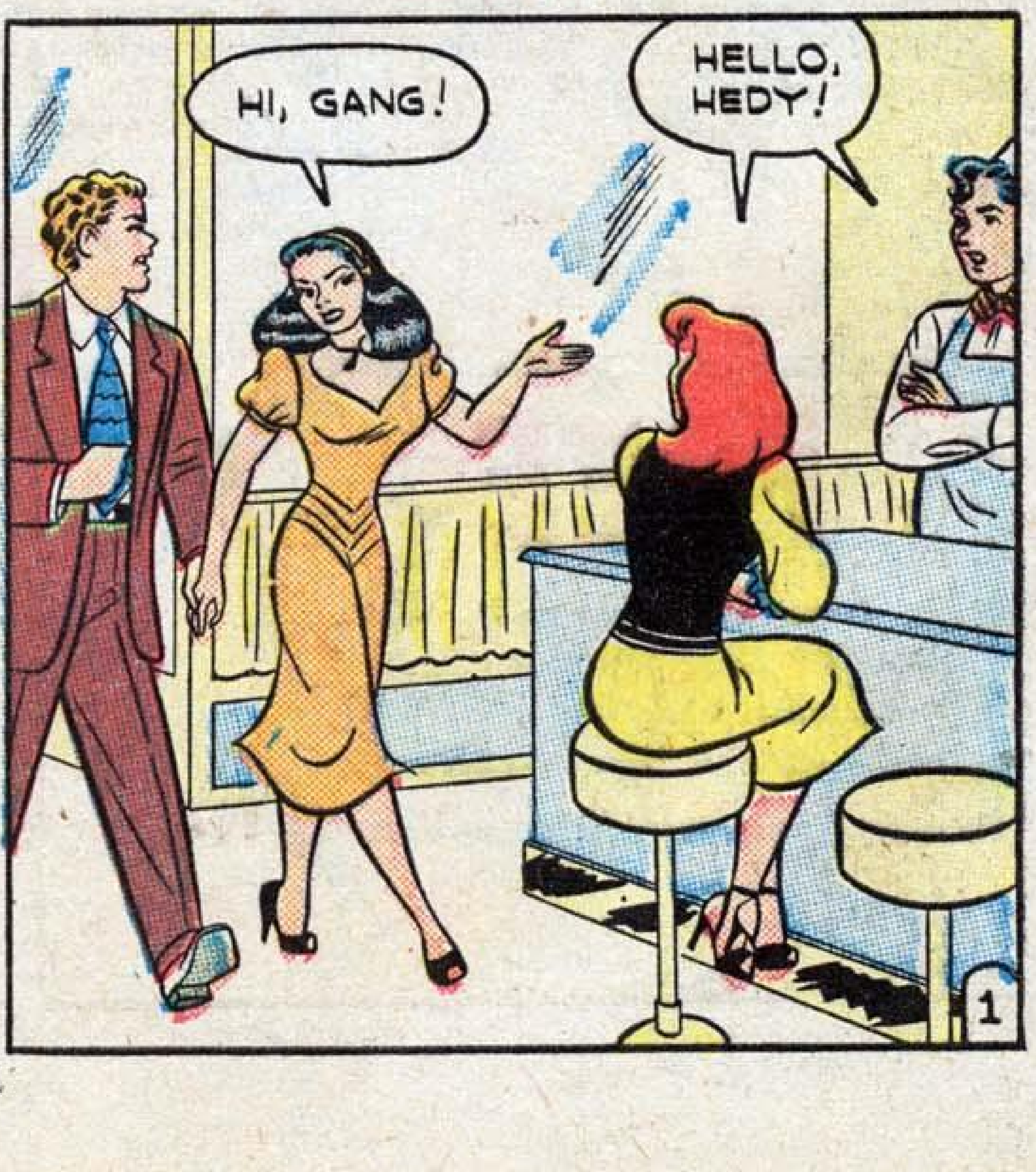
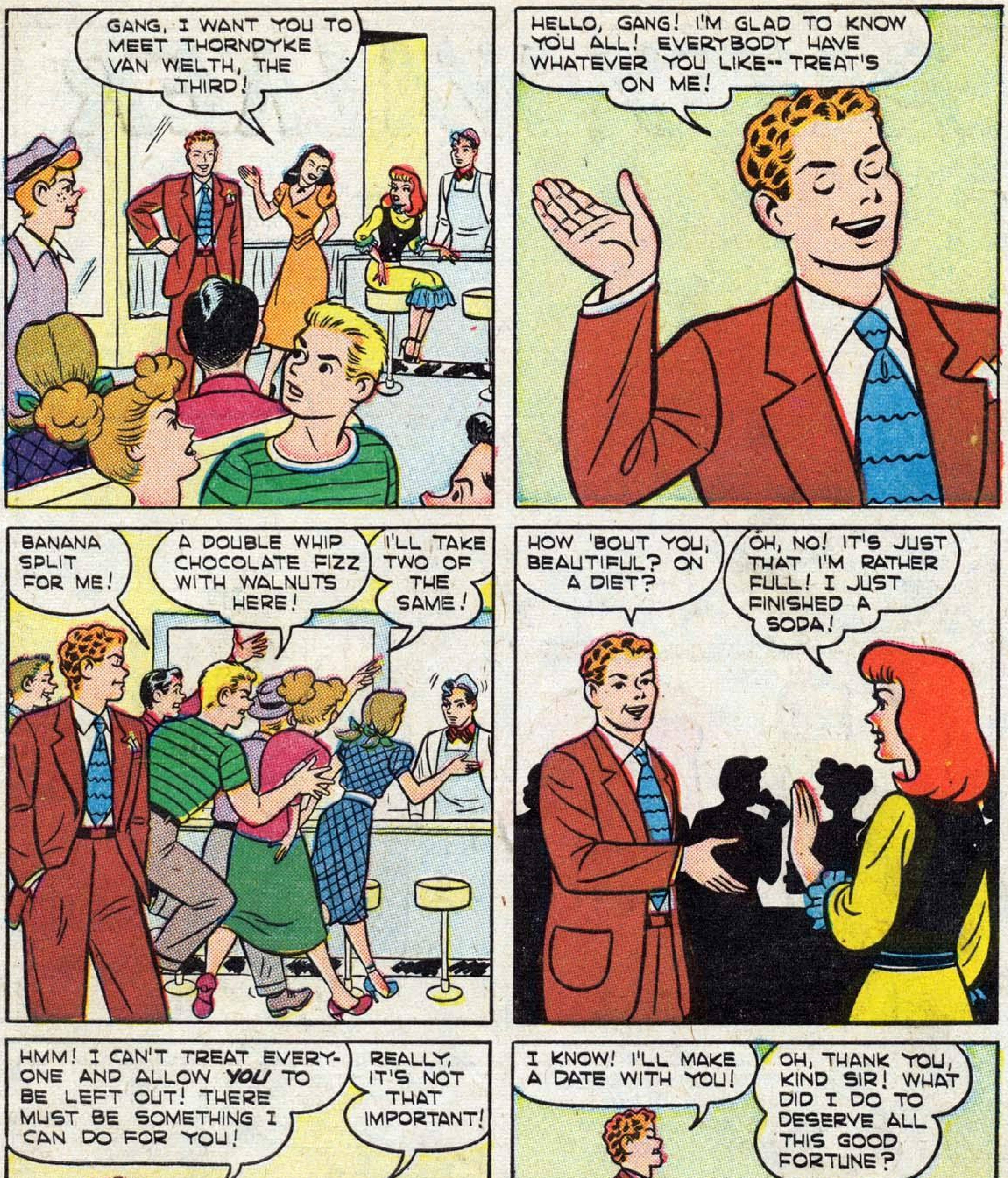
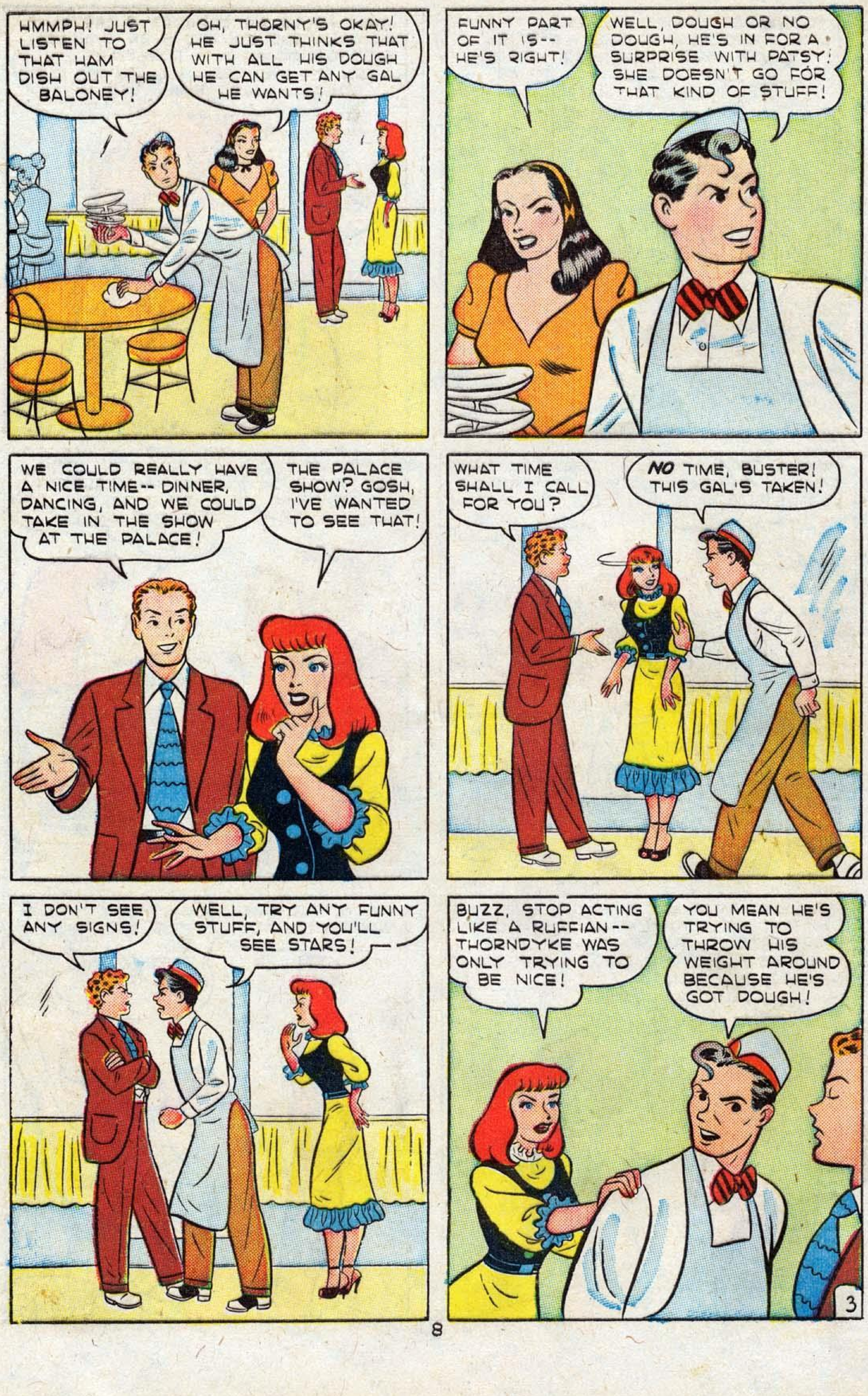
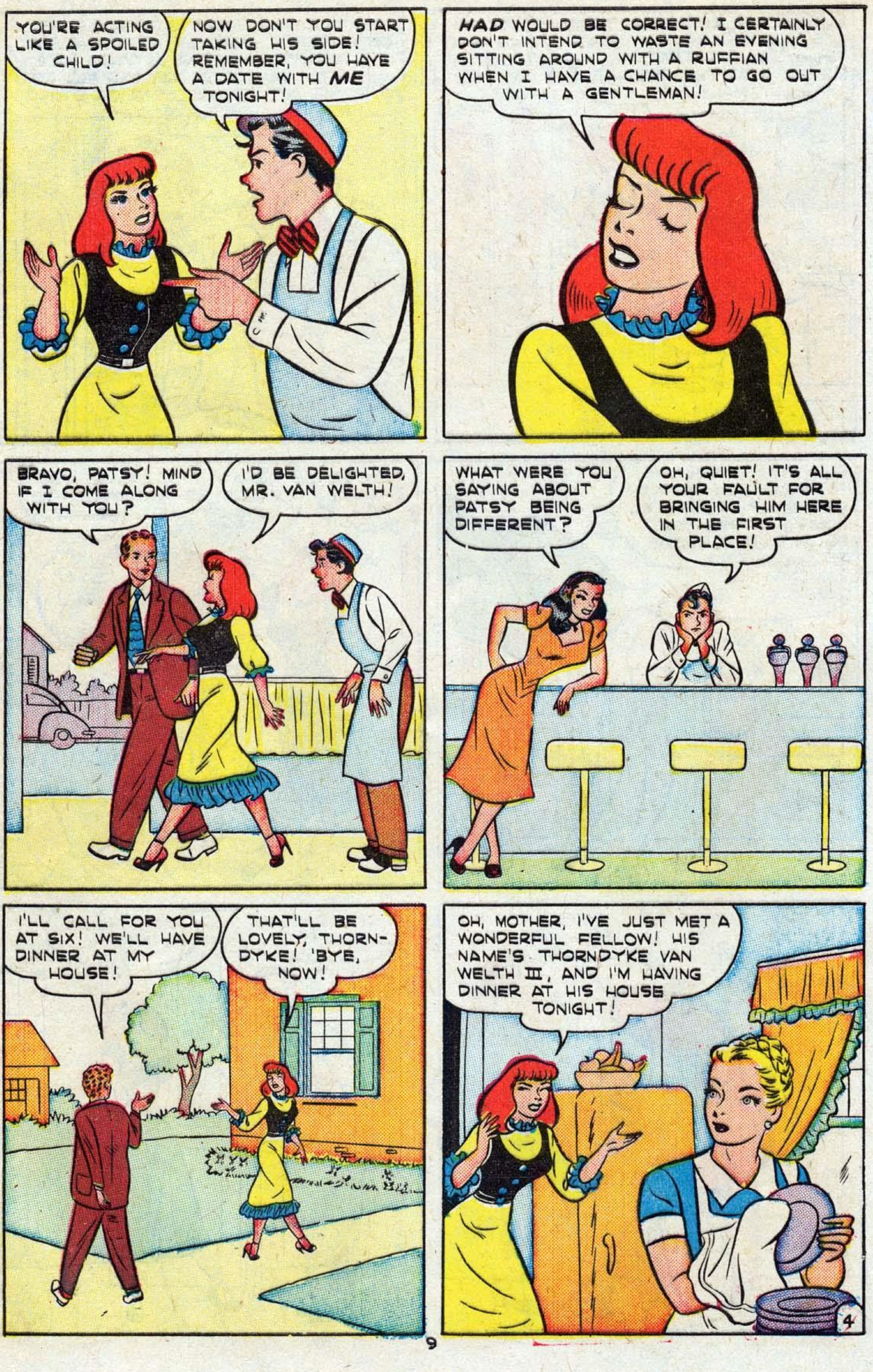

PATSY WALKER
GEE, PATSY, I'M SORRY, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU OUT ANYWHERE TONIGHT! I'M BROKE!
GEE! THAT'S TOO BAD, BUZZ! GOLLY, I REALLY HAD MY HEART SET ON GOING TO SEE THE SHOW AT THE PALACE!
LOVE IS WHERE THE HEART LIES!
6567

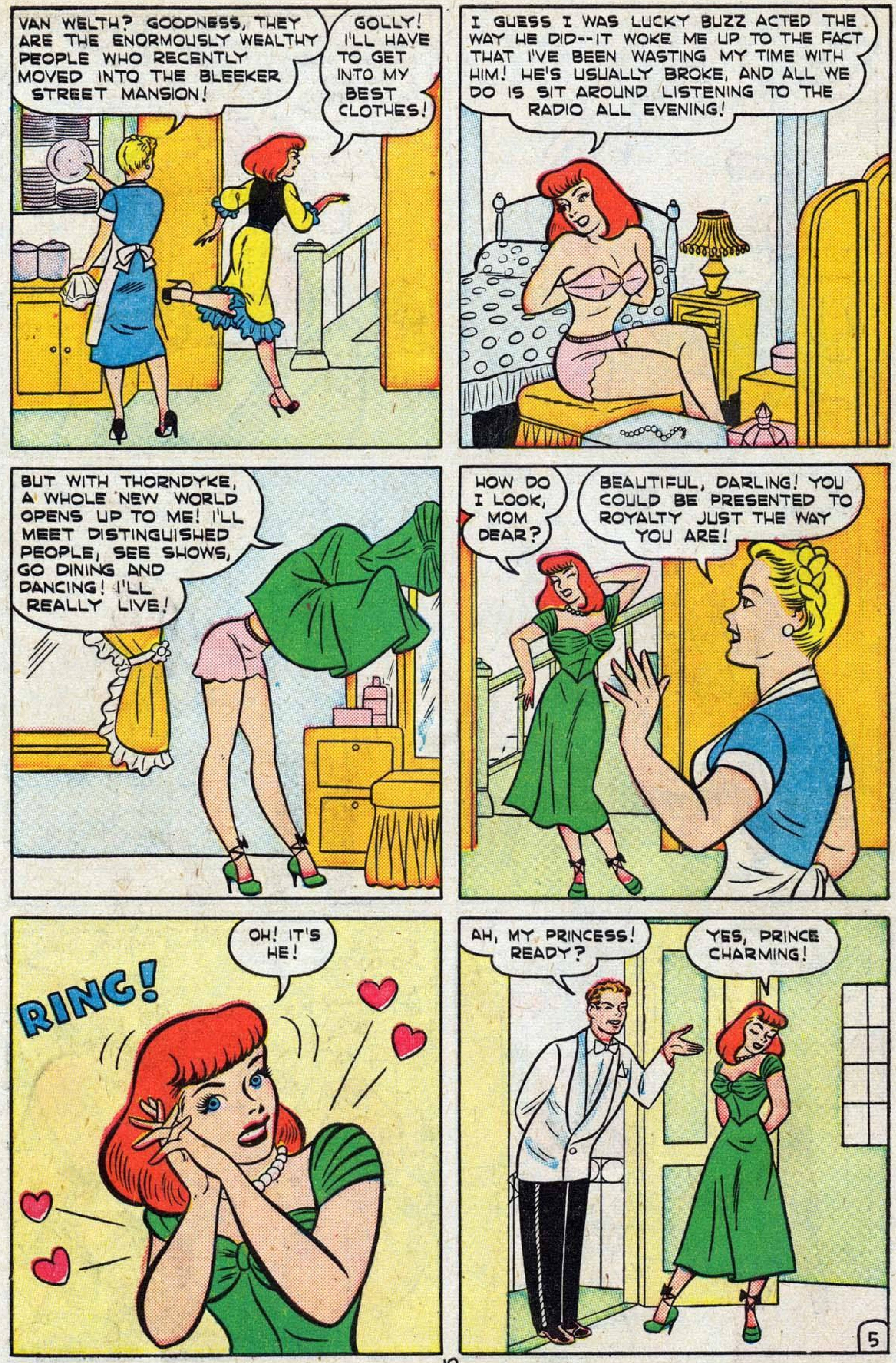

OH, WELL! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER QUIET EVENING DOING NOTHING!

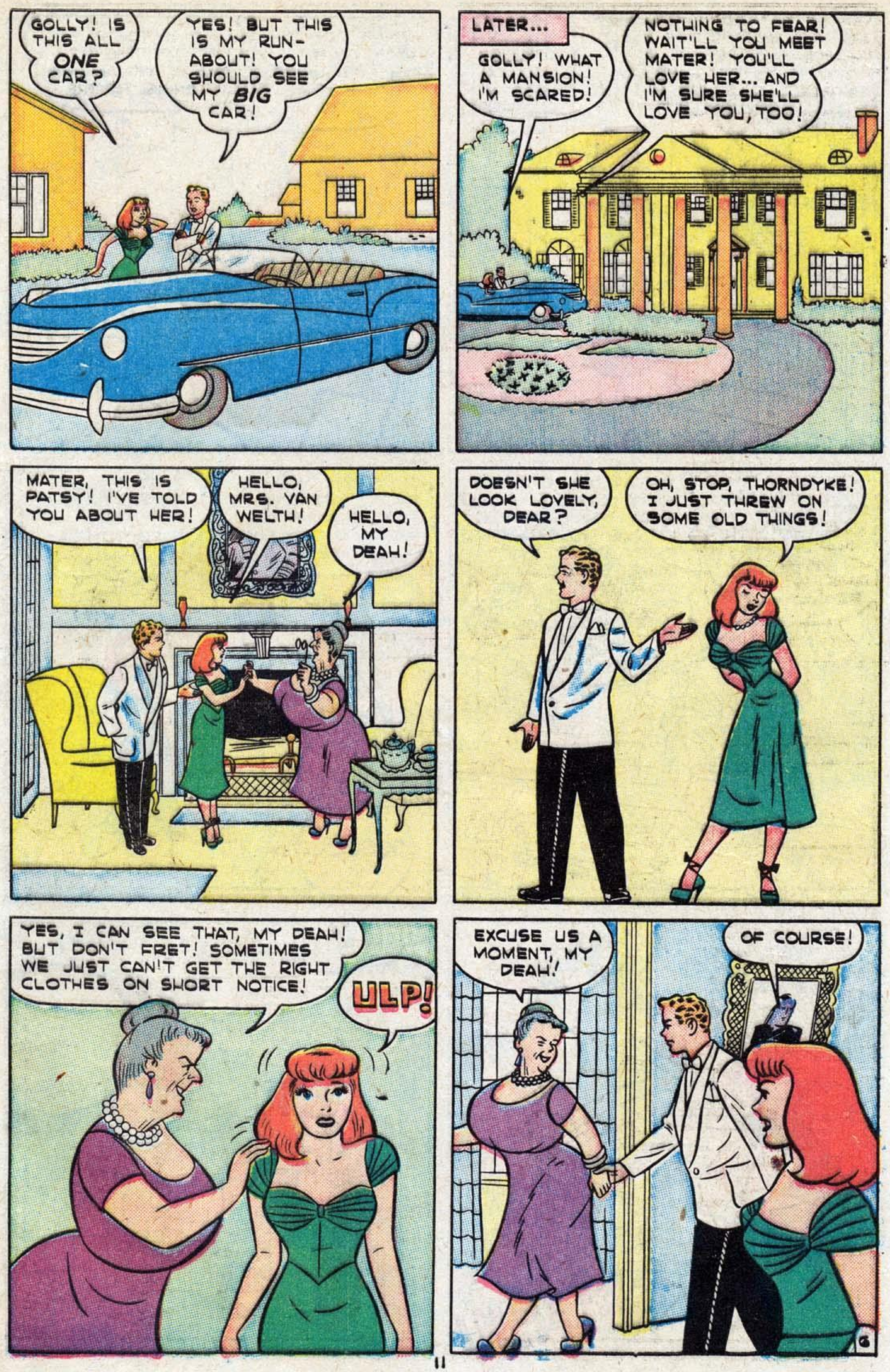

HI, GANG!
HELLO, HEDY!
1

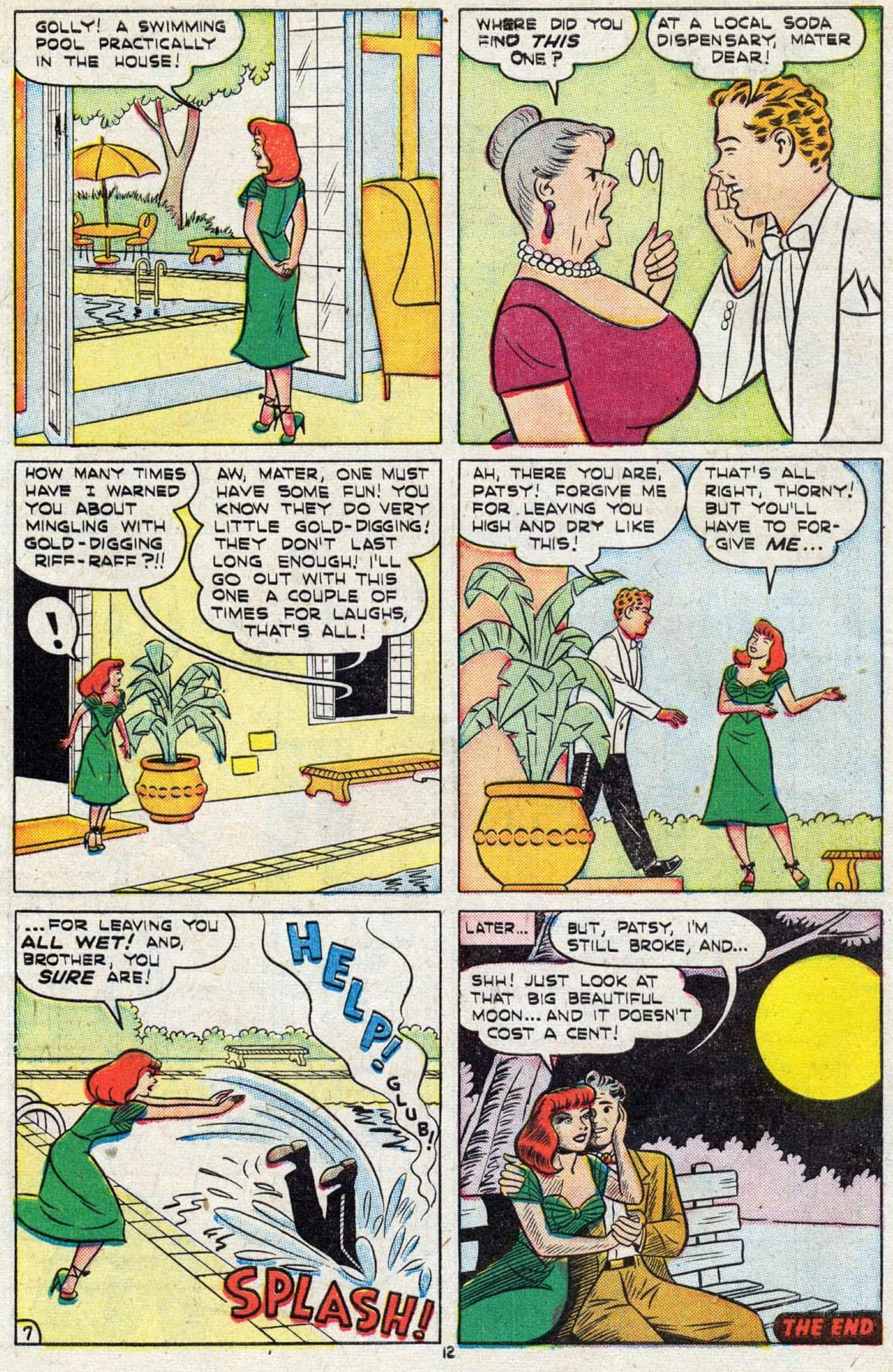

GANG, I WANT YOU TO MEET THORNDYKE VAN WELTH, THE THIRD!
HELLO, GANG! I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU ALL! EVERYBODY HAVE WHATEVER YOU LIKE-- TREAT'S ON ME!
BANANA SPLIT FOR ME!
A DOUBLE WHIP CHOCOLATE FIZZ WITH WALNUTS HERE!
I'LL TAKE TWO OF THE SAME!
HOW 'BOUT YOU, BEAUTIFUL? ON A DIET?
OH, NO! IT'S JUST THAT I'M RATHER FULL! I JUST FINISHED A SODA!
HMM! I CAN'T TREAT EVERYONE AND ALLOW *YOU* TO BE LEFT OUT! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU!
REALLY, IT'S NOT THAT IMPORTANT!
I KNOW! I'LL MAKE A DATE WITH YOU!
OH, THANK YOU, KIND SIR! WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE ALL THIS GOOD FORTUNE?
2


HMMPH! JUST LISTEN TO THAT HAM DISH OUT THE BALONEY!
OH, THORNY'S OKAY! HE JUST THINKS THAT WITH ALL HIS DOUGH HE CAN GET ANY GAL HE WANTS!
FUNNY PART OF IT IS-- HE'S RIGHT!
WELL, DOUGH OR NO DOUGH, HE'S IN FOR A SURPRISE WITH PATSY! SHE DOESN'T GO FOR THAT KIND OF STUFF!
WE COULD REALLY HAVE A NICE TIME-- DINNER, DANCING, AND WE COULD TAKE IN THE SHOW AT THE PALACE!
THE PALACE SHOW? GOSH, I'VE WANTED TO SEE THAT!
WHAT TIME SHALL I CALL FOR YOU?
NO TIME, BUSTER! THIS GAL'S TAKEN!
I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS!
WELL, TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF, AND YOU'LL SEE STARS!
BUZZ, STOP ACTING LIKE A RUFFIAN-- THORNDYKE WAS ONLY TRYING TO BE NICE!
YOU MEAN HE'S TRYING TO THROW HIS WEIGHT AROUND BECAUSE HE'S GOT DOUGH!
3


YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A SPOILED CHILD!
NOW DON'T YOU START TAKING HIS SIDE! REMEMBER, YOU HAVE A DATE WITH **ME** TONIGHT!
HAD WOULD BE CORRECT! I CERTAINLY DON'T INTEND TO WASTE AN EVENING SITTING AROUND WITH A RUFFIAN WHEN I HAVE A CHANCE TO GO OUT WITH A GENTLEMAN!
BRAVO, PATSY! MIND IF I COME ALONG WITH YOU?
I'D BE DELIGHTED, MR. VAN WELTH!
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT PATSY BEING DIFFERENT?
OH, QUIET! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT FOR BRINGING HIM HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!
I'LL CALL FOR YOU AT SIX! WE'LL HAVE DINNER AT MY HOUSE!
THAT'LL BE LOVELY, THORNDYKE! 'BYE, NOW!
OH, MOTHER, I'VE JUST MET A WONDERFUL FELLOW! HIS NAME'S THORNDYKE VAN WELTH III, AND I'M HAVING DINNER AT HIS HOUSE TONIGHT!
4


VAN WELTH? GOODNESS, THEY ARE THE ENORMOUSLY WEALTHY PEOPLE WHO RECENTLY MOVED INTO THE BLEEKER STREET MANSION!
GOLLY! I'LL HAVE TO GET INTO MY BEST CLOTHES!
I GUESS I WAS LUCKY BUZZ ACTED THE WAY HE DID--IT WOKE ME UP TO THE FACT THAT I'VE BEEN WASTING MY TIME WITH HIM! HE'S USUALLY BROKE, AND ALL WE DO IS SIT AROUND LISTENING TO THE RADIO ALL EVENING!
BUT WITH THORNDYKE, A WHOLE NEW WORLD OPENS UP TO ME! I'LL MEET DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE, SEE SHOWS, GO DINING AND DANCING! I'LL REALLY LIVE!
HOW DO I LOOK, MOM DEAR?
BEAUTIFUL, DARLING! YOU COULD BE PRESENTED TO ROYALTY JUST THE WAY YOU ARE!
OH! IT'S HE!
RING!
AH, MY PRINCESS! READY?
YES, PRINCE CHARMING!
5

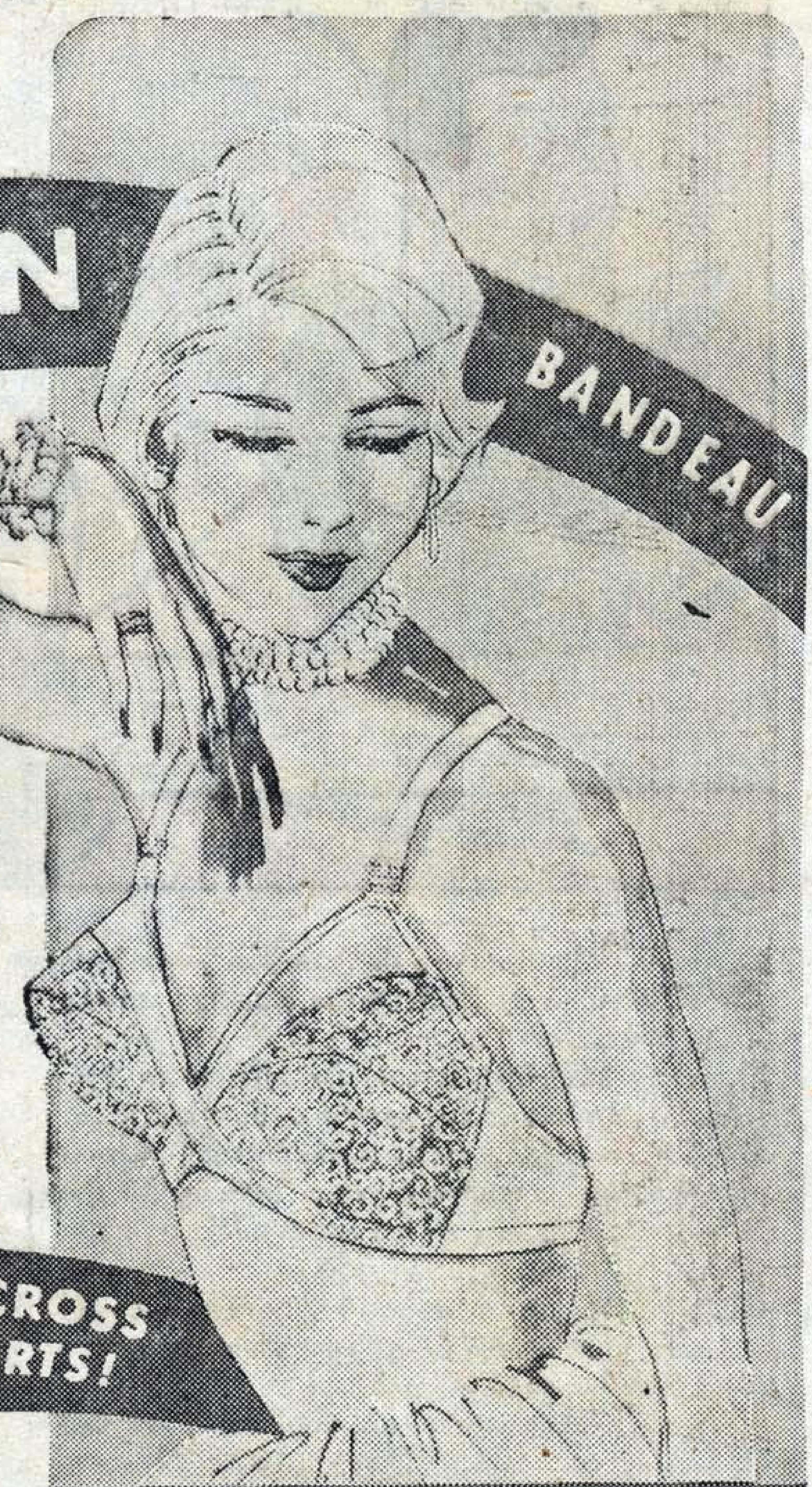

GOLLY! IS THIS ALL ONE CAR?
YES! BUT THIS IS MY RUN-ABOUT! YOU SHOULD SEE MY BIG CAR!
LATER...
GOLLY! WHAT A MANSION! I'M SCARED!
NOTHING TO FEAR! WAIT'LL YOU MEET MATER! YOU'LL LOVE HER... AND I'M SURE SHE'LL LOVE YOU, TOO!
MATER, THIS IS PATSY! I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT HER!
HELLO, MRS. VAN WELTH!
HELLO, MY DEAH!
DOESN'T SHE LOOK LOVELY, DEAR?
OH, STOP, THORNDYKE! I JUST THREW ON SOME OLD THINGS!
YES, I CAN SEE THAT, MY DEAH! BUT DON'T FRET! SOMETIMES WE JUST CAN'T GET THE RIGHT CLOTHES ON SHORT NOTICE!
ULP!
EXCUSE US A MOMENT, MY DEAH!
OF COURSE!
6


GOLLY! A SWIMMING POOL PRACTICALLY IN THE HOUSE!
WHERE DID YOU FIND *THIS* ONE?
AT A LOCAL SODA DISPENSARY, MATER DEAR!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I WARNED YOU ABOUT MINGLING WITH GOLD-DIGGING RIFF-RAFF?!!
AW, MATER, ONE MUST HAVE SOME FUN! YOU KNOW THEY DO VERY LITTLE GOLD-DIGGING! THEY DON'T LAST LONG ENOUGH! I'LL GO OUT WITH THIS ONE A COUPLE OF TIMES FOR LAUGHS, THAT'S ALL!
!
AH, THERE YOU ARE, PATSY! FORGIVE ME FOR LEAVING YOU HIGH AND DRY LIKE THIS!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, THORNY! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE *ME*...
...FOR LEAVING YOU **ALL WET!** AND, BROTHER, YOU *SURE* ARE!
HELP!
GLUB!
SPLASH!
7
LATER...
BUT, PATSY, I'M STILL BROKE, AND...
SHH! JUST LOOK AT THAT BIG BEAUTIFUL MOON... AND IT DOESN'T COST A CENT!
THE END

Look!

GIRLS

ALL-NYLON BANDEAU



Super Buy

only $1.98

All-Nylon

NYLON FABRIC
NYLON EMBROIDERED SHEER CUPS
NYLON NET LINING
NYLON ELASTIC BACK
NYLON SHOULDER STRAPS

NEW PATENTED* CRISS CROSS SEPARATES AND SUPPORTS!

The bandeau-buy of your lifetime! Imagine! **100% DU PONT NYLON** at this new, never-lower price! You'll find alluring, delicately rounded loveliness in its peek-a-boo cups of lacy **embroidered** sheer, lined in soft, clinging net. What's more, the patented* criss cross feature gives you perfect **separation** and **uplift** — firm, comfortable **support.** At such a money-saving price, you can afford this all-nylon bandeau in all 3 colors! **A or B cup in sizes 32 to 38. White, Tearose, Black.**

*U.S. Pat. #151720

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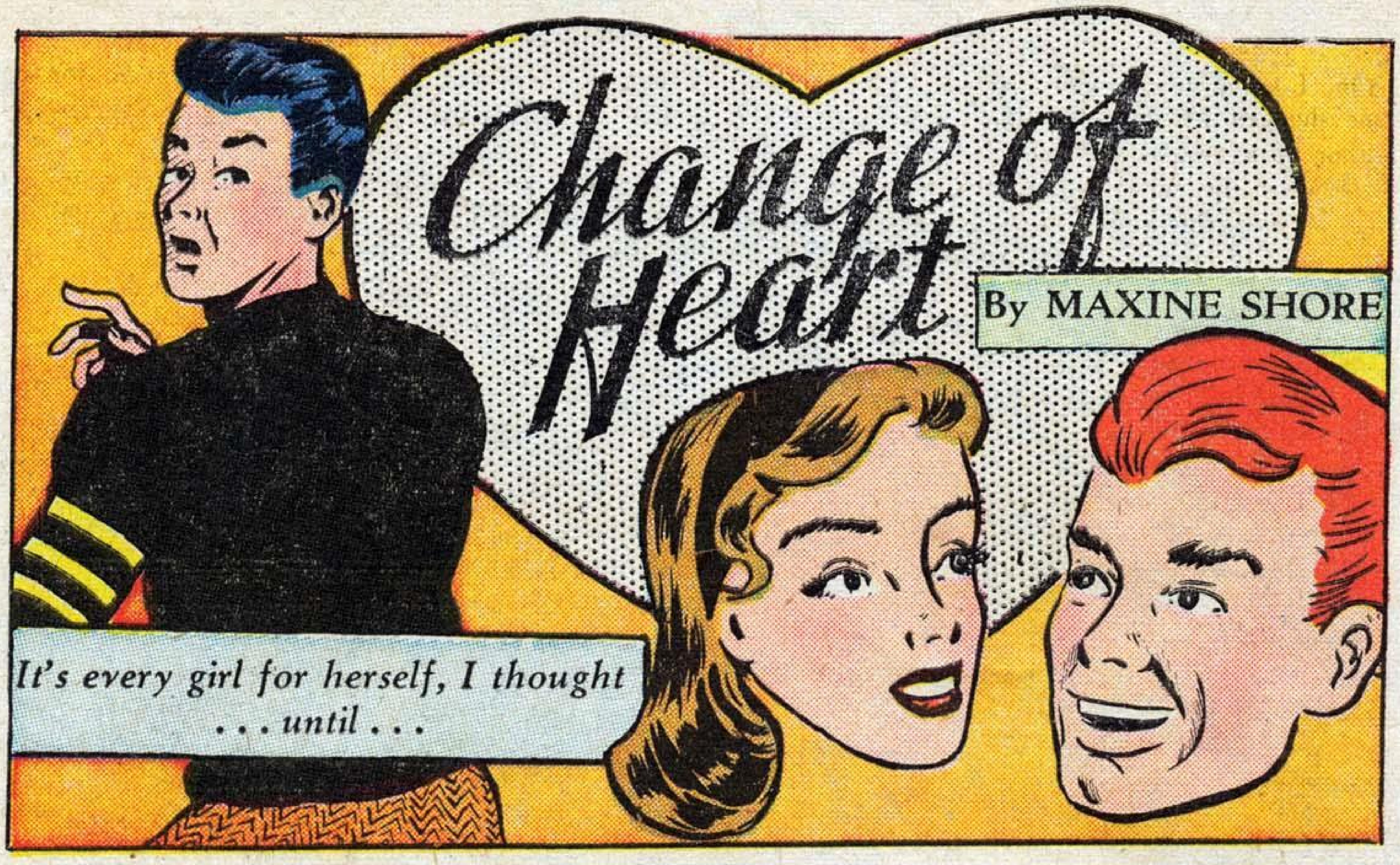
WILCO FASHIONS Dept **B200P**
45 East 17th Street, New York 3, N. Y.
Please send your ALL-NYLON bandeau at $1.98.
Bra Size__________ Cup Size__________
1st Color Choice______ 2nd Color Choice______
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage.
☐ I enclose $1.98. You pay postage.
Name____________________
Address____________________
City, State____________________

IF NOT DELIGHTED, I MAY RETURN IN 10 DAYS FOR FULL PURCHASE PRICE REFUND



Change of Heart

By MAXINE SHORE

It's every girl for herself, I thought . . . until . . .

I WALKED blindly down the corridor, away from Bart Mason, away from all the happiness of the past few months.

I kept my head high, a careful smile on my lips. I managed to wave casual greetings now and then, as I passed groups of my classmates swirling in front of the fountain, or gathered before lockers. All the time I was thinking, and trying not to think, trying to understand--and not wanting to.

Bart's words, spoken a few brief incredible moments ago, were louder in my ears than any of the voices I heard around me now.

"I—I don't know how to tell you, Babs," he had said, looking over my head, at the floor, anywhere but at me. "I honestly don't know just how it happened. But—well—I was telling Joyce about Jefferson High, and our shindigs, and sort of—well, building it up, and all of a sudden I was asking her to the Holiday Hop!"

I had been dumping books into my locker, getting ready—so I had innocently thought—to go down to Kringle's with Bart for our usual afternoon malt. I dropped a book and stooped, very slowly, to pick it up.

"Well," Bart went on uncomfortably, "she accepted. Look, Babs, I didn't have any idea her folks would let her come all the way from Chicago just for a dance. Of course, our folks did go to college together—they're old friends and all that, and Joyce," his voice began to dream, "is really something special. I mean—"

That was when I walked away. I just couldn't bear to hear any more about Joyce Denton.

So now I was walking down the hall alone, my throat aching, tears burning to come. I had just gratefully reached a deserted corridor, when suddenly the door of the Spanish room opened, and who should come out but Evelyn Todd and Johnny Burke.

Well, I thought miserably, even Evelyn Todd—even shy Evelyn Todd, the new girl, has managed to find someone. Just earnest, good-natured Johnny Burke, but someone.

Someone to go to the Holiday Hop with—which is more than I have. Somehow the thought stuck there, and held, like the needle on a cracked record. More than I have . . . more than I have . . . more than I have . . .

Sometimes a girl gets desperate. Please, I'm not trying to excuse myself. I'm just trying to explain. If I hadn't broken up with Bart, if it had been more than two brief racing weeks before the all-important Holiday Hop, if mother hadn't nearly finished the simply atomic new dress I had managed to wangle for the momentous occasion, and which we really couldn't afford—if, if, IF!

If it hadn't been for those terrible triple *if's* piling up on me, I'm positive I never would have thought of doing what I did.

But let me go back . . .

First, about Bart Mason. He's a big wheel at Jefferson High. Star fullback. Junior class president. Business manager of the school newspaper. Not to mention those broad shoulders, those long-lashed brown eyes and—let's face it—the new convertible his parents gifted him with for his birthday.

No wonder I felt as if I were sailing a pink cloud when he began rushing me this fall. Me, a lowly obscure sophomore! Only, after Bart began dating me, I wasn't lowly or obscure any more. I was somebody. Bart Mason's girl.

Oh, I know how a movie actress feels the first time she gets her name in lights. I know how the author of a best seller feels. How a stenographer feels when she suddenly inherits a fortune. Being Bart Mason's One and Only made me feel just like that—as if I were suddenly the luckiest, loveliest girl in the world.

Naturally I liked it and naturally I didn't want it to end—not ever. I wanted to go on dreaming my pretty fragile dreams—planning a blissful future. Bart's and mine. Mostly, I only thought of the near future: cozy duos at Kringle's after school, bowling and picnics, movies and dances. But sometimes I sort of let my mind wander on ahead, and I could practically see the joyful sparkle on my third finger, left hand. You remember—I was a mere sophomore, plucked from social obscurity by the Pride of the Junior Class. It all sort of went to my head.

After you've been riding up high on a pink cloud that way, and suddenly you fall off—or, rather, someone pushes you—you fall farther and hit harder, and you're unconscious longer.

Let's just say that's what happened to me, Babs Struther—that I was temporarily unconscious.

It all boiled down to this unsavory stew. Last week I had been tops with Bart Mason and practically the most envied girl in school. Now—I wasn't. All because Bart had gone to Chicago with his folks over the week end and had met another girl there. *The* girl, apparently.

I shouldn't have been so stunned, I suppose. People had been hinting to me all fall, not too subtly, that Bart was—well, fickle. But I had blithely put it down to sheer jealousy. When you're riding the pink cloud, voices sound sort of muffled, and so I didn't really hear them. This time it's different, I sang to myself. Permanent. Bart has found his dream girl—hooray—it's me!

But—it wasn't.

Call it fate—or call it temptation—that at the very moment I was about to abandon myself to grief and despair, who should come along but shy Evelyn Todd, her face delicately pink, hope starting to glow deep in her gray eyes as she stole a glance at Johnny Burke!

I looked at Johnny, too. Well-l-l, I thought, Johnny seems to have grown half a foot since I noticed him last. Also, the shape of his head is good, and he has a nice even smile. Of course, he's only a sophomore like me, but they do say—I scrambled around in my memory—he's in line for Science Club president next year and . . .

I gave Johnny Burke my very nicest smile, the one I'd been reserving all fall for Bart Mason. The slow, lingering, glowing one.

Johnny blinked, flushed, and stammered, "H-hello."

Part of my smile spilled over on Evelyn. She swallowed, then gulped, "H-hello, B-babs," too.

You see, they still thought I was somebody. They still considered me Bart Mason's girl. They were sort of pleased I had noticed them, even, for up until now they had been just part of the scenery to me.

It was a good start. I decided quickly to use Approach No. 2, or the indirect route. It's considered more subtle.

"Oh, Evelyn!" I said rapidly. "You're just the girl I've been looking for."

Evelyn looked surprised and awfully pleased.

"It's that horrid biology experiment we had today. I can't seem to get it right. I hate to bother you, if you're busy, though—" I threw a wistful inquiring look at Johnny.

Evelyn also threw an inquiring look at Johnny, but she said helplessly, "Oh, I'm not busy. Johnny and I were just—just—" Her voiced trailed off.

My eyes were still clinging to Johnny's.

"Look," he said, "maybe—ah—I can give you a lift on that experiment, Babs. I was just—ah—thinking of going down to the lab to do a little extra work. Evelyn won't need to bother."

"Oh, it won't be any bother—" protested Evelyn.

"Why, Johnny, what a marvelous idea!" I cried. "I mean, as long as you were going down anyway. Evelyn, honey, thanks loads just the same."

Her soft gray bewildered eyes followed us down the hall. It was uncomfortable, sort of. Well, what of it, I asked myself irritably. I was having trouble with that old bi experiment, and I needed to pull my grades up, heaven knew. You don't study much, sailing a pink cloud.

Johnny was very nice, helping me. Nice, but so dull compared with Bart. So—so impersonal. After we got through, he just sort of stood around politely, waiting for me to go so he could get on with his own experiments.

I thanked him profusely and drifted out. I could see he wasn't going to be the ripe apple I had thought. He didn't seem to be impressed by the fact I was Bart Mason's girl, or else—the thought tripped me—he was. Why, yes. That must be it. He didn't know I was—available. So, naturally—oh, darn Bart Mason! Things were just impossible. In my frustration, I almost decided to give up my elaborate designs on Johnny Burke.

Hardly had I slammed the front door, when Mom called me from the sewing room.

"Come on in, dear. I want to try on your dress."

I dragged myself to the door of the sewing room. Mom held the dress up proudly. I swallowed, hard. It was going to be even lovelier than I had hoped. Changeable green taffeta, girdled in gold. I had been going to wear my new golden slippers, the antique gold necklace of my great grandmother's . . .

"What's the matter, dear—don't you like it?"

The glow of expectation had faded from her weary blue eyes. Her face looked lined, her lips drooped.

"Darling," I said quickly, forcing the rapture, "I love it—simply adore it! It's—well, I just never dreamed I'd ever wear such a wonderful dress—"

"Oh, I'm glad!" Mom's voice was relieved "For a moment. I thought—but come, try it on." I tried it on.

"You look like a dryad, honey," Mom said softly.

Maybe I did I mean, my face is rather pointed. My blue-green eyes slant ever so little, my nose tilts—and with my brown-gold hair the effect was, well, not bad I mean, I think Bart would have

Oh, stop it, stop it, I begged myself. Quick, let me get out of this terrible green—trap or fog or whatever it is. Let me forget about Bart, and Joyce, and the Holiday Hop, and Johnny Burke—and just let me crawl into bed and come down with a good hard case of mumps or measles—anything that'll last at least two weeks. Then maybe everyone'll think Joyce was second choice, that Bart and I are still

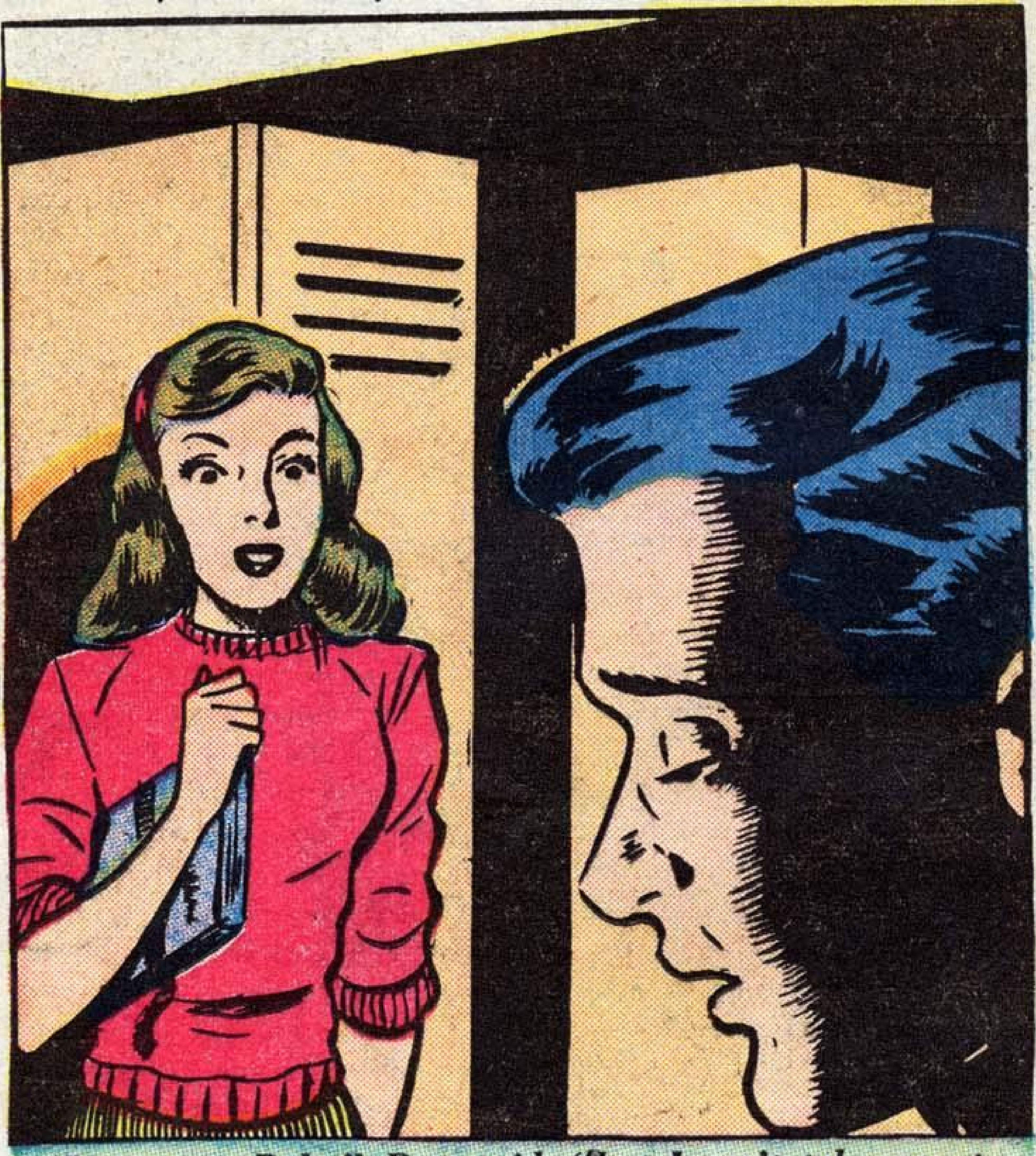
But it wasn't any good. I could tell by Bart's voice it was all over with us. People would have to know sooner or later.

Unless — unless somehow I managed to get to the Holiday Hop with someone else Someone gullible like Johnny Burke. Except that Evelyn — but goodness, why worry about her? In a crisis, it's every girl for herself. Johnny had seemed to sort of—like her, but—that wasn't my business.

My business was to get to the Holiday Hop, somehow, some way To show Bart To show everyone. To wear that wonderful dress my mother was slaving to finish for me. I just had to go! I couldn't bear those pitying whispers. "Poor Babs. Did you hear " To see those mocking I-told-you-so looks. No, I couldn't face them.

I had to *do* something. And Johnny Burke was my man. Looking at him today I had seen, just like in a vision, that he had definite possibilities, that with the help of the right girl he could develop into something rather special.

I stopped by Evelyn's on the way to school next morning, on the pretext of getting my Spanish assignment.



"I'm sorry, Babs," Bart said, "but I can't take you to the Holiday Hop!"

I managed, sort of casually, to work the conversation around to the all-important subject of the Holiday Hop

"It's the big event of the year, isn't it?" Evelyn asked.

"Yes," I said. "It is." *And I didn't want to miss it!*

"It must be—wonderful," she said breathlessly. "I hear some of the boys even manage orchids for their girls."

"Yup," I said. My throat ached. I had been hoping for a brown-gold orchid from Bart, to wear on my green dress.

"What are you going to wear?" I asked.

She hesitated. "Well, I — I do have a new pink formal. But — you see—I don't know if anyone will ask me. No one has, yet."

"Oh, well," I said lightly, "there's still time." For me, too!

"Maybe," she said wistfully. Then: "Of course, I could get my cousin Oscar to take me. He lives over in Greenville, and could come over for the week end. He's just wonderful, but he *is* my cousin, and I had hoped someone else might ask me."

Someone Johnny. We didn't mention his name, either of us. I was awfully relieved to get that bit of news about Cousin Oscar. I could just see him, small and sandy-haired, with horn-rimmed glasses encircling shy gray eyes like Evelyn's. Well, he would be better for her than nothing. After her, she was new here and shouldn't expect too much, and besides

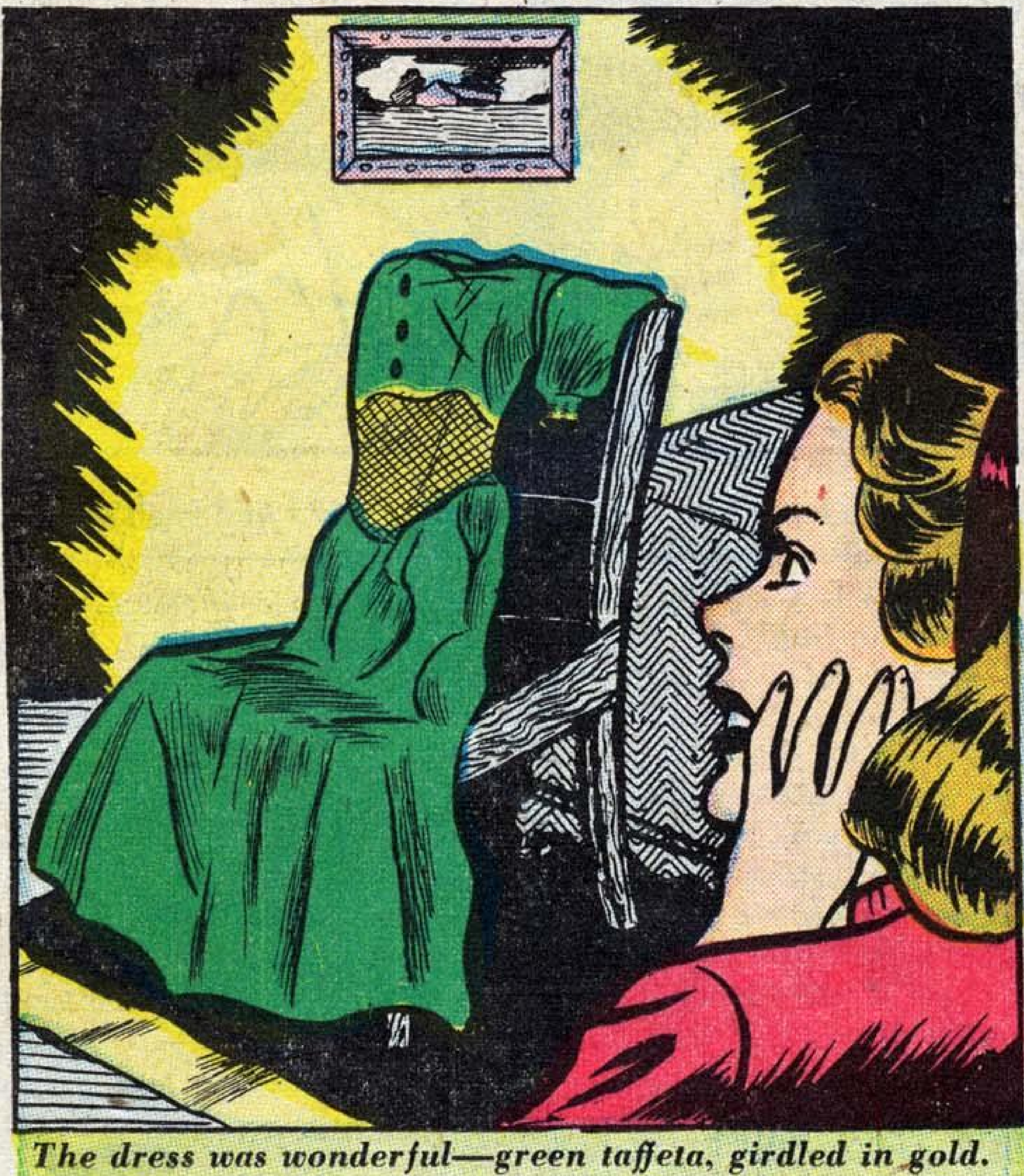
I kept on having trouble with my bi experiments and getting Johnny to help me out How I admired his intelligence, his ability, his quick fingers and keen mind! Right out loud, every day, I admired them. I was concentrating so much on Johnny that fortunately I didn't have much time to mourn Bart. Only when we ran into each other accidentally in the halls did I feel those sharp dagger thrusts, but I avoided him as much as possible.

No one seemed to know yet, about Bart and me.

I hoped like everything no one would find out until I had wangled another date.

I was making good progress with Johnny up to a certain point. But I couldn't seem to get beyond that point. I was sort of impaled there, like one of Johnny's collection of rare butterflies.

Nearly a whole week passed. Then Friday came. Everyone was talking about the Hop now, about whom they were going with, what they were wearing. Mom had finished my dress. I just couldn't bear even to hint that, after all her work, I might not be wearing it, after all.



The dress was wonderful—green taffeta, girdled in gold. Oh, darn Bart Mason, I thought.

I tried all day Friday to get to talk with Johnny privately. No luck. So, after school, I hiked determinedly down to the lab.

Sure enough, there was Johnny, deep in experiments—and alone, too! The door was ajar.

"Hello-oo, Johnny," I said softly.

Johnny looked up. "Oh, hello," he said, vaguely, still enmeshed in a scientific maze.

I swallowed. "Johnny, look, I'm in sort of a spot. You see, I'm on the decoration committee for the Holiday Hop, and I—I need someone to help me out."

"Why—why, I'd be glad to, Babs," he stammered, flushing. "But, you see, I'm—I'm not going to the Hop."

"Not going, Johnny!" I cried incredulously. "But—why not?"

He thrust his long hands deep in his pockets, examined his shoes.

"Well—ah—you see," he muttered, "I—I can't—dance."

I stood there, transfixed. Then I heard a little gasp behind me. I had been so absorbed in my strategy, that I hadn't heard anyone else come in.

Evelyn Todd was standing there, her foolish heart right in her eyes. There was relief in those eyes—and hope. "So that's why!" they glowed joyfully. "That's why you didn't ask me, Johnny!"

Then she turned and looked right at me. There was pleading and trust in her face. "Help me," her eyes went on. "Help me, Babs!"

I shut my eyes and thoughtly wildly. Johnny was lithe and quick—he'd learn fast. We had over a week. Plenty of time.

I opened my eyes. "I could teach you how to dance, Johnny. You'll make a wonderful dancer, with a little practice."

"Oh, Babs, would you?" cried Evelyn. "I mean," she faltered, as we both looked at her, "everyone ought to know how to dance, and it's certainly nice of Babs to offer, isn't it, Johnny?"

Nice of Babs? Oh, it made me so mad! She was such a baby. Such an innocent. But, of course, I thought slowly, she doesn't know. She thinks I'm safe, that I'm going with Bart. I felt all mixed up, wanting to blame someone, wanting to explain, wanting everything over with.

That awful Holiday Hop. It was the cause of all my misery, my terrible confusion. Suddenly I hated the Holiday Hop.

I whirled on Johnny. "Look," I said sort of violently, "if I teach you to dance, Johnny, than you can take Evelyn to the Hop, can't you?"

Startled, Johnny looked at Evelyn, then at me, then back again. Finally, he smiled that slow even smile of his.

"Sure," he said. "Sure—why not? Okay, Evelyn?"

She nodded in bewildered bliss. I gulped, looking at her. She was wearing that pink cloud look.

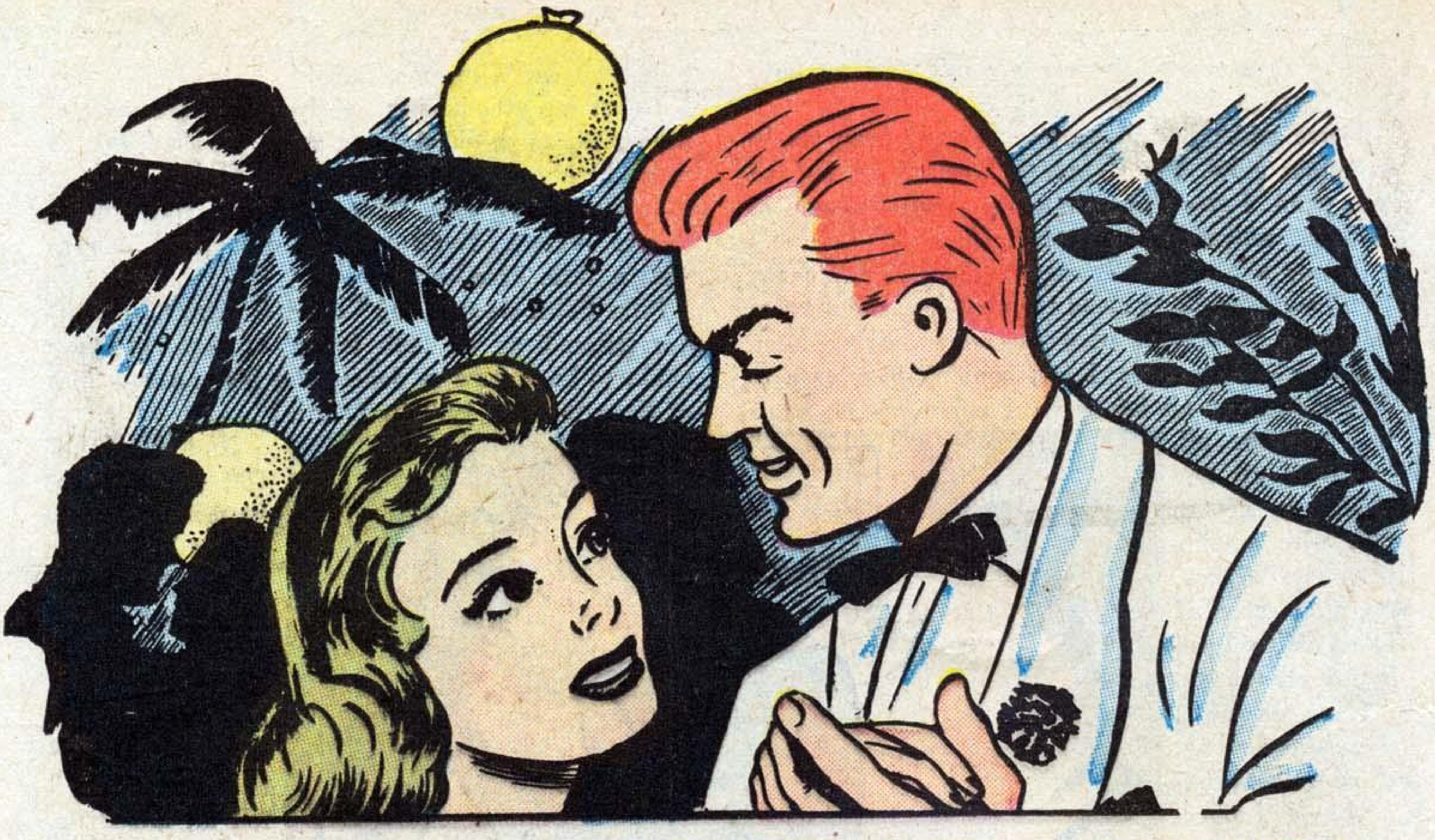
Johnny turned to me again. "Then I can help you out with those decorations, too, Babs."

The decorations! I had almost forgotten them. Suddenly, I felt awfully weary, but somehow sort of peaceful inside, too.

"It's this way," I said steadily. "I'm not going to the Holiday Hop myself and—"

"Not—going!" gasped Evelyn. "Why, Babs, how—how—"

"Bart's taking an out-of-town girl," I said, chin up.



I knew the minute I saw him that here was the boy I had been waiting for . . .

"So—so I need someone who is going to—to take over my job on the decorations, see?"

"But-but, Babs—" Words failed Evelyn. Her own happiness sort of oozed out of her. Then, suddenly, she rallied, and said hesitatingly, "Babs, could you possibly—I mean, you wouldn't consider going with—with my cousin Oscar, would you? He's really awfully nice, and then maybe we could double-date and—and everything," she ended breathlessly.

Cousin Oscar. A blind date. I, Babs Struther, had come to this. I was about to refuse loftily, when I remembered my new green dress, and Mom. At least, all her work wouldn't be in vain.

"Okay," I said dully, "why not?"

Three words which changed my life! For Evelyn's cousin Oscar—nicknamed Oz—turned out to be something really special. Half a head taller than Bart, a senior at Greenville High, and Captain of their champion football team. I knew the minute I saw him that here was the boy I had been waiting for. And the wonderful thing about it is that he feels the same way about me. He didn't pay a bit of attention when Joyce Denton tried to make a play for him at the dance. He has eyes only for me.

What did you say? I can hardly hear you. Everything seems—so—far—away. Oh, it's heavenly, being back up here on my pink cloud once more!

THE END

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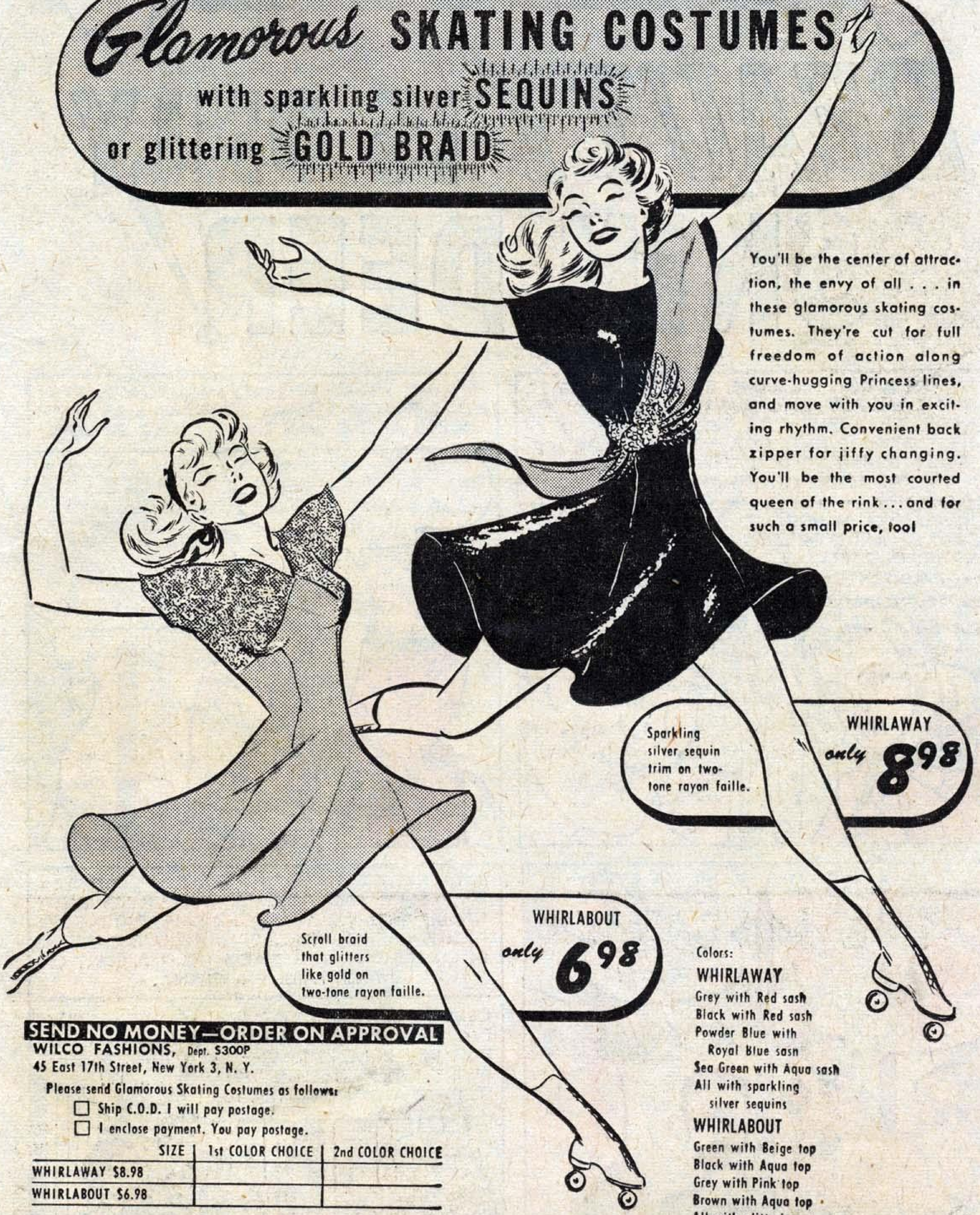

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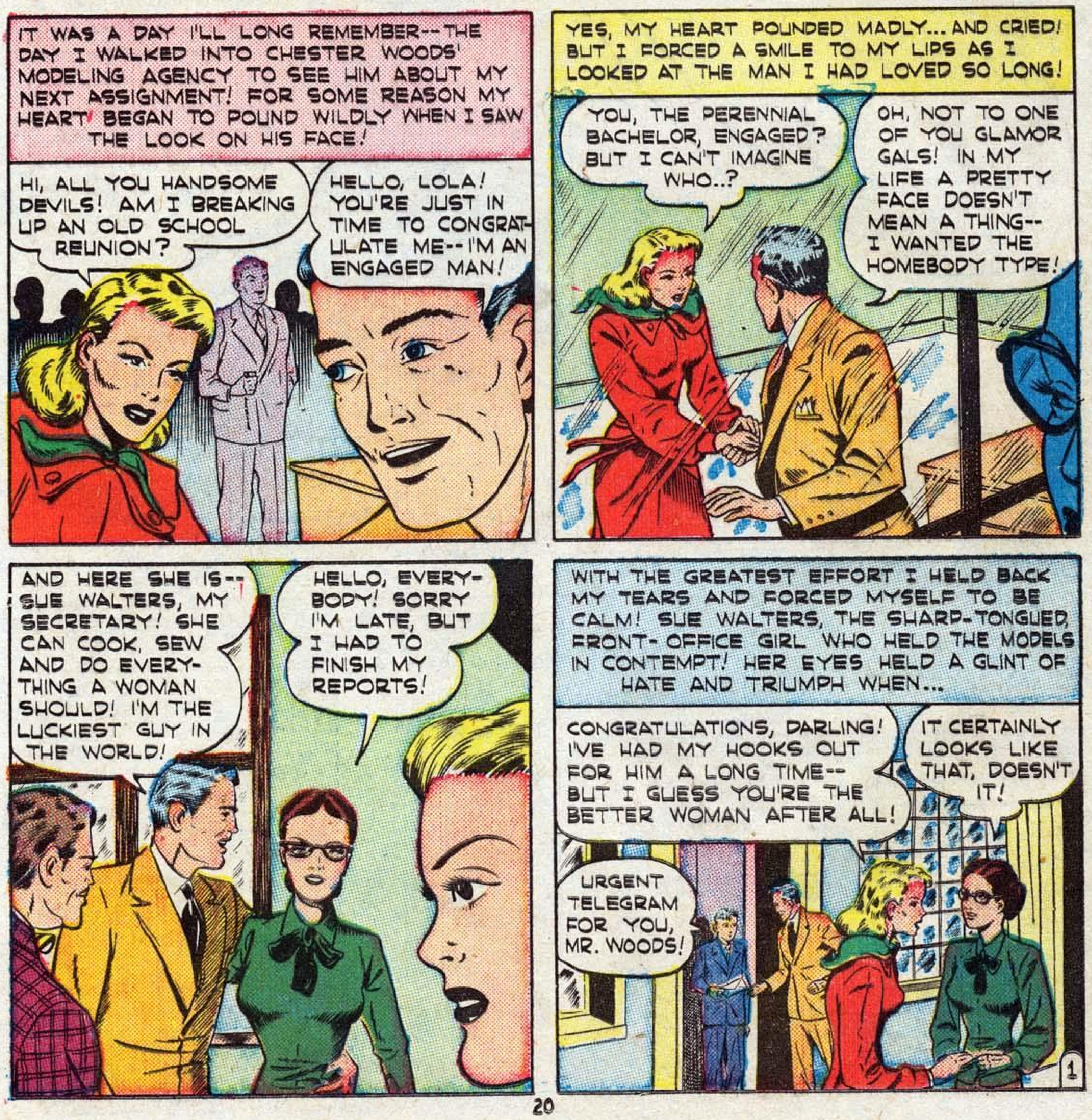
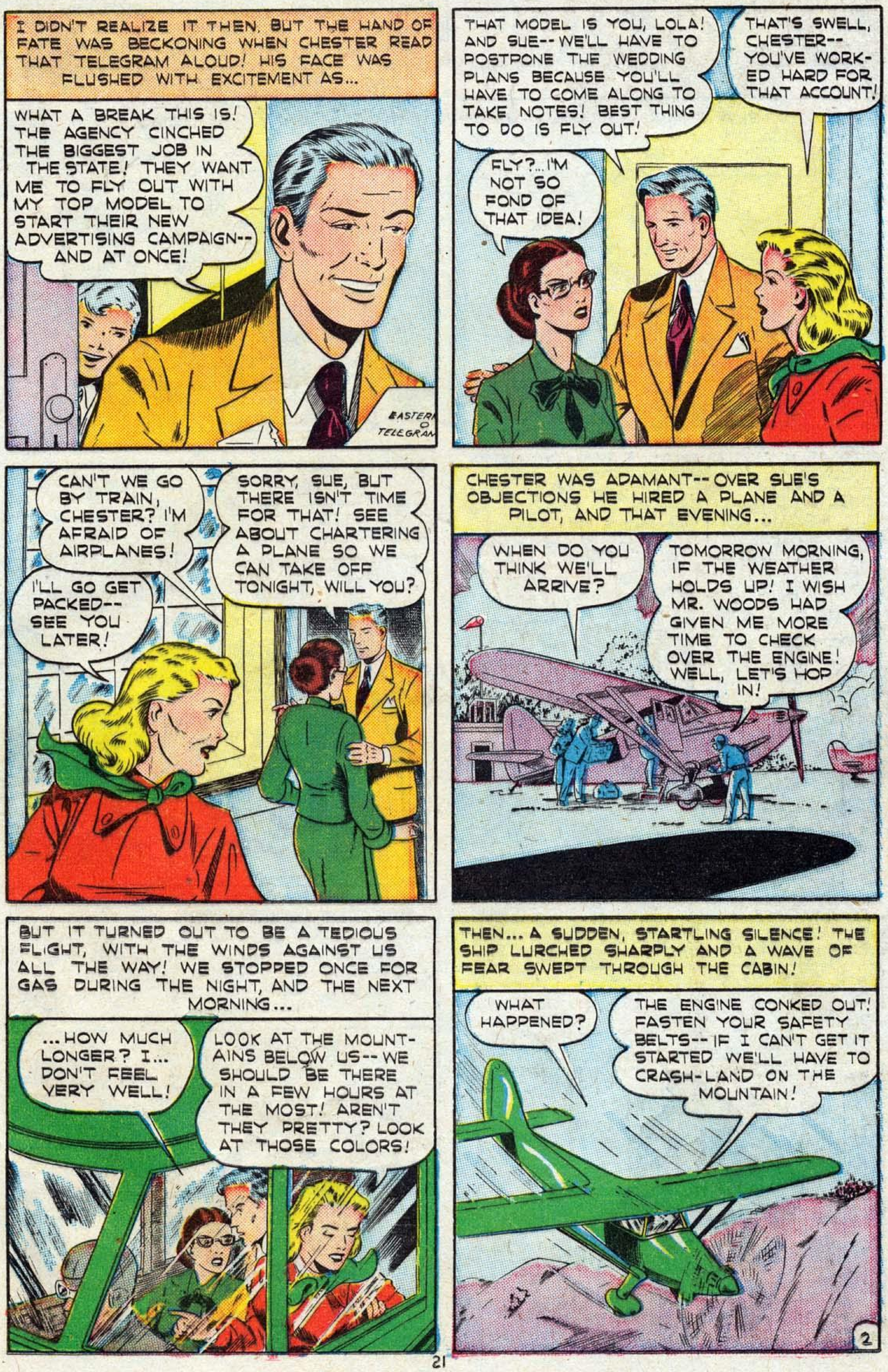
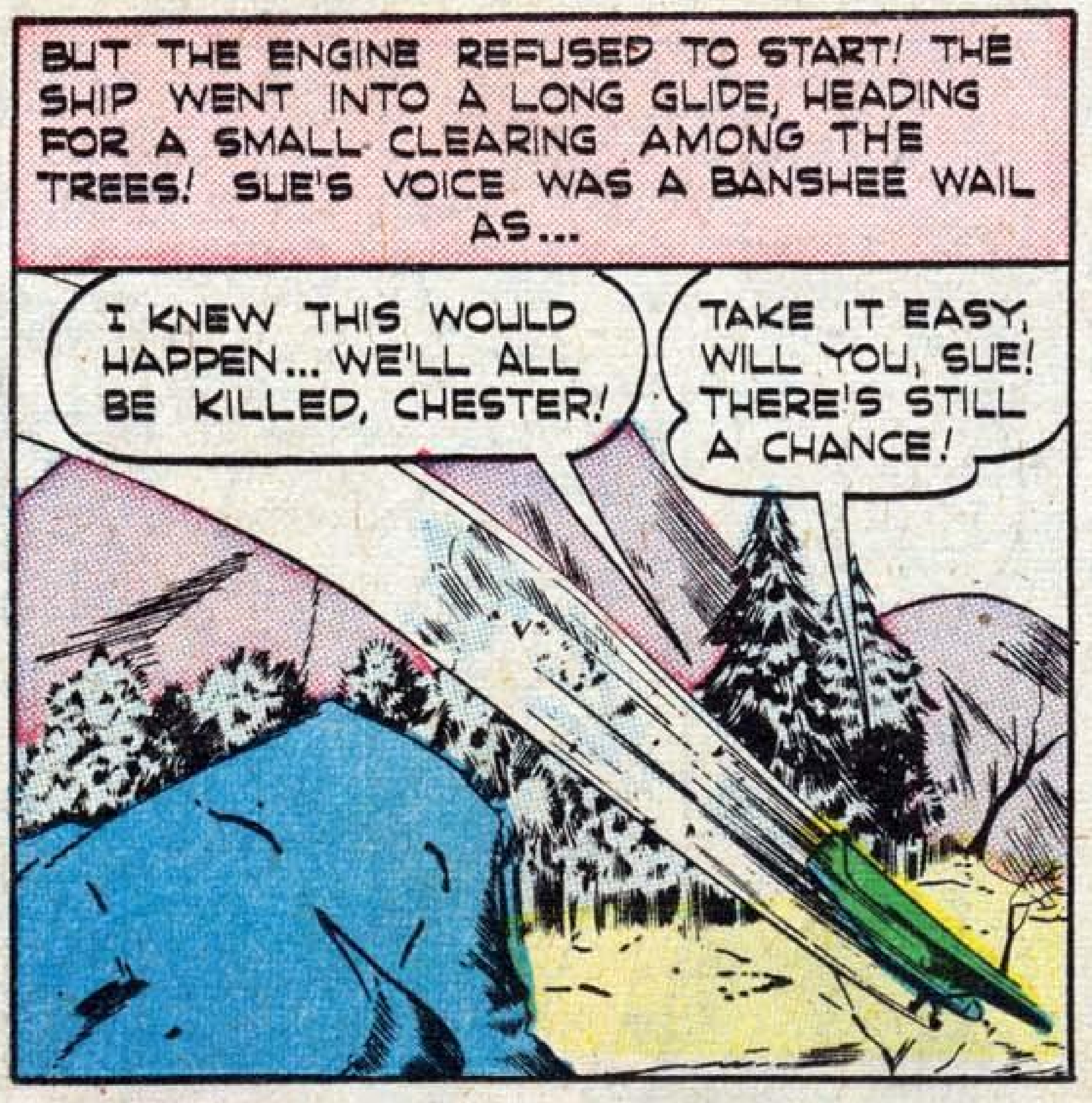
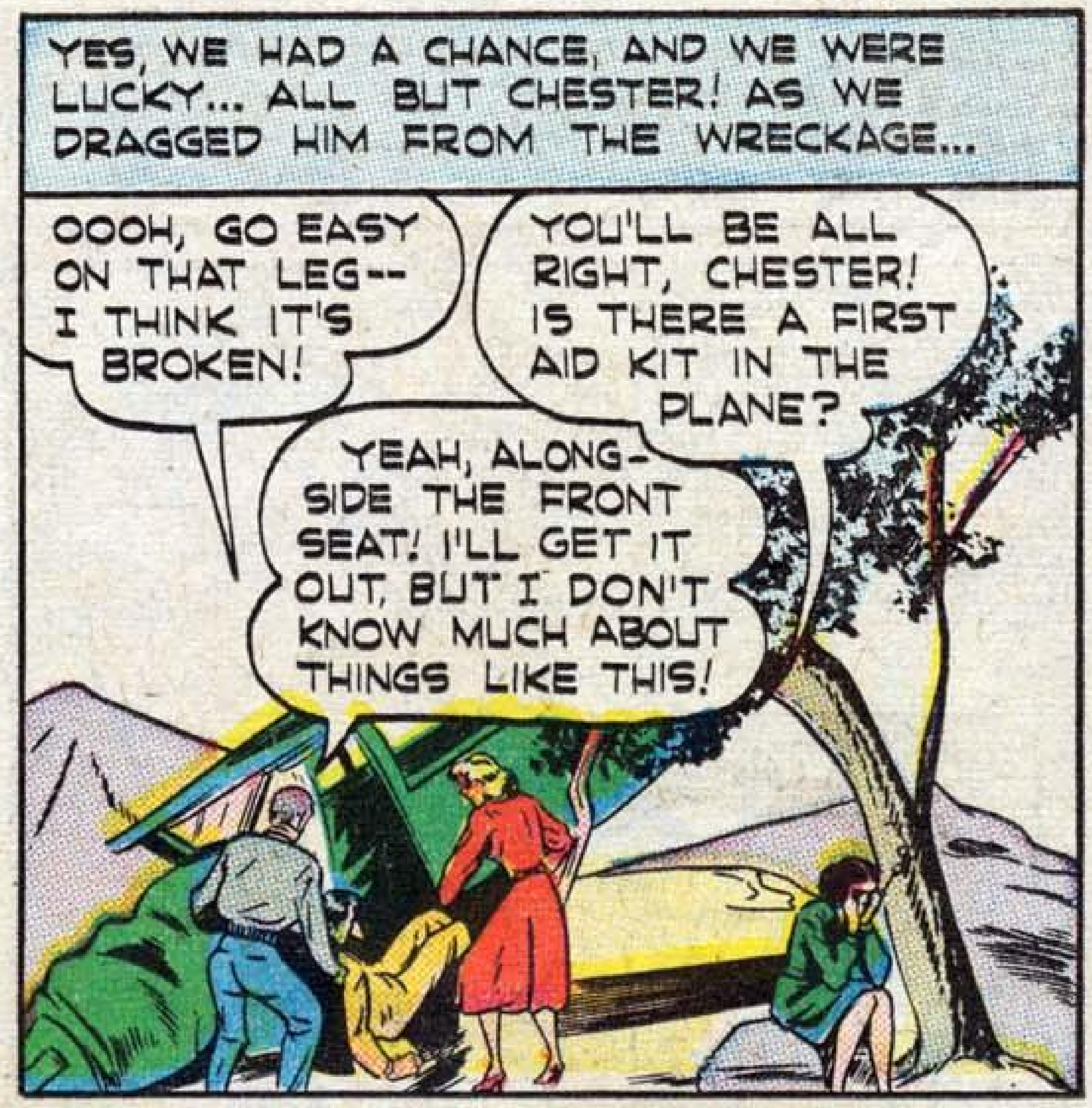
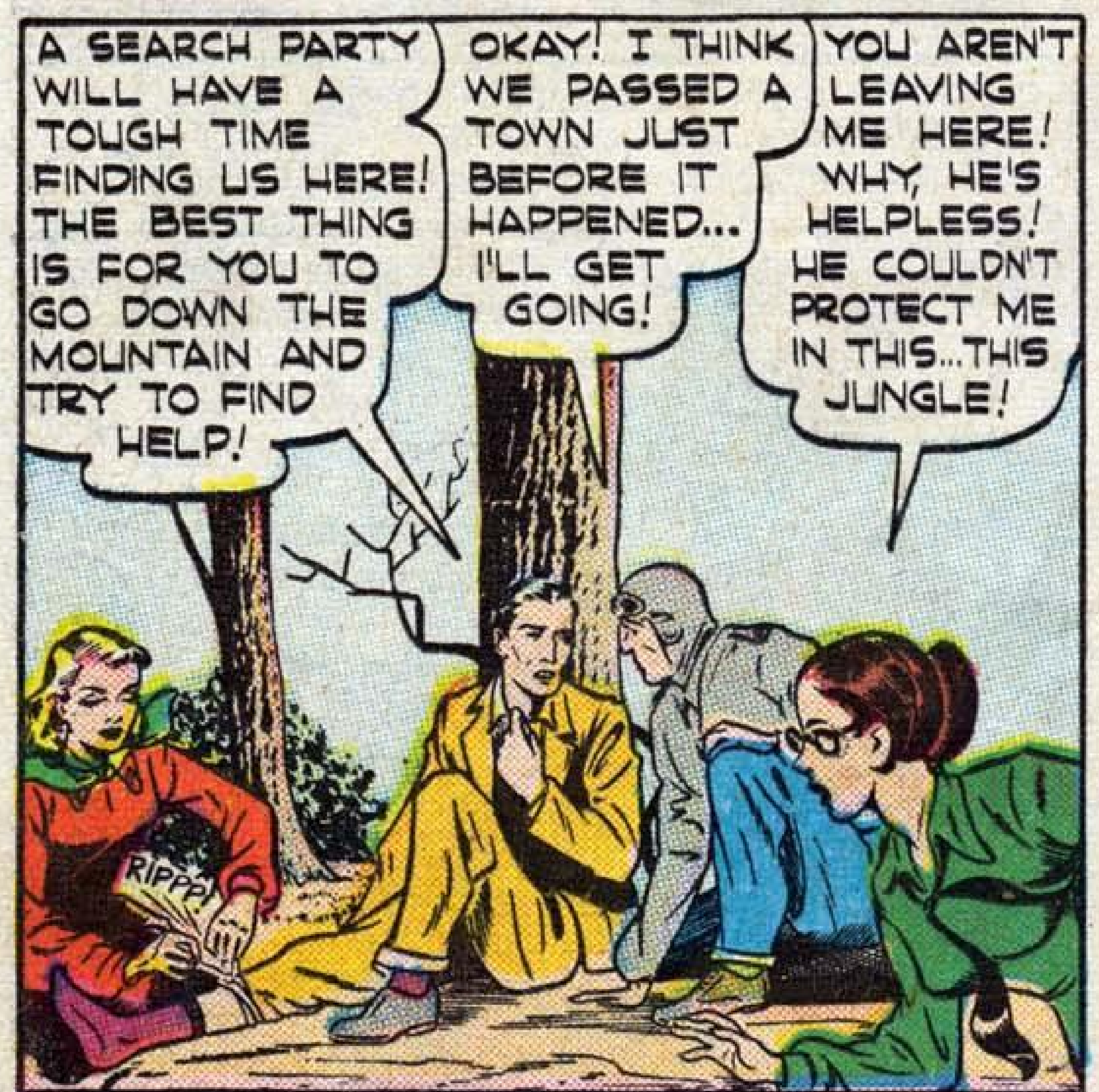
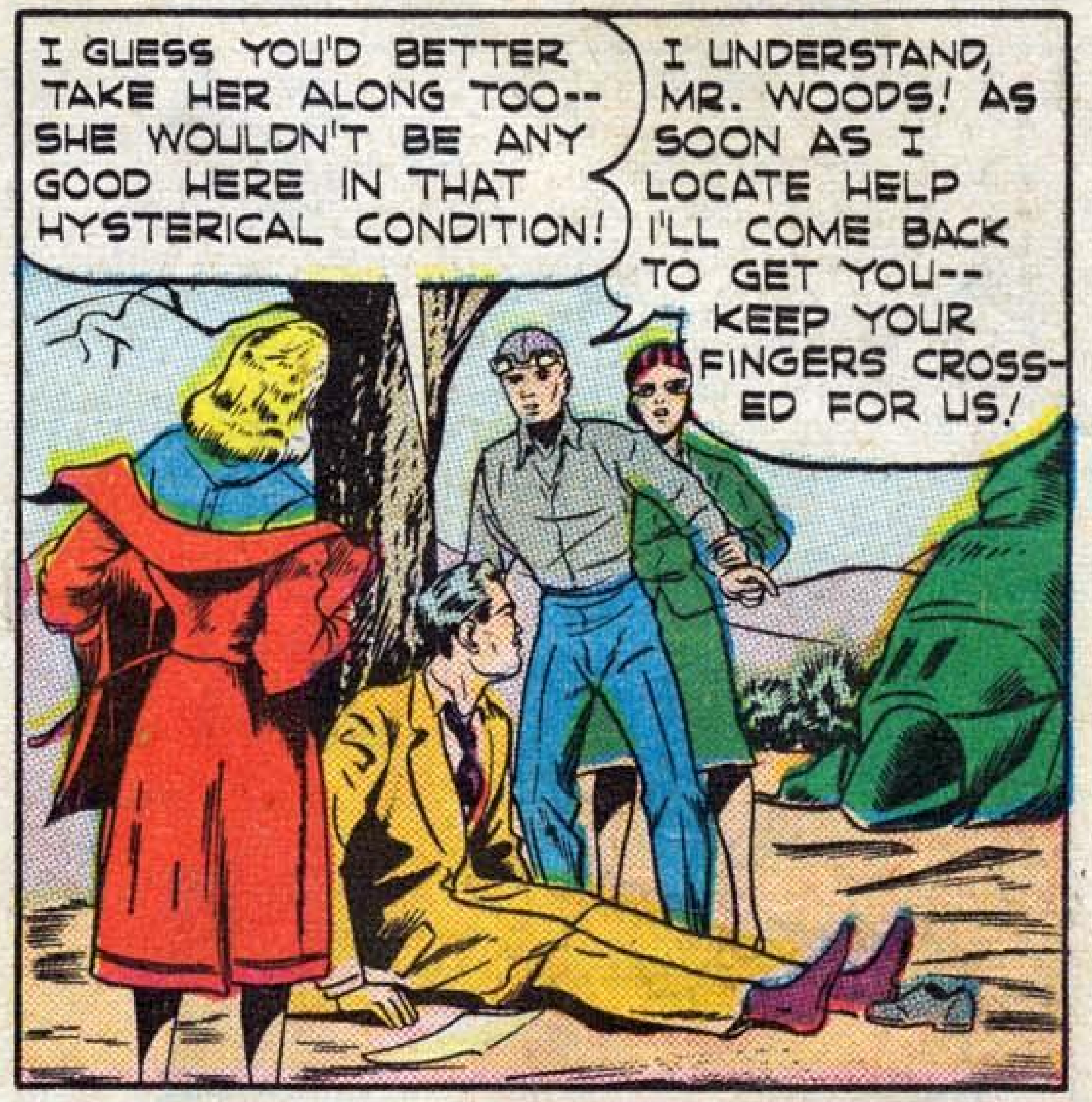

IT WAS A DAY I'LL LONG REMEMBER--THE DAY I WALKED INTO CHESTER WOODS' MODELING AGENCY TO SEE HIM ABOUT MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT! FOR SOME REASON MY HEART BEGAN TO POUND WILDLY WHEN I SAW THE LOOK ON HIS FACE!
HI, ALL YOU HANDSOME DEVILS! AM I BREAKING UP AN OLD SCHOOL REUNION?
HELLO, LOLA! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO CONGRATULATE ME--I'M AN ENGAGED MAN!
YES, MY HEART POUNDED MADLY... AND CRIED! BUT I FORCED A SMILE TO MY LIPS AS I LOOKED AT THE MAN I HAD LOVED SO LONG!
YOU, THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR, ENGAGED? BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO..?
OH, NOT TO ONE OF YOU GLAMOR GALS! IN MY LIFE A PRETTY FACE DOESN'T MEAN A THING--I WANTED THE HOMEBODY TYPE!
AND HERE SHE IS--SUE WALTERS, MY SECRETARY! SHE CAN COOK, SEW AND DO EVERYTHING A WOMAN SHOULD! I'M THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WORLD!
HELLO, EVERYBODY! SORRY I'M LATE, BUT I HAD TO FINISH MY REPORTS!
WITH THE GREATEST EFFORT I HELD BACK MY TEARS AND FORCED MYSELF TO BE CALM! SUE WALTERS, THE SHARP-TONGUED, FRONT-OFFICE GIRL WHO HELD THE MODELS IN CONTEMPT! HER EYES HELD A GLINT OF HATE AND TRIUMPH WHEN...
CONGRATULATIONS, DARLING! I'VE HAD MY HOOKS OUT FOR HIM A LONG TIME--BUT I GUESS YOU'RE THE BETTER WOMAN AFTER ALL!
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THAT, DOESN'T IT!
URGENT TELEGRAM FOR YOU, MR. WOODS!
1

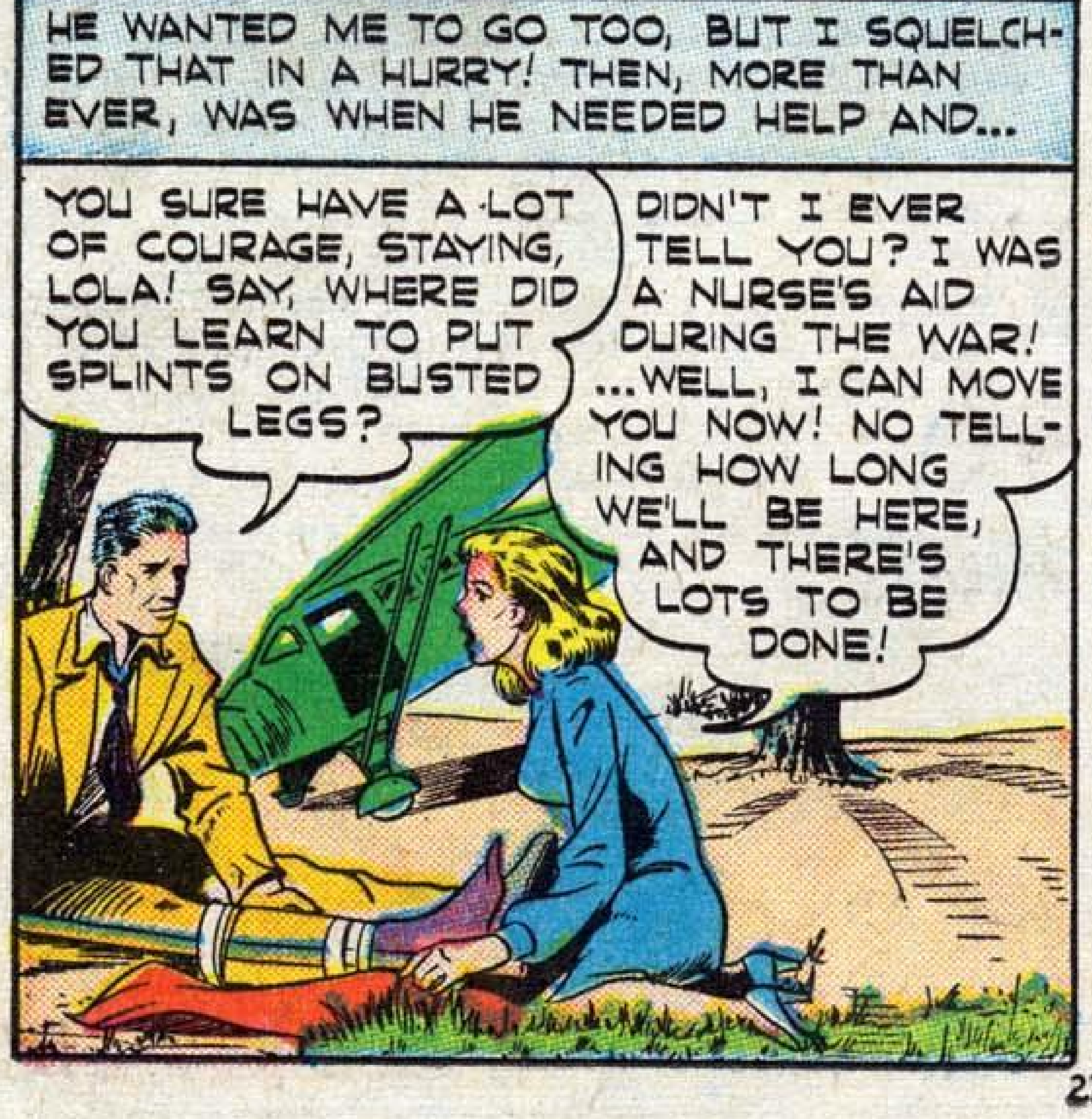

I DIDN'T REALIZE IT THEN, BUT THE HAND OF FATE WAS BECKONING WHEN CHESTER READ THAT TELEGRAM ALOUD! HIS FACE WAS FLUSHED WITH EXCITEMENT AS...
WHAT A BREAK THIS IS! THE AGENCY CINCHED THE BIGGEST JOB IN THE STATE! THEY WANT ME TO FLY OUT WITH MY TOP MODEL TO START THEIR NEW ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN-- AND AT ONCE!
EASTERN TELEGRAM
THAT MODEL IS YOU, LOLA! AND SUE-- WE'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE THE WEDDING PLANS BECAUSE YOU'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG TO TAKE NOTES! BEST THING TO DO IS FLY OUT!
THAT'S SWELL, CHESTER-- YOU'VE WORKED HARD FOR THAT ACCOUNT!
FLY?...I'M NOT SO FOND OF THAT IDEA!
CAN'T WE GO BY TRAIN, CHESTER? I'M AFRAID OF AIRPLANES!
SORRY, SUE, BUT THERE ISN'T TIME FOR THAT! SEE ABOUT CHARTERING A PLANE SO WE CAN TAKE OFF TONIGHT, WILL YOU?
I'LL GO GET PACKED-- SEE YOU LATER!
CHESTER WAS ADAMANT-- OVER SUE'S OBJECTIONS HE HIRED A PLANE AND A PILOT, AND THAT EVENING...
WHEN DO YOU THINK WE'LL ARRIVE?
TOMORROW MORNING, IF THE WEATHER HOLDS UP! I WISH MR. WOODS HAD GIVEN ME MORE TIME TO CHECK OVER THE ENGINE! WELL, LET'S HOP IN!
BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE A TEDIOUS FLIGHT, WITH THE WINDS AGAINST US ALL THE WAY! WE STOPPED ONCE FOR GAS DURING THE NIGHT, AND THE NEXT MORNING...
...HOW MUCH LONGER? I... DON'T FEEL VERY WELL!
LOOK AT THE MOUNTAINS BELOW US-- WE SHOULD BE THERE IN A FEW HOURS AT THE MOST! AREN'T THEY PRETTY? LOOK AT THOSE COLORS!
THEN... A SUDDEN, STARTLING SILENCE! THE SHIP LURCHED SHARPLY AND A WAVE OF FEAR SWEPT THROUGH THE CABIN!
WHAT HAPPENED?
THE ENGINE CONKED OUT! FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS-- IF I CAN'T GET IT STARTED WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH-LAND ON THE MOUNTAIN!
2

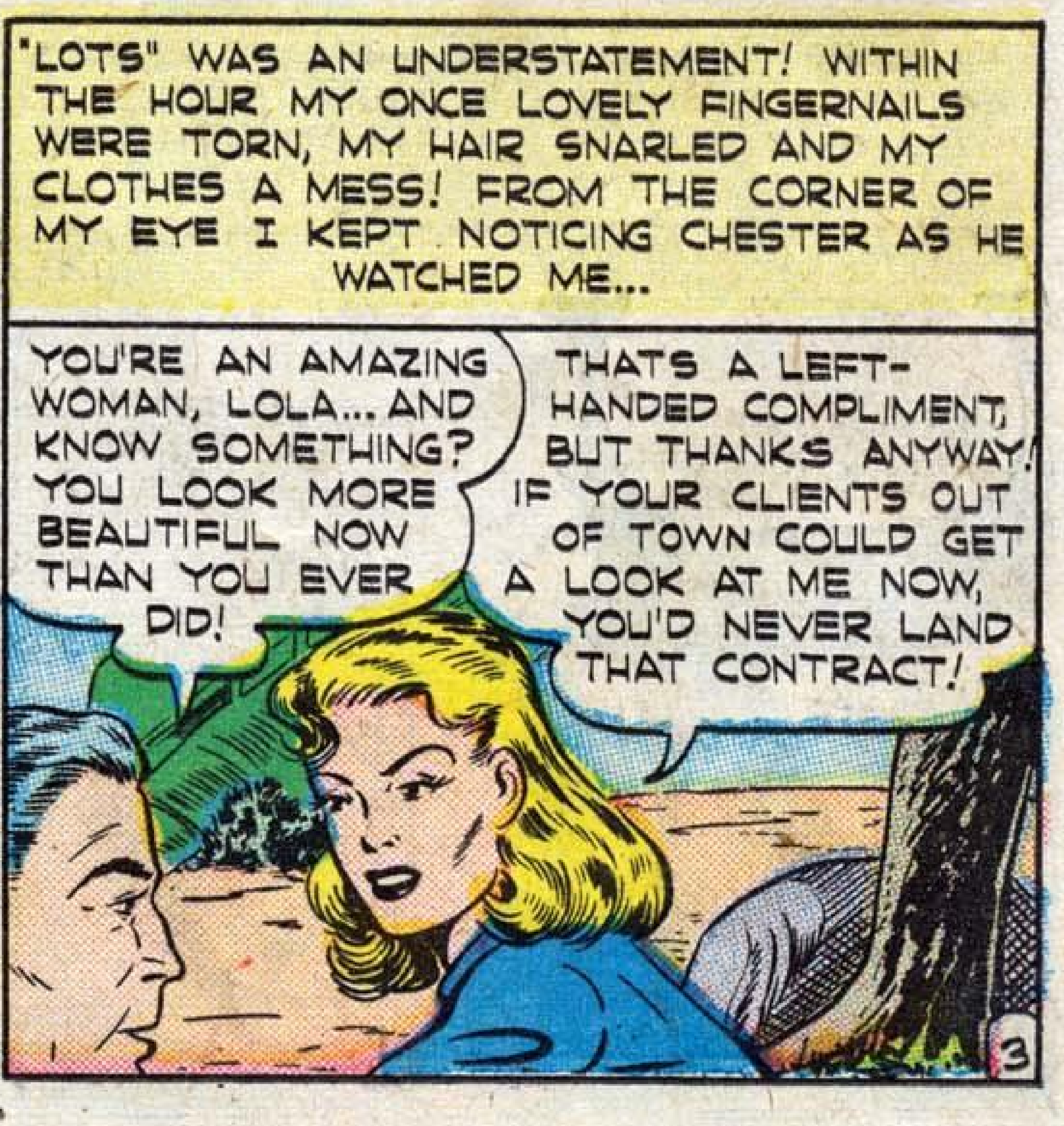

BUT THE ENGINE REFUSED TO START! THE SHIP WENT INTO A LONG GLIDE, HEADING FOR A SMALL CLEARING AMONG THE TREES! SUE'S VOICE WAS A BANSHEE WAIL AS...
I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN... WE'LL ALL BE KILLED, CHESTER!
TAKE IT EASY, WILL YOU, SUE! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!

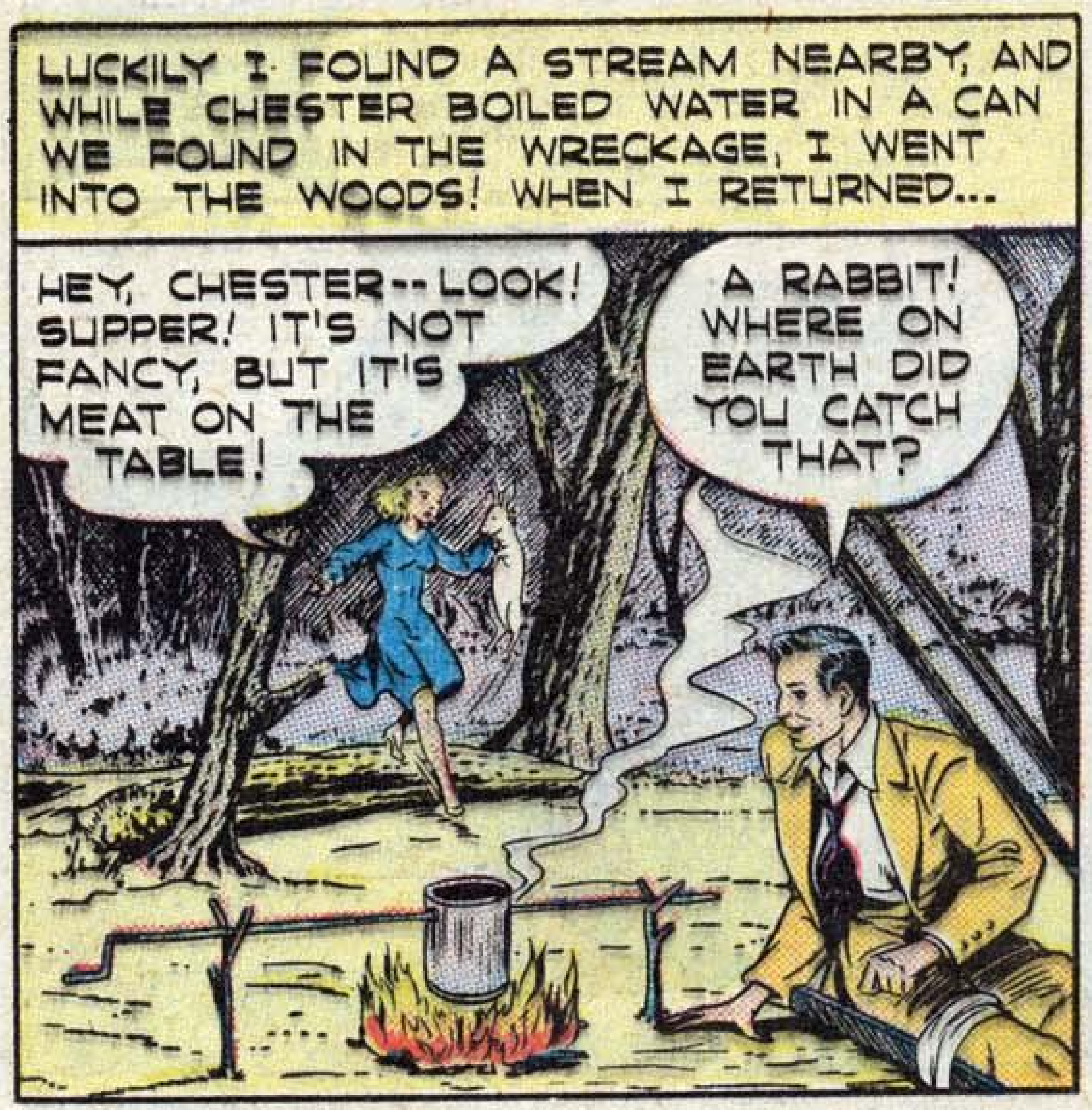

YES, WE HAD A CHANCE, AND WE WERE LUCKY... ALL BUT CHESTER! AS WE DRAGGED HIM FROM THE WRECKAGE...
OOOH, GO EASY ON THAT LEG-- I THINK IT'S BROKEN!
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, CHESTER! IS THERE A FIRST AID KIT IN THE PLANE?
YEAH, ALONGSIDE THE FRONT SEAT! I'LL GET IT OUT, BUT I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS!

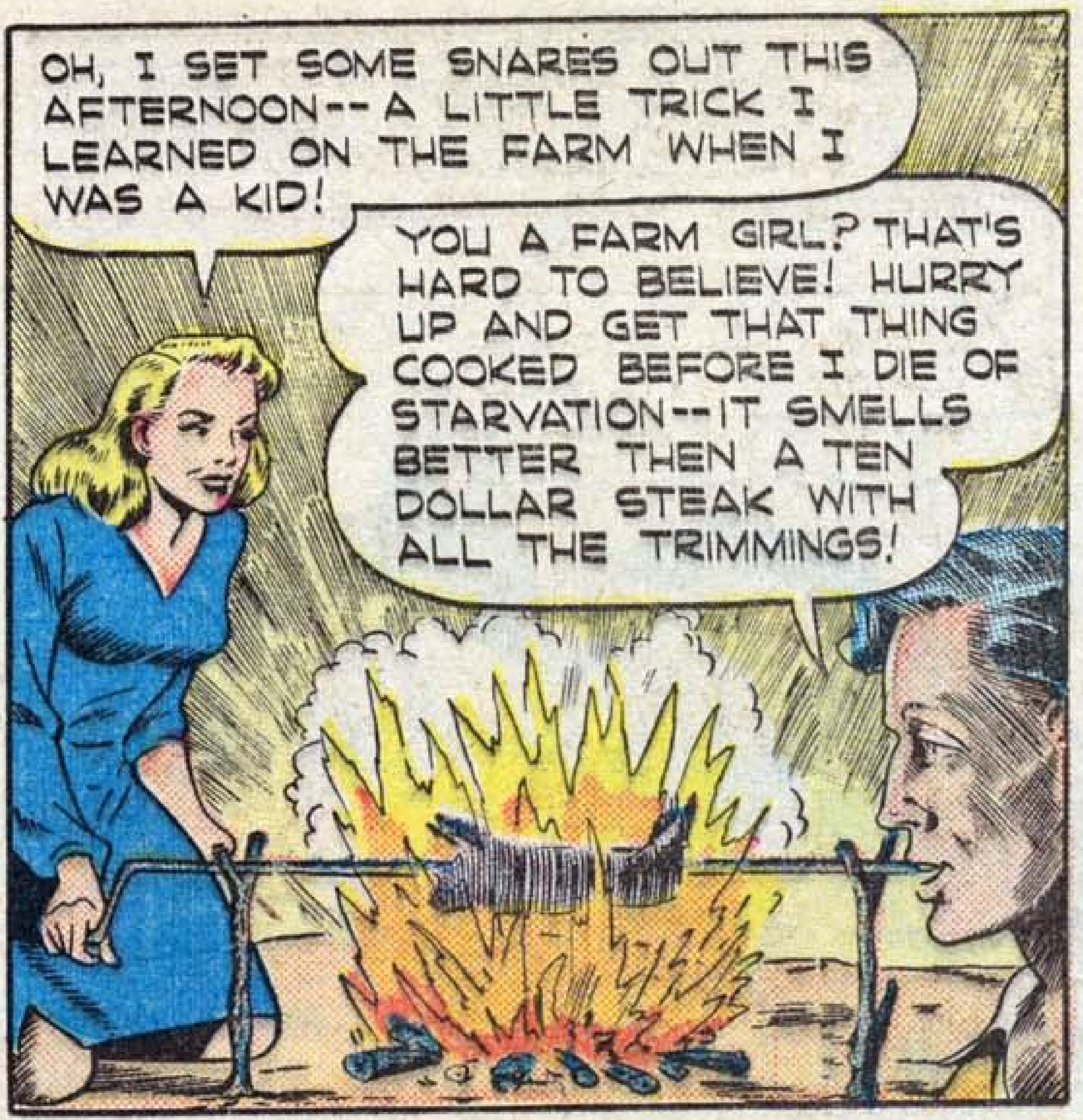

A SEARCH PARTY WILL HAVE A TOUGH TIME FINDING US HERE! THE BEST THING IS FOR YOU TO GO DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND TRY TO FIND HELP!
OKAY! I THINK WE PASSED A TOWN JUST BEFORE IT HAPPENED... I'LL GET GOING!
YOU AREN'T LEAVING ME HERE! WHY, HE'S HELPLESS! HE COULDN'T PROTECT ME IN THIS...THIS JUNGLE!
RIPPP!

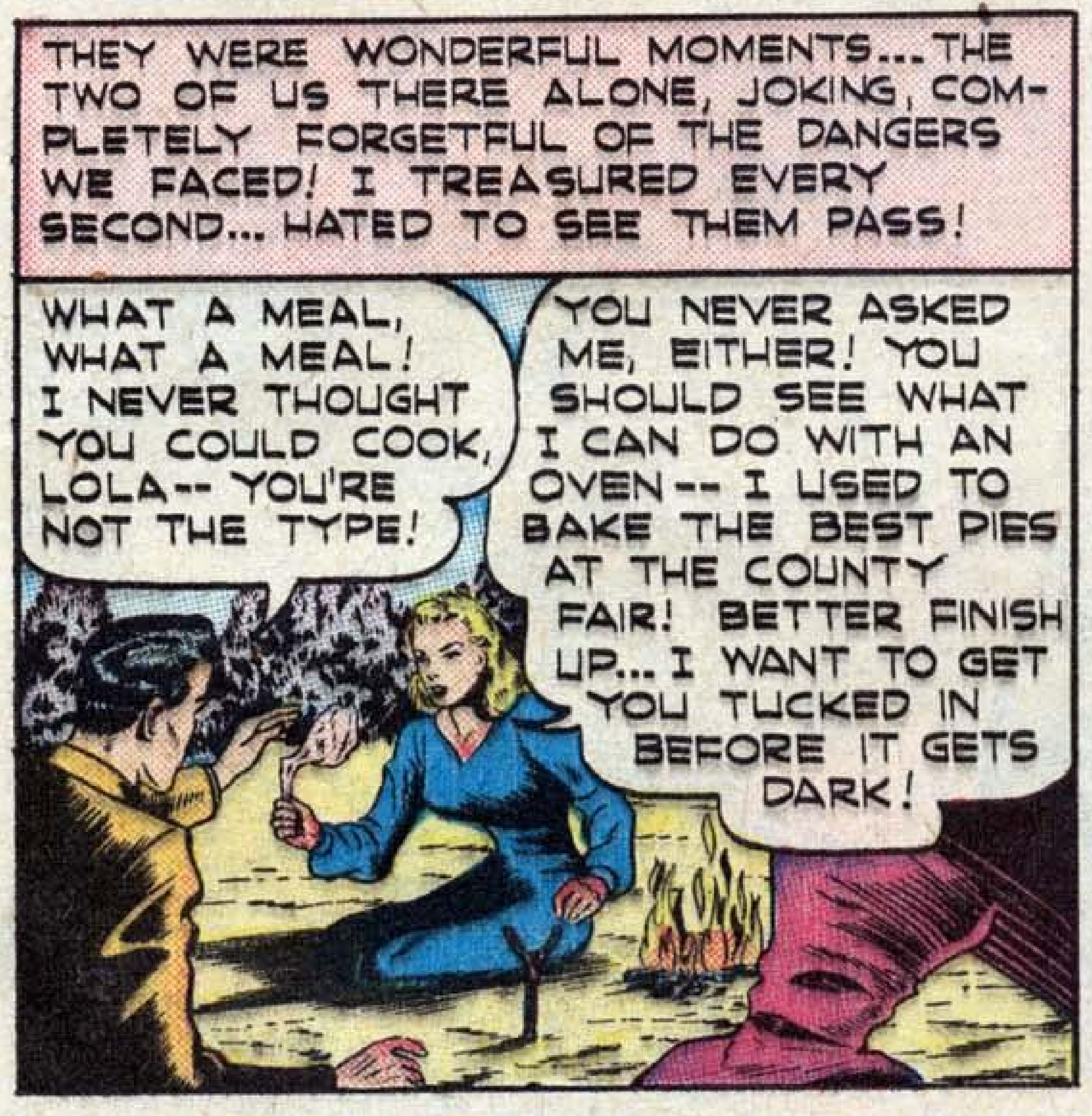

I GUESS YOU'D BETTER TAKE HER ALONG TOO-- SHE WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD HERE IN THAT HYSTERICAL CONDITION!
I UNDERSTAND, MR. WOODS! AS SOON AS I LOCATE HELP I'LL COME BACK TO GET YOU-- KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED FOR US!

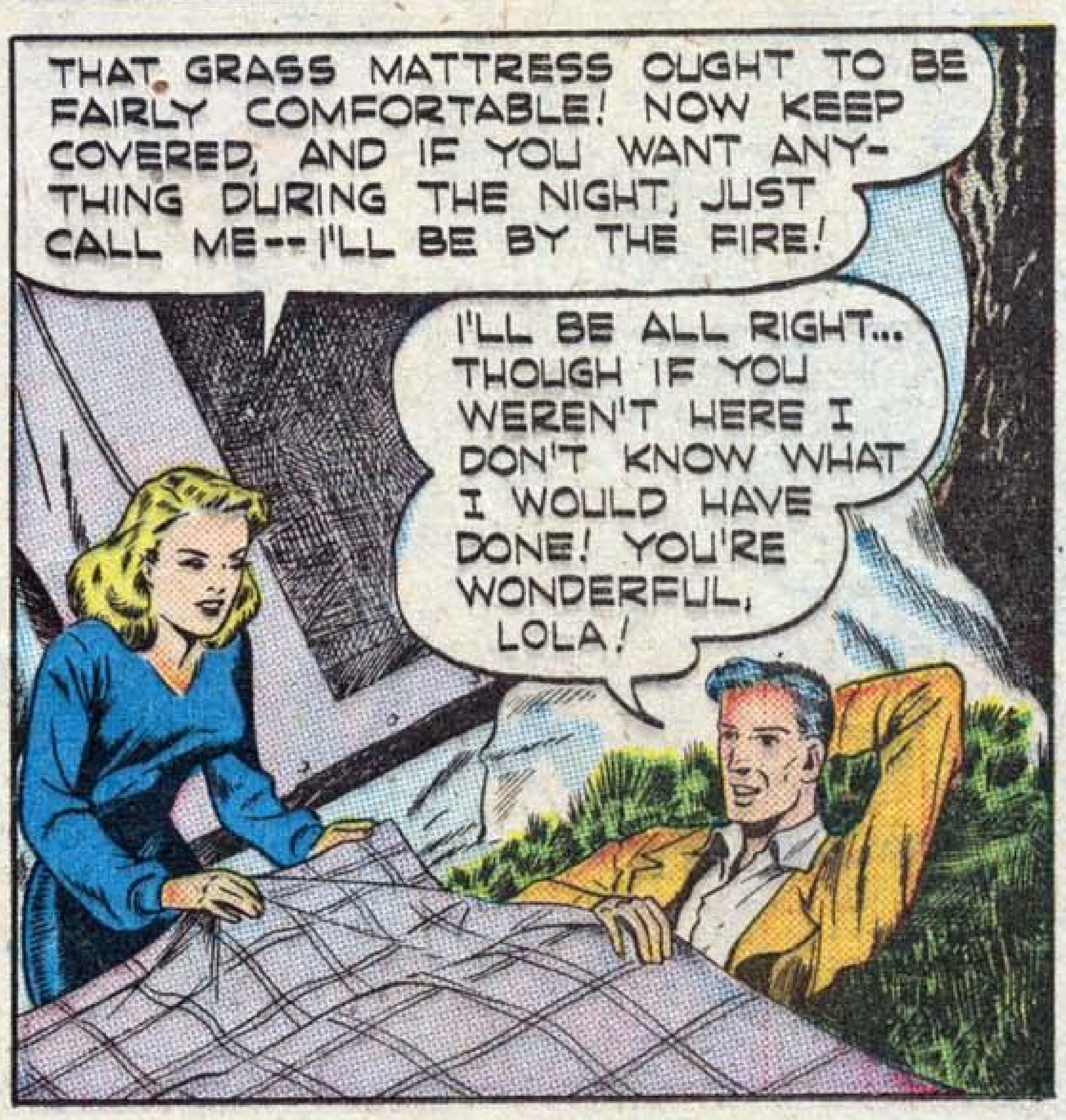

HE WANTED ME TO GO TOO, BUT I SQUELCHED THAT IN A HURRY! THEN, MORE THAN EVER, WAS WHEN HE NEEDED HELP AND...
YOU SURE HAVE A LOT OF COURAGE, STAYING, LOLA! SAY, WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO PUT SPLINTS ON BUSTED LEGS?
DIDN'T I EVER TELL YOU? I WAS A NURSE'S AID DURING THE WAR! ...WELL, I CAN MOVE YOU NOW! NO TELLING HOW LONG WE'LL BE HERE, AND THERE'S LOTS TO BE DONE!

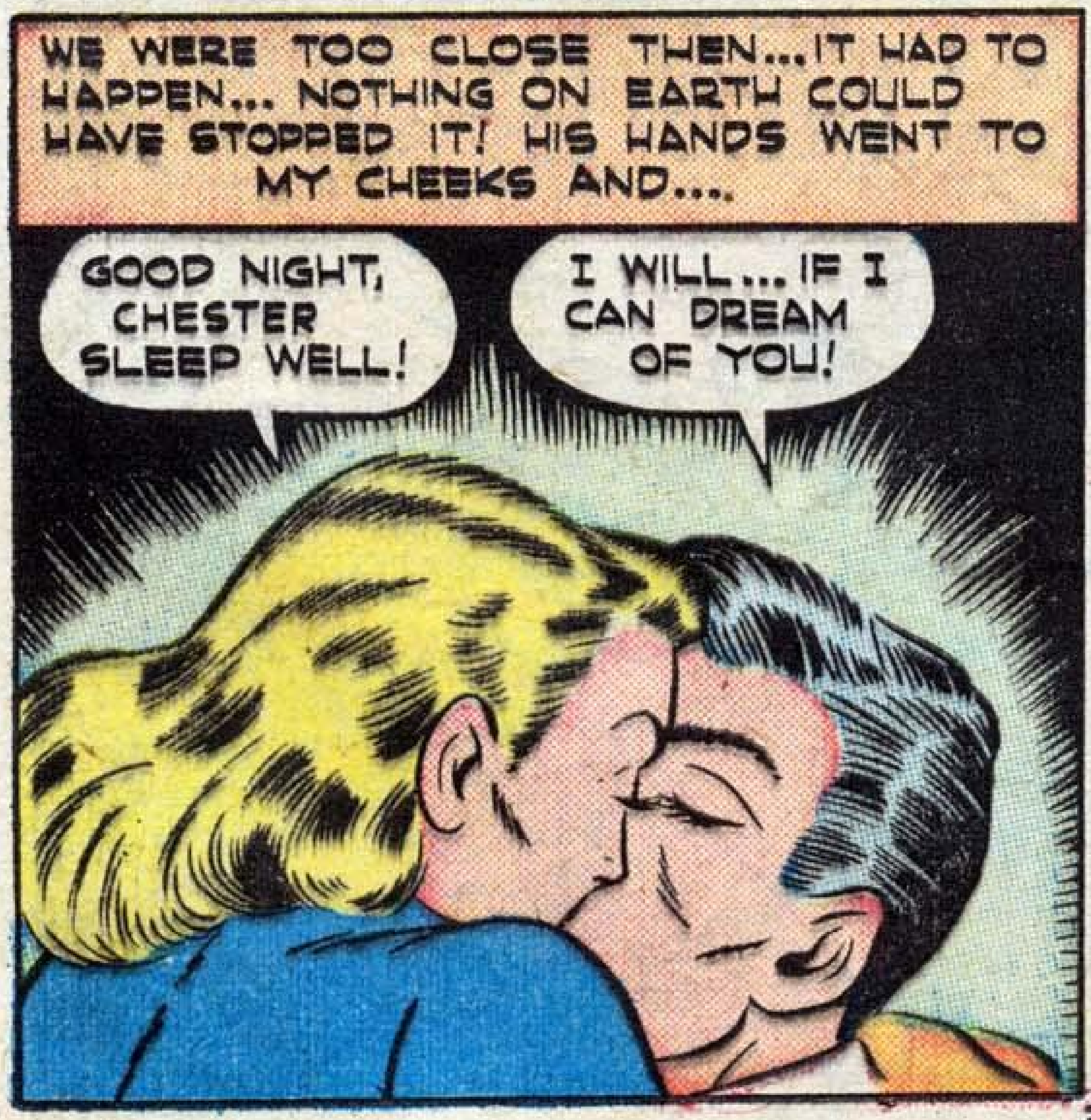

"LOTS" WAS AN UNDERSTATEMENT! WITHIN THE HOUR MY ONCE LOVELY FINGERNAILS WERE TORN, MY HAIR SNARLED AND MY CLOTHES A MESS! FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE I KEPT NOTICING CHESTER AS HE WATCHED ME...
YOU'RE AN AMAZING WOMAN, LOLA... AND KNOW SOMETHING? YOU LOOK MORE BEAUTIFUL NOW THAN YOU EVER DID!
THATS A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT, BUT THANKS ANYWAY! IF YOUR CLIENTS OUT OF TOWN COULD GET A LOOK AT ME NOW, YOU'D NEVER LAND THAT CONTRACT!
3

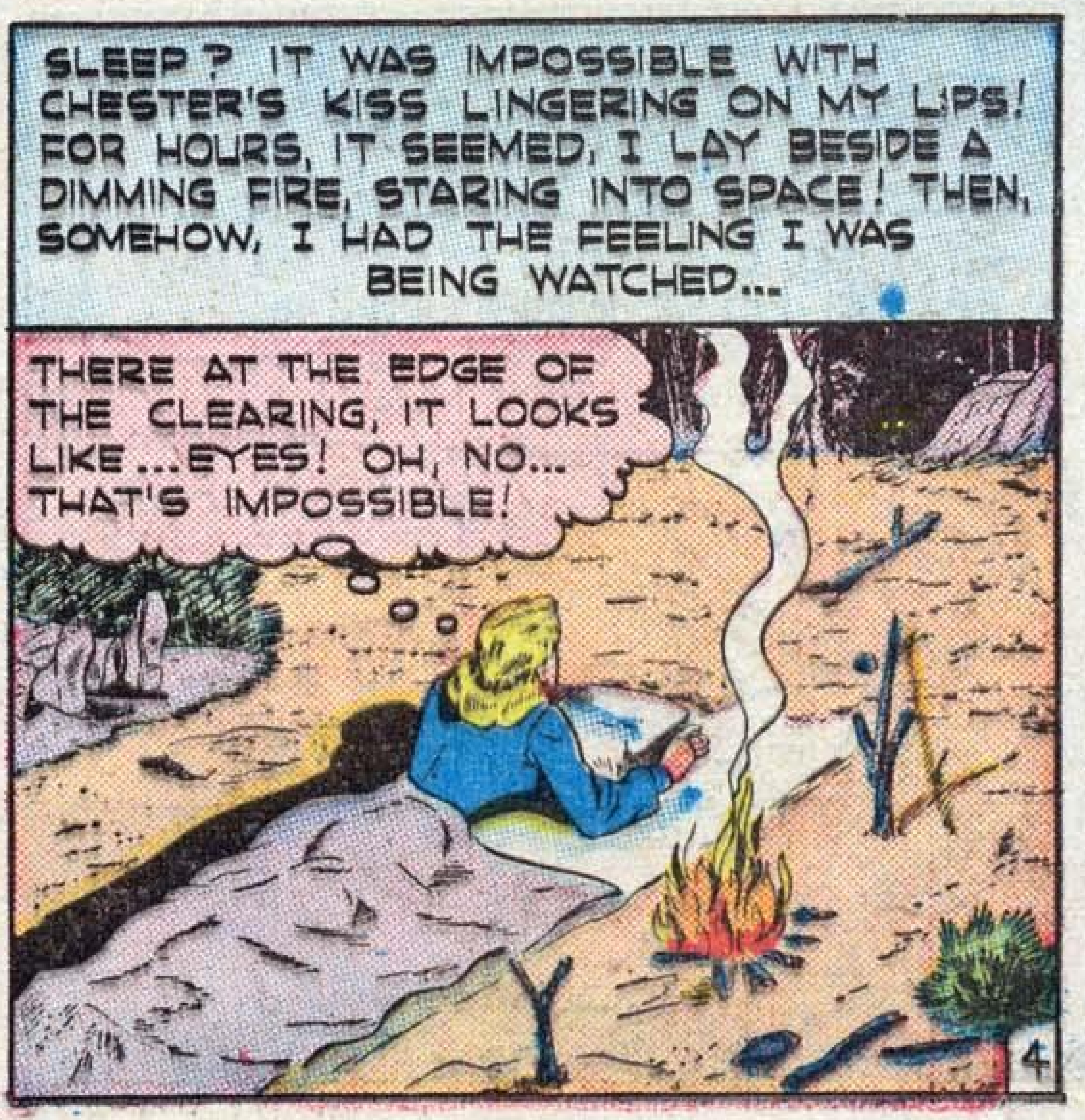

LUCKILY I FOUND A STREAM NEARBY, AND WHILE CHESTER BOILED WATER IN A CAN WE FOUND IN THE WRECKAGE, I WENT INTO THE WOODS! WHEN I RETURNED...
HEY, CHESTER--LOOK! SUPPER! IT'S NOT FANCY, BUT IT'S MEAT ON THE TABLE!
A RABBIT! WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU CATCH THAT?

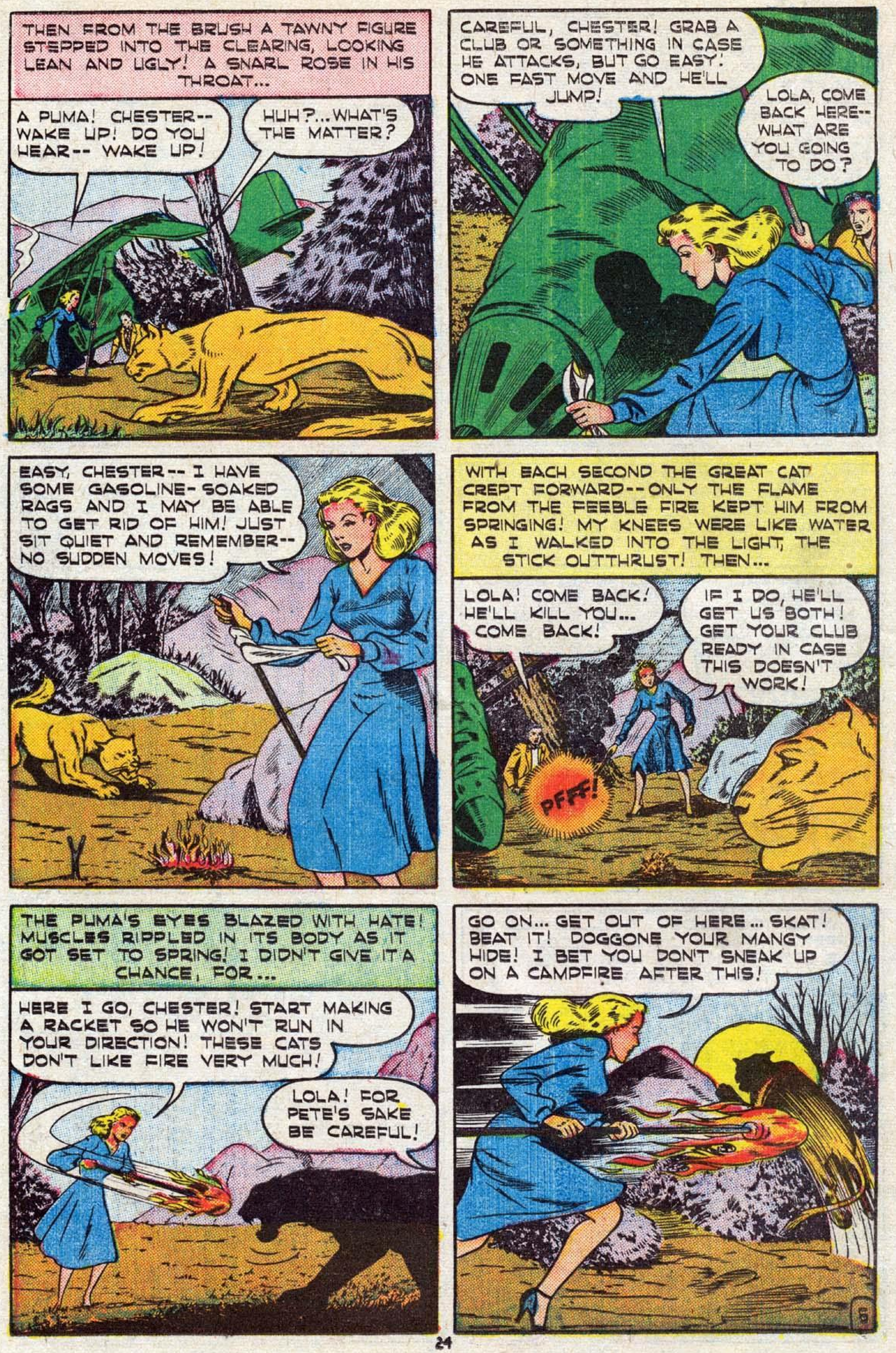

OH, I SET SOME SNARES OUT THIS AFTERNOON--A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED ON THE FARM WHEN I WAS A KID!
YOU A FARM GIRL? THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! HURRY UP AND GET THAT THING COOKED BEFORE I DIE OF STARVATION--IT SMELLS BETTER THEN A TEN DOLLAR STEAK WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS!

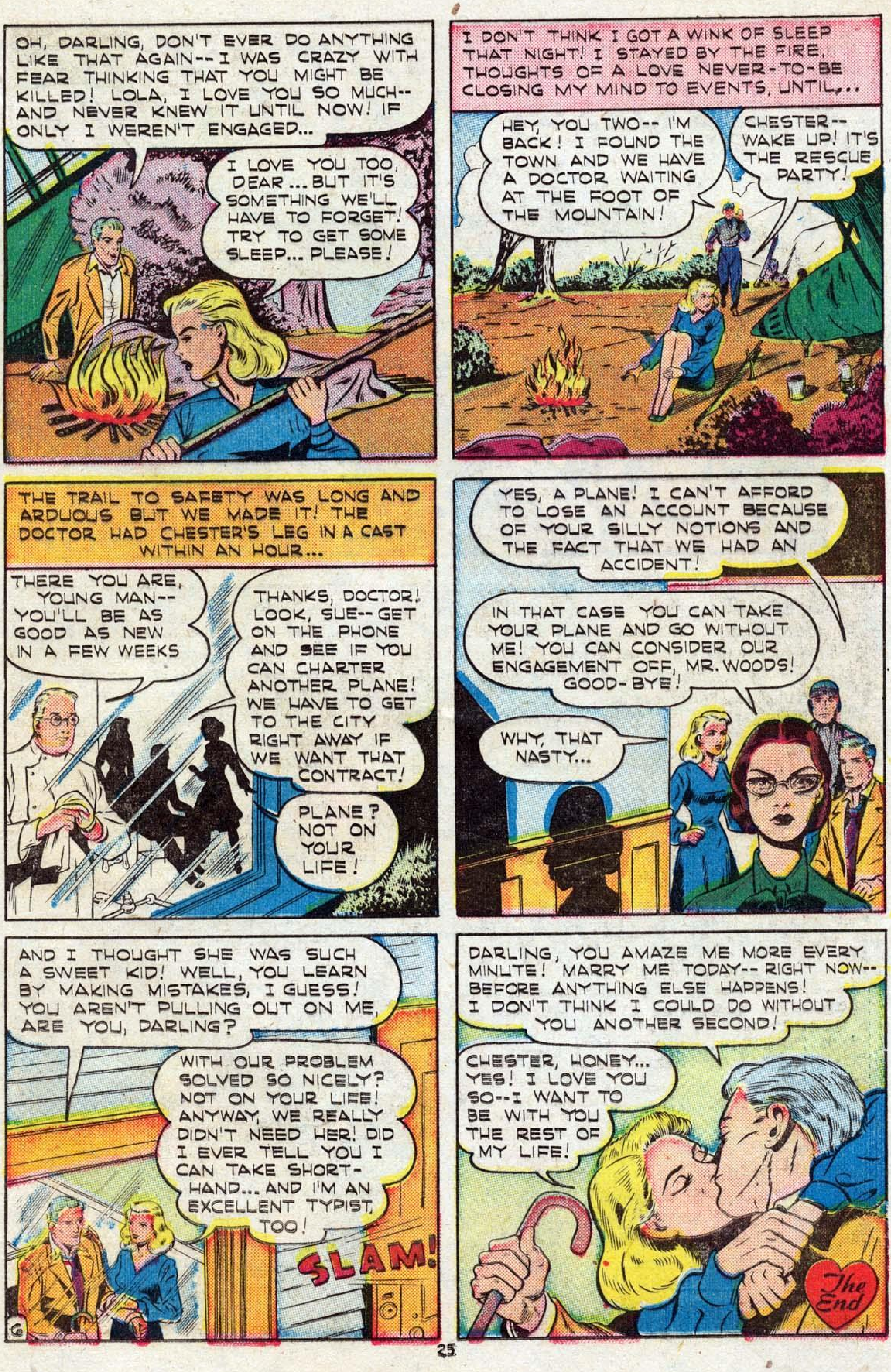

THEY WERE WONDERFUL MOMENTS... THE TWO OF US THERE ALONE, JOKING, COMPLETELY FORGETFUL OF THE DANGERS WE FACED! I TREASURED EVERY SECOND... HATED TO SEE THEM PASS!
WHAT A MEAL, WHAT A MEAL! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD COOK, LOLA-- YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE!
YOU NEVER ASKED ME, EITHER! YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH AN OVEN--I USED TO BAKE THE BEST PIES AT THE COUNTY FAIR! BETTER FINISH UP... I WANT TO GET YOU TUCKED IN BEFORE IT GETS DARK!

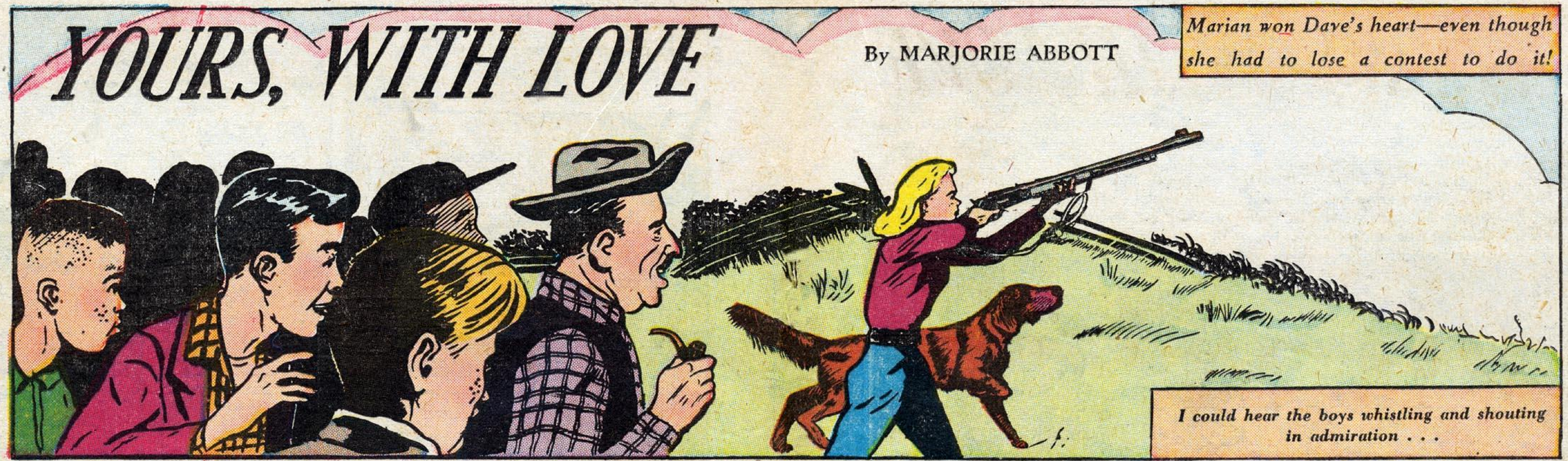

THAT GRASS MATTRESS OUGHT TO BE FAIRLY COMFORTABLE! NOW KEEP COVERED, AND IF YOU WANT ANYTHING DURING THE NIGHT, JUST CALL ME--I'LL BE BY THE FIRE!
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT... THOUGH IF YOU WEREN'T HERE I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE! YOU'RE WONDERFUL, LOLA!


WE WERE TOO CLOSE THEN... IT HAD TO HAPPEN... NOTHING ON EARTH COULD HAVE STOPPED IT! HIS HANDS WENT TO MY CHEEKS AND....
GOOD NIGHT, CHESTER SLEEP WELL!
I WILL... IF I CAN DREAM OF YOU!


SLEEP? IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE WITH CHESTER'S KISS LINGERING ON MY LIPS! FOR HOURS, IT SEEMED, I LAY BESIDE A DIMMING FIRE, STARING INTO SPACE! THEN, SOMEHOW, I HAD THE FEELING I WAS BEING WATCHED...
THERE AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, IT LOOKS LIKE... EYES! OH, NO... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
4


THEN FROM THE BRUSH A TAWNY FIGURE STEPPED INTO THE CLEARING, LOOKING LEAN AND UGLY! A SNARL ROSE IN HIS THROAT...
A PUMA! CHESTER-- WAKE UP! DO YOU HEAR-- WAKE UP!
HUH?... WHAT'S THE MATTER?
CAREFUL, CHESTER! GRAB A CLUB OR SOMETHING IN CASE HE ATTACKS, BUT GO EASY! ONE FAST MOVE AND HE'LL JUMP!
LOLA, COME BACK HERE-- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
EASY, CHESTER-- I HAVE SOME GASOLINE-SOAKED RAGS AND I MAY BE ABLE TO GET RID OF HIM! JUST SIT QUIET AND REMEMBER-- NO SUDDEN MOVES!
WITH EACH SECOND THE GREAT CAT CREPT FORWARD-- ONLY THE FLAME FROM THE FEEBLE FIRE KEPT HIM FROM SPRINGING! MY KNEES WERE LIKE WATER AS I WALKED INTO THE LIGHT, THE STICK OUTTHRUST! THEN...
LOLA! COME BACK! HE'LL KILL YOU... COME BACK!
IF I DO, HE'LL GET US BOTH! GET YOUR CLUB READY IN CASE THIS DOESN'T WORK!
PFFF!
THE PUMA'S EYES BLAZED WITH HATE! MUSCLES RIPPLED IN ITS BODY AS IT GOT SET TO SPRING! I DIDN'T GIVE IT A CHANCE, FOR...
HERE I GO, CHESTER! START MAKING A RACKET SO HE WON'T RUN IN YOUR DIRECTION! THESE CATS DON'T LIKE FIRE VERY MUCH!
LOLA! FOR PETE'S SAKE BE CAREFUL!
GO ON... GET OUT OF HERE... SKAT! BEAT IT! DOGGONE YOUR MANGY HIDE! I BET YOU DON'T SNEAK UP ON A CAMPFIRE AFTER THIS!
6


OH, DARLING, DON'T EVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN-- I WAS CRAZY WITH FEAR THINKING THAT YOU MIGHT BE KILLED! LOLA, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH-- AND NEVER KNEW IT UNTIL NOW! IF ONLY I WEREN'T ENGAGED...
I LOVE YOU TOO, DEAR ... BUT IT'S SOMETHING WE'LL HAVE TO FORGET! TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP... PLEASE!
I DON'T THINK I GOT A WINK OF SLEEP THAT NIGHT! I STAYED BY THE FIRE, THOUGHTS OF A LOVE NEVER-TO-BE CLOSING MY MIND TO EVENTS, UNTIL...
HEY, YOU TWO-- I'M BACK! I FOUND THE TOWN AND WE HAVE A DOCTOR WAITING AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN!
CHESTER-- WAKE UP! IT'S THE RESCUE PARTY!
THE TRAIL TO SAFETY WAS LONG AND ARDUOUS BUT WE MADE IT! THE DOCTOR HAD CHESTER'S LEG IN A CAST WITHIN AN HOUR...
THERE YOU ARE, YOUNG MAN-- YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW WEEKS
THANKS, DOCTOR! LOOK, SUE-- GET ON THE PHONE AND SEE IF YOU CAN CHARTER ANOTHER PLANE! WE HAVE TO GET TO THE CITY RIGHT AWAY IF WE WANT THAT CONTRACT!
PLANE? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
YES, A PLANE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE AN ACCOUNT BECAUSE OF YOUR SILLY NOTIONS AND THE FACT THAT WE HAD AN ACCIDENT!
IN THAT CASE YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PLANE AND GO WITHOUT ME! YOU CAN CONSIDER OUR ENGAGEMENT OFF, MR. WOODS! GOOD-BYE!
WHY, THAT NASTY...
AND I THOUGHT SHE WAS SUCH A SWEET KID! WELL, YOU LEARN BY MAKING MISTAKES, I GUESS! YOU AREN'T PULLING OUT ON ME, ARE YOU, DARLING?
WITH OUR PROBLEM SOLVED SO NICELY? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! ANYWAY, WE REALLY DIDN'T NEED HER! DID I EVER TELL YOU I CAN TAKE SHORTHAND... AND I'M AN EXCELLENT TYPIST, TOO!
SLAM!
6
DARLING, YOU AMAZE ME MORE EVERY MINUTE! MARRY ME TODAY-- RIGHT NOW-- BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS! I DON'T THINK I COULD DO WITHOUT YOU ANOTHER SECOND!
CHESTER, HONEY... YES! I LOVE YOU SO--I WANT TO BE WITH YOU THE REST OF MY LIFE!
The End



YOURS, WITH LOVE

By MARJORIE ABBOTT

Marian won Dave's heart—even though she had to lose a contest to do it!

I could hear the boys whistling and shouting in admiration . . .

I SHIVERED as I crawled out of my white iron bed and my feet met the bare boards of the bedroom floor. The sun hadn't risen yet, and I stared out the window at a pale gray frosty world. I put on my breeches and hunting boots and tied a faded scarf over my hair.

Only one more day, I thought excitedly. One more day till the contest.

The house was silent. For once the kids weren't fighting, and Pa wasn't yelling at them, and Mom's tired voice wasn't trying to keep peace.

I slipped down the back stairs to the kitchen. My mother was already there, neatly dressed in a fresh dress made from a feed bag. Her face was pale and weary. She smiled at me warmly. Even when everything was all wrong, Mom always had a smile of encouragement for her kids.

"Going hunting?" she asked cheerfully.

"Yes," I said. "Mr. Ryder's contest is tomorrow morning. Thought I'd get in a little practice."

I found my father's gun on the landing. It was heavy and awkward for me, but I had learned to handle it well.

Robin, my red Irish setter, who was tied in the barn, whined eagerly as he saw the gun and jumped frantically against his clanking chain.

"Come on, boy," I crooned as I patted his shining head. He's mine, all mine, I thought with a warm swell of pride in my chest. I've raised him from a pup and taught him all he knows, and sometimes it seems as if he's part of my heart, almost.

I put my hand beneath his chin and held up his face. His large dark eyes looked pleadingly up at me.

"I'm counting on you, Robin," I said. "We've got to win that fifteen dollar prize tomorrow. For Mom. And you're the fellow who can help me."

Robin barked a sharp, excited little bark, as if he understood. And then he was off in front of me as I walked across the crisp, frosted field. Back and forth he ran in front of me. His nose was laid to the ground, and his tail was a soft feather, a barometer of his emotions.

I thought of the prize money again, with an intensity that made me clench one first until my nails bit into my hand. It wasn't something I could tell anyone, not ever. It was hard living on a farm that wasn't much good, having a father who had never quite been able to make a go of things. Some folks might even call Pa a failure, but loyalty would scarcely let me think that word. I wouldn't care half so much if it weren't for Mom. Mom, who always found the first violets in the spring, and who saw every last speck of wonder in an apple blossom or a robin's egg, but who had never owned a pretty thing for herself since I could remember.

The prize money would change that. Fifteen dollars would buy the lovely pin and earring set I had admired in Brown's gift shop in Larchville last week. The back of the pin would be engraved: "*Yours, with love, from Marian.*" I could see already the look of delight in Mom's blue eyes when I said, "Happy Birthday, Mom. I hope you like it."

Suddenly, irrelevantly, I was remembering the words Mom had said one time, "A gift is something that comes straight from the heart, dear. If there's no sacrifice involved, it isn't a true gift. Part of the giver must go with it."

I came to the fence separating the clover field from the corn. There was a long-legged boy about a year older than I seated on the fence watching me. The rising sun was shining on his red hair, which was just the color of Robin's, and his gray eyes were amused and mocking as they looked at me.

"Hi, there," he said. "Practicing up for the big event, I'll bet. As if you'd have a chance to win with ten boys competing against you!" He grinned.

I felt swift irritation at his words. I felt irritated with him often lately. Dave and I had grown up together, played ball after school, caught frogs in the Walker pond, and hunted mushrooms in the first warm flush of spring. But recently these things seemed childish to me. I felt a vague longing for a different relationship between us. If only he would tell me sometime that I had a cute turned-up nose instead of calling me dopey Or if he would make a real date with me and bring me an orchid to wear to a dance.

"What *are* you grinning about, Dave?" I demanded. "Oh!" I gasped as I looked more closely. A tiny black and white head was peeping out from beneath his jacket.

"Dave! That darling pup! One of Mitzi's?"

"Yep. Pretty nice pointer, isn't he?"

I cradled the tiny, warm puppy in my arms. He shivered and snuggled up against my sweater.

"I thought you'd be here. I had to show you one of the pups," said Dave.

"It's darling. But I've got to go," I said. I held the fence up, and Robin crawled under it.

"You'll need the practice, Marian," Dave called after me. "Don't forget. *Ten* boys!"

I stuck out my tongue at him. I couldn't admit to Dave how much it meant to me to win the contest. I couldn't say, right out in words, that I had to win for Mother. It would sound sentimental or overdone or something. But his words had brought back all my doubts. Could I win with such competition?

I turned toward home with a sigh.

. . . The contest was held at Mr. Ryder's farm on Saturday. The farm had not been hunted that season—Mr. Ryder was keeping it fot the contest. When I arrived at seven, nearly all the boys were already there. They all had dogs, but I thought proudly that not one of them was as beautiful as Robin.

Mr. Ryder was a tall man with smiling blue eyes. "You know what you're up against, Marian," he said. "You're the only girl competing. Do you still want to enter?"

I nodded dumbly. How could I tell him how I felt about my mother? How could I tell him I had to win, that I had to have the money?

"Good girl." He smiled at me. "You know the rules. Go to it!"

Of the two boys competing ahead of me, one had a dog who worked too far afield, and the other only winged his bird, failing to bring it down.

It was my turn. I patted Robin's sleek side and whispered, "Do as I say, boy. There's a lot depending on you today."

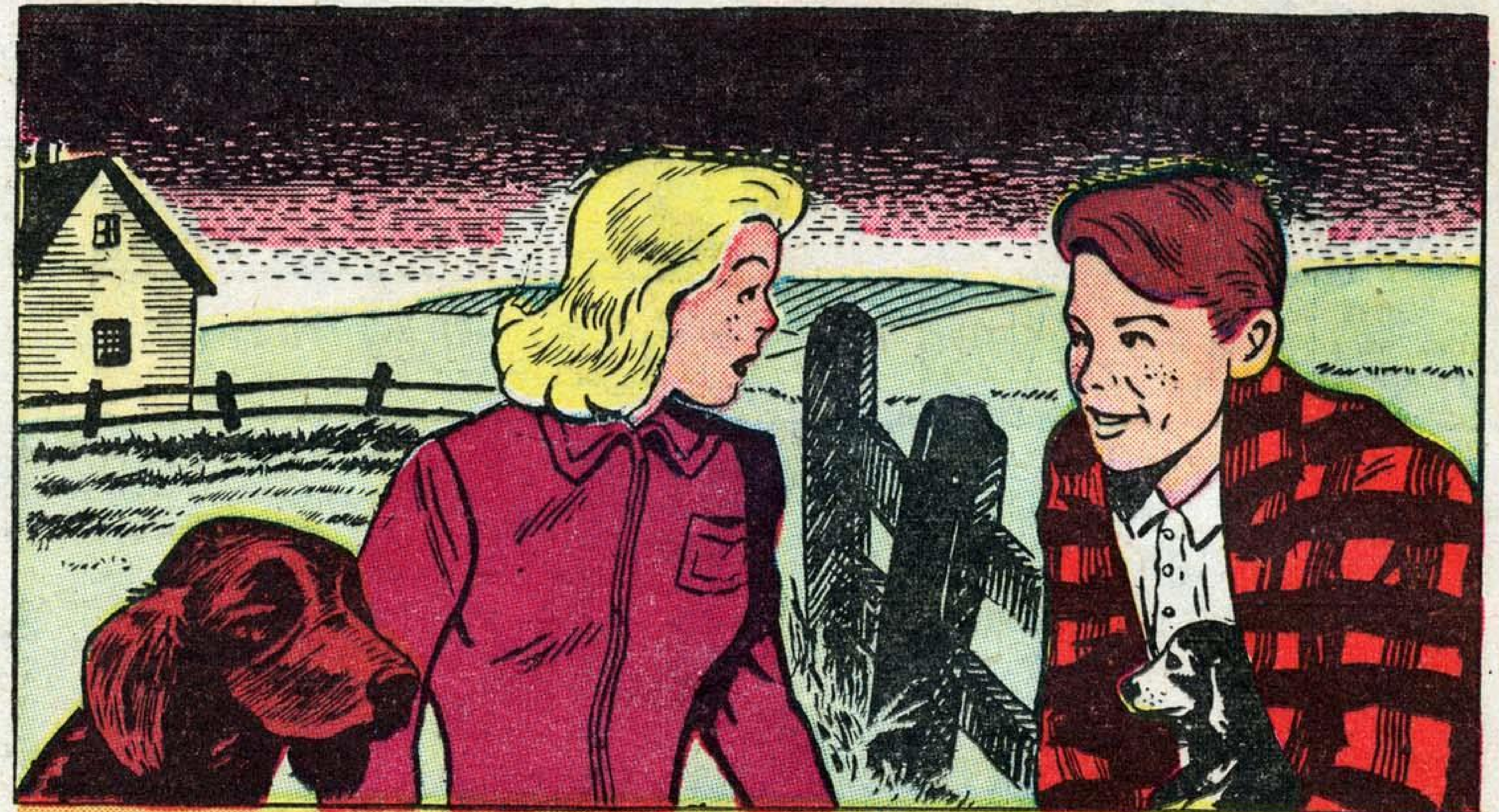
He looked up into my face and whined softly. I could feel his muscles quivering. I unfastened his leash, and he was away like a red-gold arrow in the morning sunlight.

"This way, boy," I called. Robin looked at me and followed the motion of my arm. He worked back and forth in front of me in the thick alfalfa just within nice working distance I followed him, my heart pounding. He's the best dog so far, I thought. Robin froze into a rigid point, his tail stiff and quivering, his front paw raised gracefully from the ground. I ran to him as quickly as I could. A hen rose from the ground, startlingly close, with a frightening whir of its wings. It was impossible to shoot at it.

I lowered my gun in disappointment. Robin ran on. I whistled to him, and he turned obediently. "Over here." I waved him off to my right, and away he raced. He was pointing again. Maybe I'd make it this time. A pheasant rose into the air, cackling loudly. It was a difficult shot, as the bird arched high over my head and flew away to my left. I brought the heavy awkward gun to my shoulder and fired. I saw the bird dip, fly on, and fall heavily into the next field.

Robin took the fence in a graceful leap and ran, nose to the ground, till he had located his quarry. Back he came with the wounded pheasant in his mouth.

"Good boy!" I said. "Good dog," as I patted him on the head. I could hear the boys in the background whistling and shouting in admiration. I'd lose a lot of points for only wounding a bird, but Robin and I had done as well as any of the contestants so far.



I longed for a different relationship between Dave and me—little did I know how soon I would have it!

Dave Walker was last. He had Mitzi, the pointer mother of his pups. She was a grand dog, I knew. He had a fine gun too, light and well-balanced.

I watched Mitzi cut away from him and work like a veteran across the field. She wasn't quite as well-trained as Robin, but she was good. A rooster rose to Dave's right, a very difficult shot. He drew a bead on the bird easily and quickly and fired. The bird plummeted to the ground. A perfect shot.

It's Dave, I thought. Dave won. I repeated it over and over to myself in a stunned sort of way.

"Looks like Dave's contest, kids," called Mr. Ryder. "Dog not quite as good as Marian's, but a much better shot. A peach of a shot, Dave."

I stood there for a moment, scarcely able to believe it was really over. I thought of the gold spray pin and matching earrings in their nest of white cotton in Brown's window. I had hoped so hard that I could get it for Mom, and now . . .

Disappointment welled up inside me, erasing everything else from my mind. I had to get away from here, get home where I could hide my hurt so everyone wouldn't see it written all over me. They'd think I was a fool to be so upset over fifteen dollars. They'd never understand how much it had meant to me.

I forced a smile to my face. I could feel it, stretching my lips tightly away from my teeth. I walked over to Dave.

"You and Mitzi were swell, Dave." My voice sounded natural and easy.

Dave's level grey eyes looked at me understandingly, and he said, "So were you, Marian. I'm sorry you didn't win. Honest."

"You were undoubtedly second, Marian," said Mr. Ryder sympathetically, as he slapped me on the back. "You're a swell sport to have entered at all. Wonderful dog you have. Did you train him yourself?"

"Yes." I could feel a sob coming up from some-where deep inside me. "Mr. Ryder," I said hastily, "I have to get home. Mother will be looking for me."

I started to leave. I wanted to get upstairs to my own room and let all the bitterness of defeat be washed away in tears.

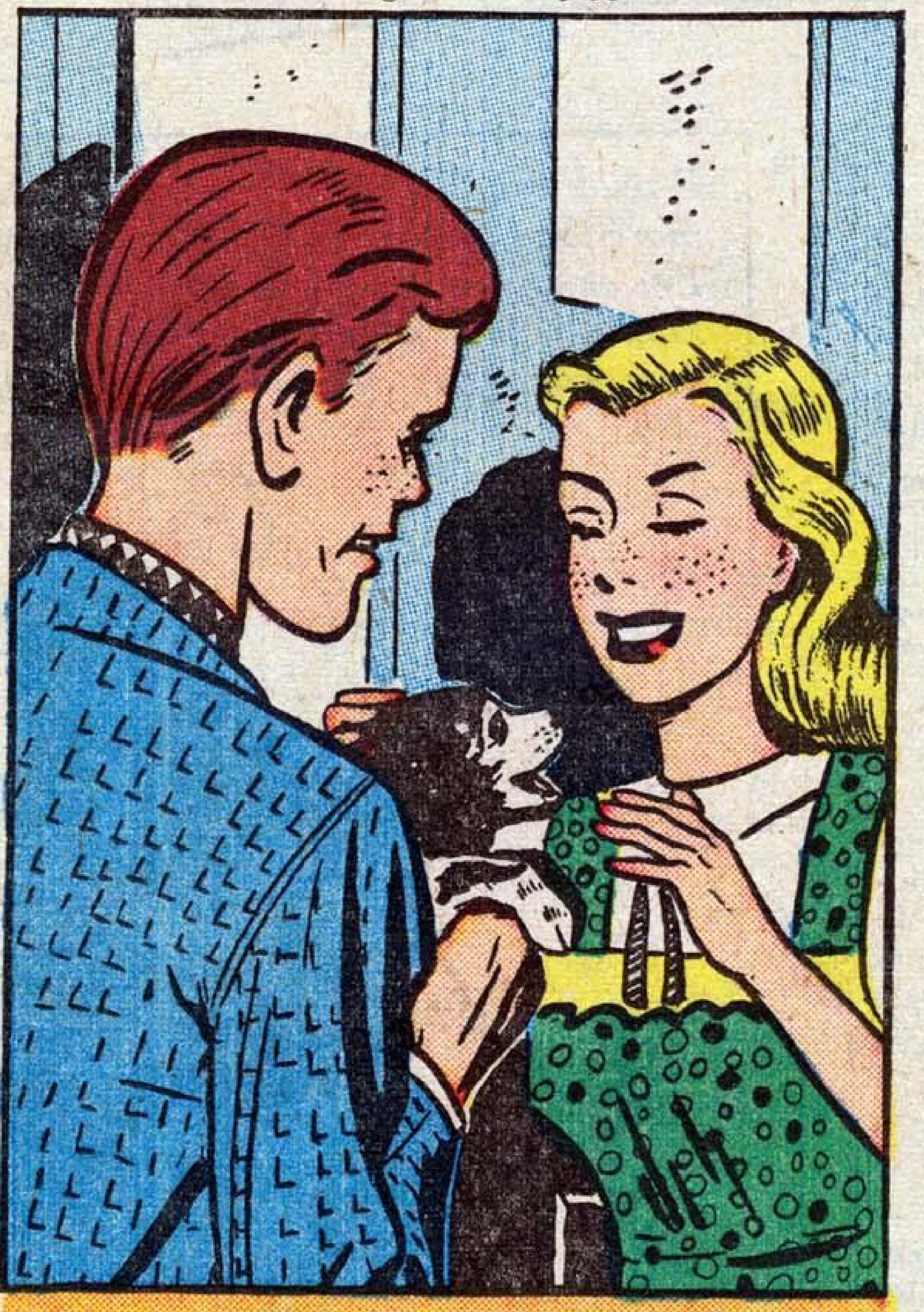
Dave called after me, "Oh, Marian."

I turned toward him, trying to wipe the emotion from my face.

"You—you were—" He hesitated and laughed awkwardly. "I don't know how to say it, exactly. But, well, I thought you were simply tops, out there alone with Robin, doing such a swell job. With so many odds against you."

"Why, Dave!" I felt my face turning red at Dave's praise, and I was suddenly uncomfortable.

"I must get home," I said hurriedly. I walked away rapidly, Robin at my heels.



"Dave," I cried. He was bringing me a gift—and it didn't matter whether the gift was an orchid or a puppy!

I entered the large kitchen. All the kids and Pa and Mom were there. I couldn't tell them. The kids would laugh, and Pa . . .

"You lost, dear," said Mom, as soon as she had seen my face. "I'm so sorry!"

"Oh, Marian!" wailed Joan. "And I was sure my sister was better than any of those boys."

The two boys came to me and hugged me. "We still think you're super. And I'll bet Robin was better than any of their old dogs."

"Even if my daughter lost," said Pa proudly, "she lost with the handicap of a poor gun and ten boys for opponents."

I could feel my face crumple. Why, even if they did quarrel all the time, they loved each other and me. They stood together like a brick wall, my family. With Mom's love binding them all together solidly.

Suddenly I was in Mom's arms, and warm comfort crept all through me, easing the hurt and the pain . . .

Dave called on me that evening.

"I brought you a pup, Marian," he said, as he handed me one of the tiny black and white dogs. "Anyone who can handle a dog as you handle Robin ought to have a pup to work with."

"Dave!" I said, touched. Why, he was bringing me a gift, the way a grown-up boy brought something to his girl friend. And it didn't matter, really, whether the gift was an orchid or a puppy. It was the thought behind it that counted.

I stroked the puppy's soft little body.

"Let's go to a movie some night next week, shall we, Marian? A date, just the two of us, with all the trimmings, including Dad's car? Okay?"

I giggled breathlessly. "I'd love it, Dave. A real date. With no arguments over who has the best dog!"

Dave's face became serious. "Mr. Ryder asked me to talk to you about Robin. He said he's never seen an animal trained so perfectly, and he thinks you're the eighth wonder of the world for being able to do it."

I knew that my face was glowing with pride and happiness.

"He says he wants to buy him. For a hundred dollars. What do you say?"

I started to blurt out, "Sell Robin? Why, I couldn't. He's my best friend."

But then I thought about Mom. What I could do for Mom with a hundred dollars! There'd be more than just a pin. A new dress, perhaps, and a permanent for her hair, to help make all of her as lovely as her eyes. And I could do things for the rest of the family, too.

I thought of Robin's soft, pleading eyes, the way he loved to run beside me when I walked across the fields. I bit my lip to stop its trembling. I loved Robin as a friend, the way I had never loved another living creature. But I loved Mother more. I remembered Mom's words, "A gift is something that comes straight from the heart, dear. If there's no sacrifice involved, it isn't a true gift. Part of the giver . . ."

Yes, Mom, I thought to myself. I'm going to give you part of my heart for your birthday.

I squared my shoulders and brought my chin up in the air.

"Tell him," I said, "I'll sell Robin. With your pup I can start all over again. I think it's fun to train a dog!"

THE END

For Girls Only!

Would you like the boy next door to know that you're more than just alive? Or is love really in bloom for you? I'm anxious to hear about all heartaches and dilemmas. Don't be blue if your letters aren't answered personally. Just keep your eyes on this column.

Personally yours,

Polly Parker

Dear Polly,

I have liked Don for about nine months and we had been going together more or less for the last three weeks. Then — phfft! He hasn't spoken to me since then. I have been around quite a lot, but I still can't understand this.

M. F.

Dear M. F.,

If you have done nothing to deserve such disinterest, by all means we suggest you stop fretting about this mystery. He wasn't really your friend or he would be friendly to you now. So forget him and start casting about for new heart interests!

Dear Polly,

My boy friend and I were very fond of each other until a new girl moved into town. When he got to know her, he told me that he didn't like me any more. I am still very fond of him and would like to have him back.

R. D.

Dear R. D.,

At the moment your situation looks pretty clear-cut. He's not interested in any future dating so you're free to have all the fun of discovering someone else. Make the most of his decision—he has! Good luck!

Dear Polly,

Joe says he likes me and wants me for his girl friend. But when he isn't working he plays ball with a friend of his. Mother says that she can't understand how a boy can like a girl and yet play ball all the time. Could you tell me what's wrong?

S. R.

Dear S. R.,

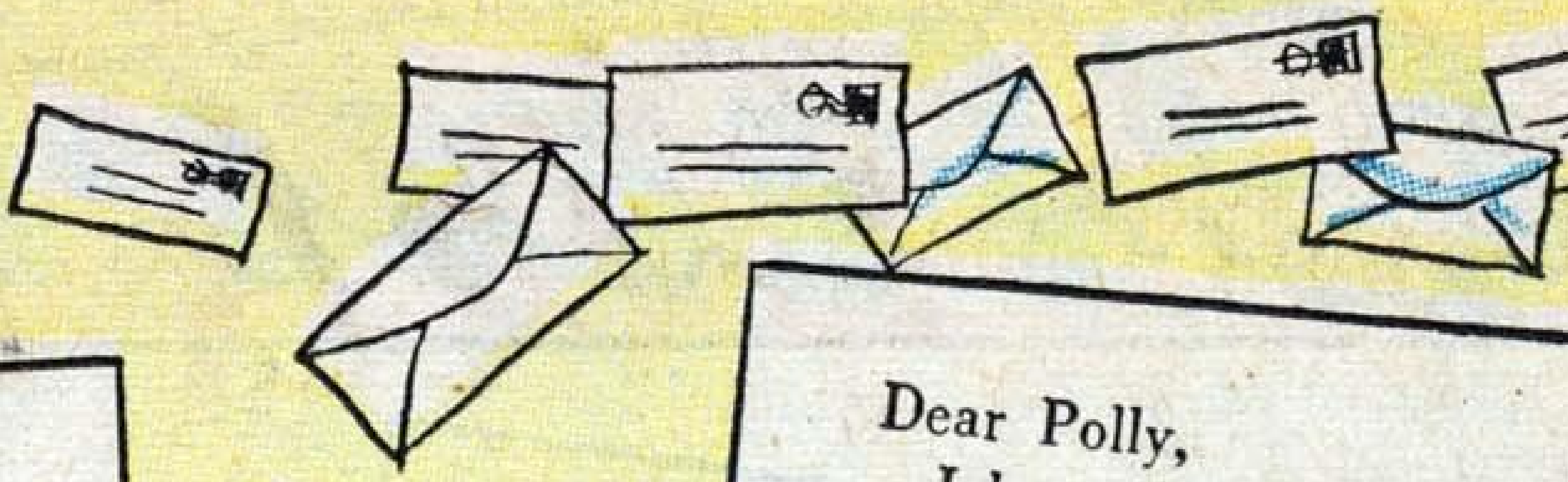
There's nothing wrong! Better a ball-playing beau than a two-timing Romeo. After all, if he works hard, why not let him play hard? He evidently has interests outside of you. Perhaps when you get to know him better you can lure him off the diamond.

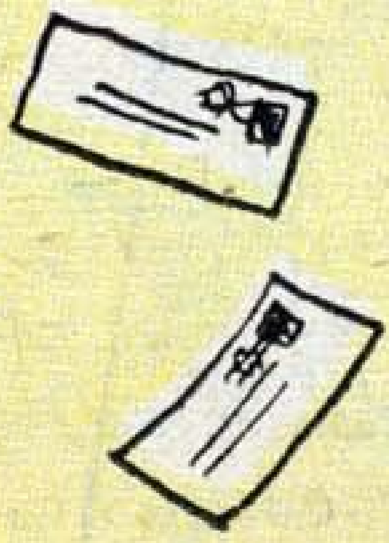
Dear Polly,

I'm fourteen and am going steady with a boy who is sixteen. My parents think that I should go with other boys. I don't want to because he gets angry when I do. What should I do?

A. B.

We're sorry, but Miss Parker can only answer letters which are published in her column.





Dear A. B.,

Had you ever thought that your parents might be right? After all, teen-age dating helps you to meet all kinds of boys. You are too young to let any one person dominate your life, particularly through temper tantrums.

Dear Polly,

I like a boy who lives around my house and I think that he likes me—at least all of my friends say he likes me. I would like to go out with him. How can I get him to ask me?

I. P.

Dear I. P.,

Maybe this secret crush of yours would like to meet you, too! Why not give your one-sided romance a chance by asking your friends to toss some kind of a party and see that he's invited. This would give you a chance to use your charms.

Dear Polly,

I'm fifteen and stand 5′ 4″ and weigh 124 pounds. I go with a boy whom I like very much and he likes me, too. But every time we are out socially with other friends he always starts talking about my weight and wishing he didn't have such a heavy girl friend. How can I put a stop to this?

J. G.

Dear J. G.,

Do you think that he truly realizes he is wounding you? He likes you so why don't you have a friendly little chat about the situation. Try also to help nature out a bit by cutting out those malts and snacks between meals. Don't let those calories get out of hand!

Dear Polly,

I have been going with a boy for about four months and he tells me that he likes me. However, he tells his boy friends that he doesn't care about me and that he has another girl in another state. Then he tells me that he can't stand her. Which does he like?

K. R.

Dear K. R.,

Men *will* boast of their conquests — real or imaginary! So take comfort in the fact that he's your steady date because he enjoys your company. Continue to believe in him and have fun until some real proof pops up of his devotion to your distant "rival."

Dear Polly,

I'm a boy going away to school. My girl friend lives in my hometown. I am wondering how I could still keep her interested in me while I'm away at school. Would it be fair to ask her to go steady?

J. A. L.

Dear J. A. L.,

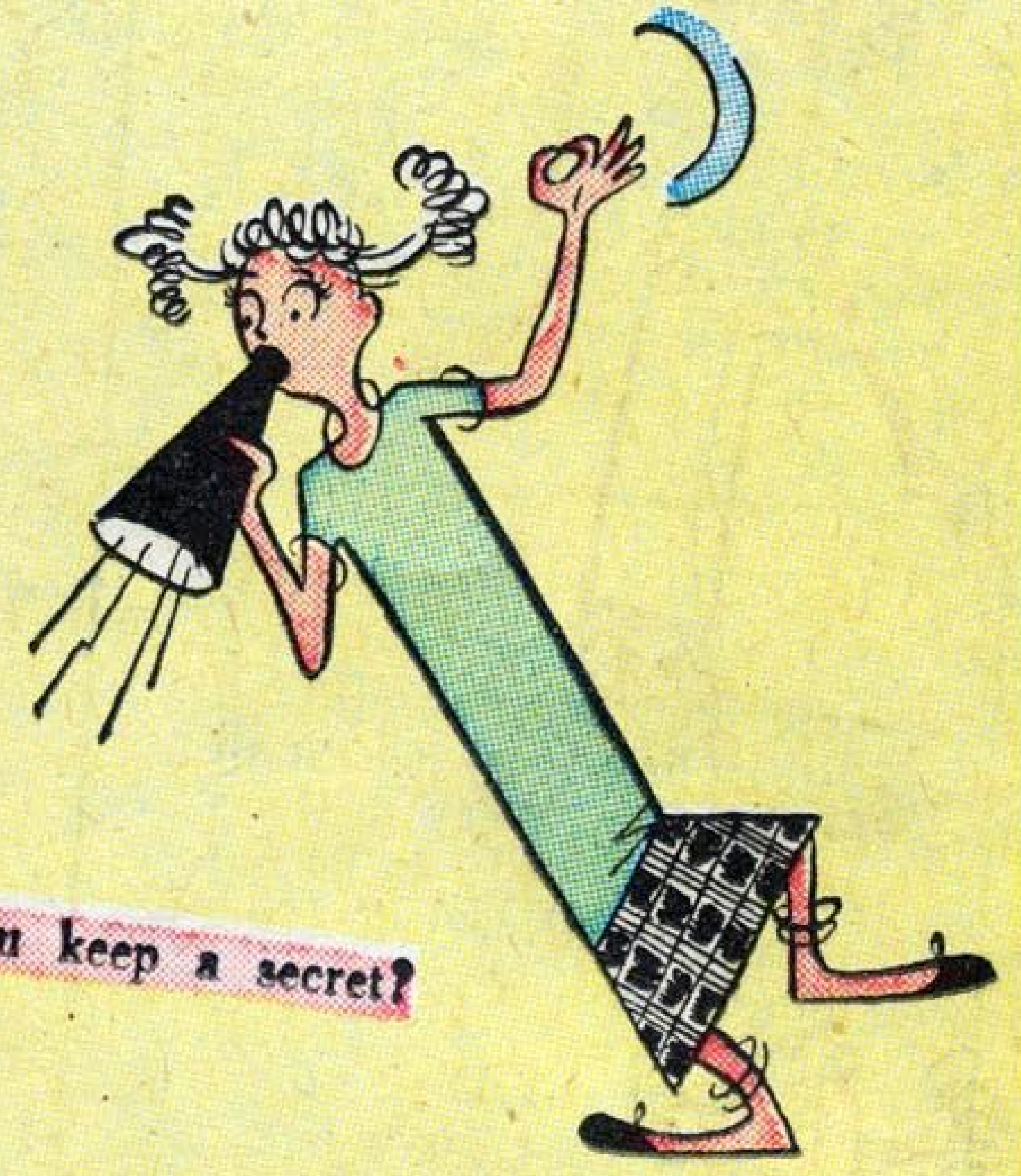
Honestly, isn't that a pretty stiff agreement? You will be away for a long time and neither you nor she should put yourselves in social moth balls. Write to each other steadily and in this way you will bridge the gap of distance and time, without being unfair to each other.

Send your letters in care of:

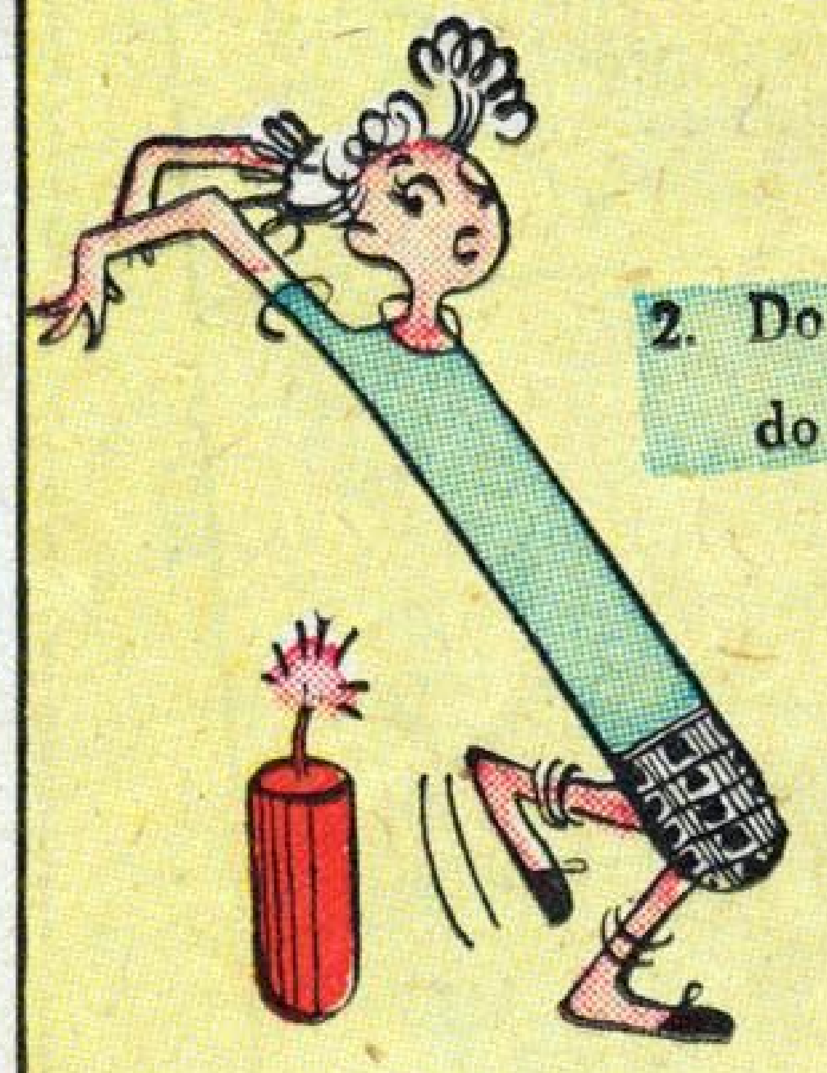
Polly Parker
Suite 1404
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.

Charm Corner

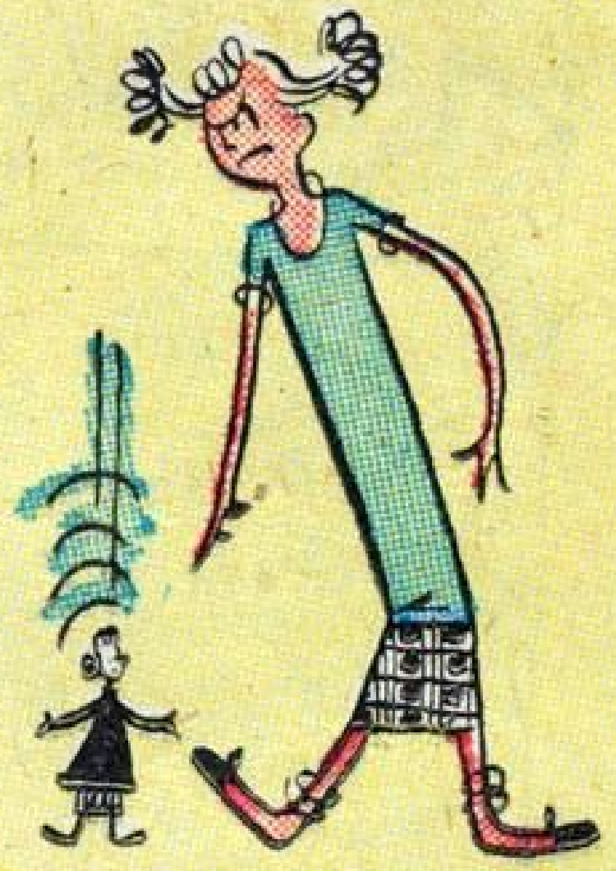
If you would be a Smiling Sue
Who always knows the thing to do,
First use this quiz to learn just what
Your CQ has and hasn't got!*
**CQ Charm Quotient*



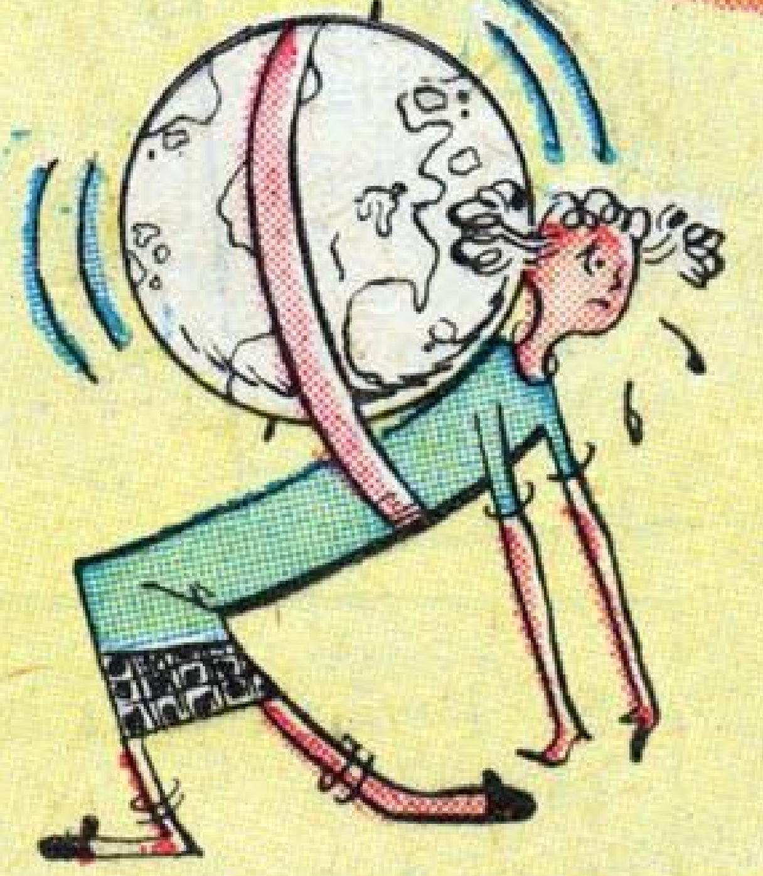
1. Are you the school gossip—or can you keep a secret?



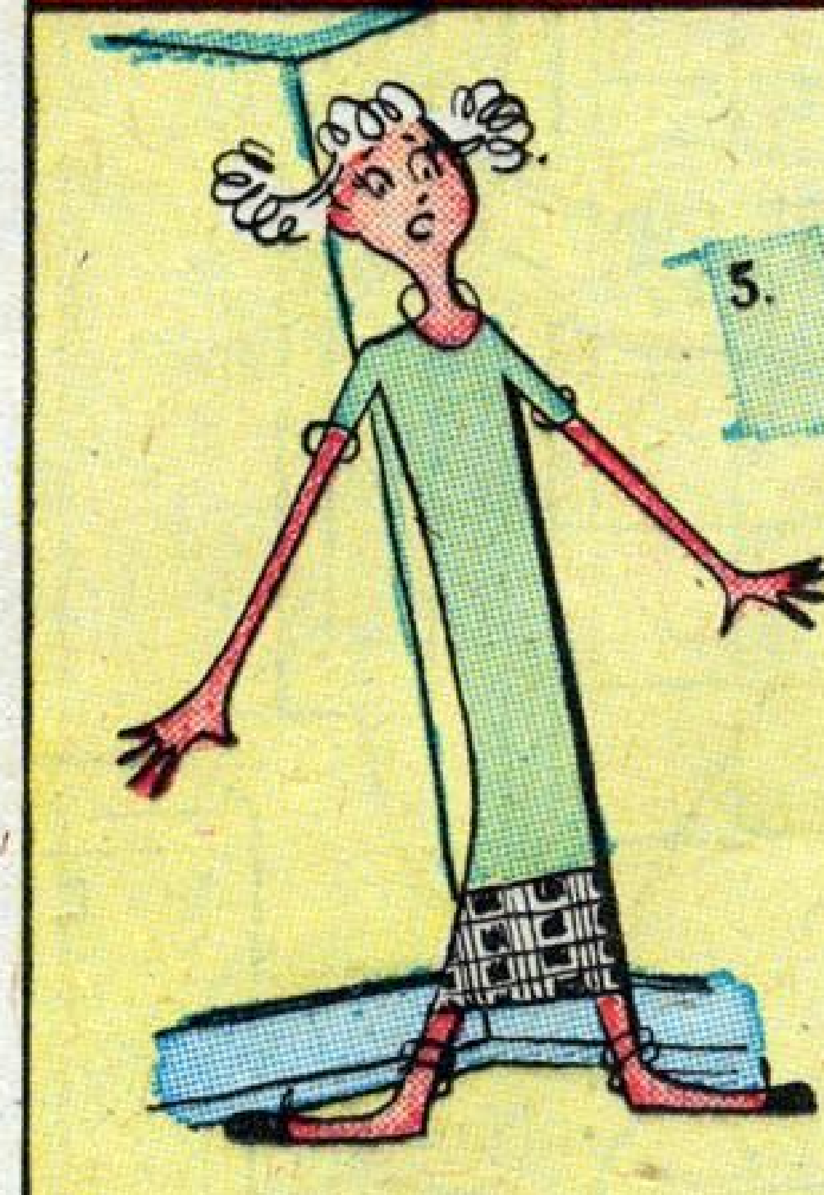
2. Do you carry a practical joke too far—or do you know when to stop?



3. Do you force your opinions on others—or do you listen to their ideas, too?

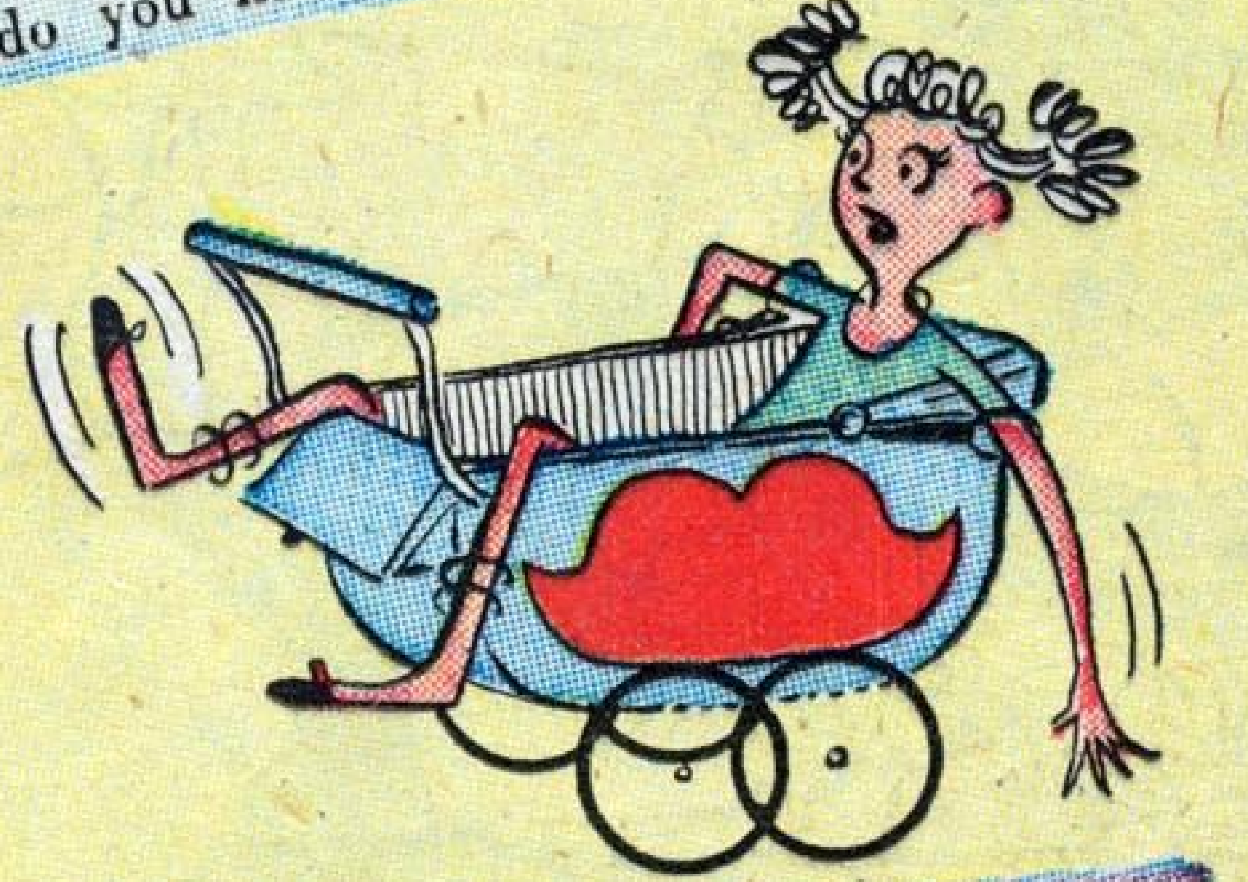


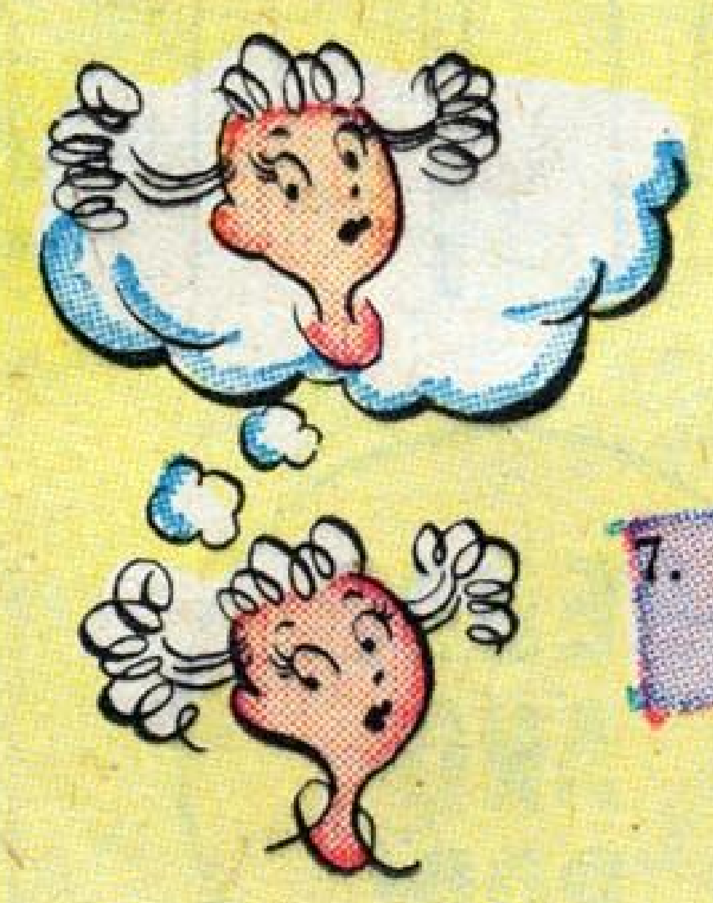
4. Do you look as though you have the world on your shoulders—or do you greet others with a friendly smile?



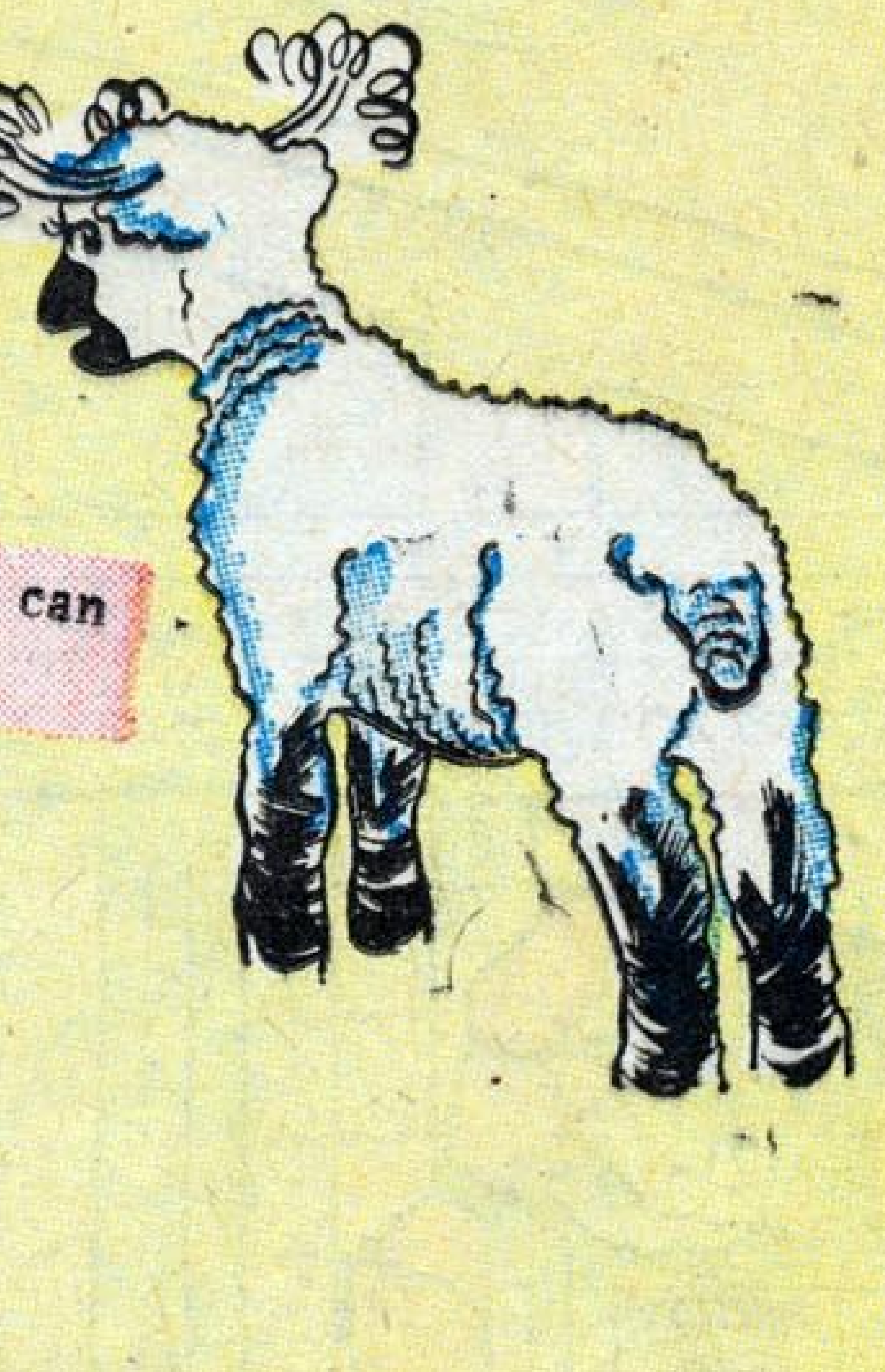
5. In company, do you seek the nearest corner—or do you speak up confidently?

6. Do you act like a baby when you can't have your way—or do you find a grin and wear it?

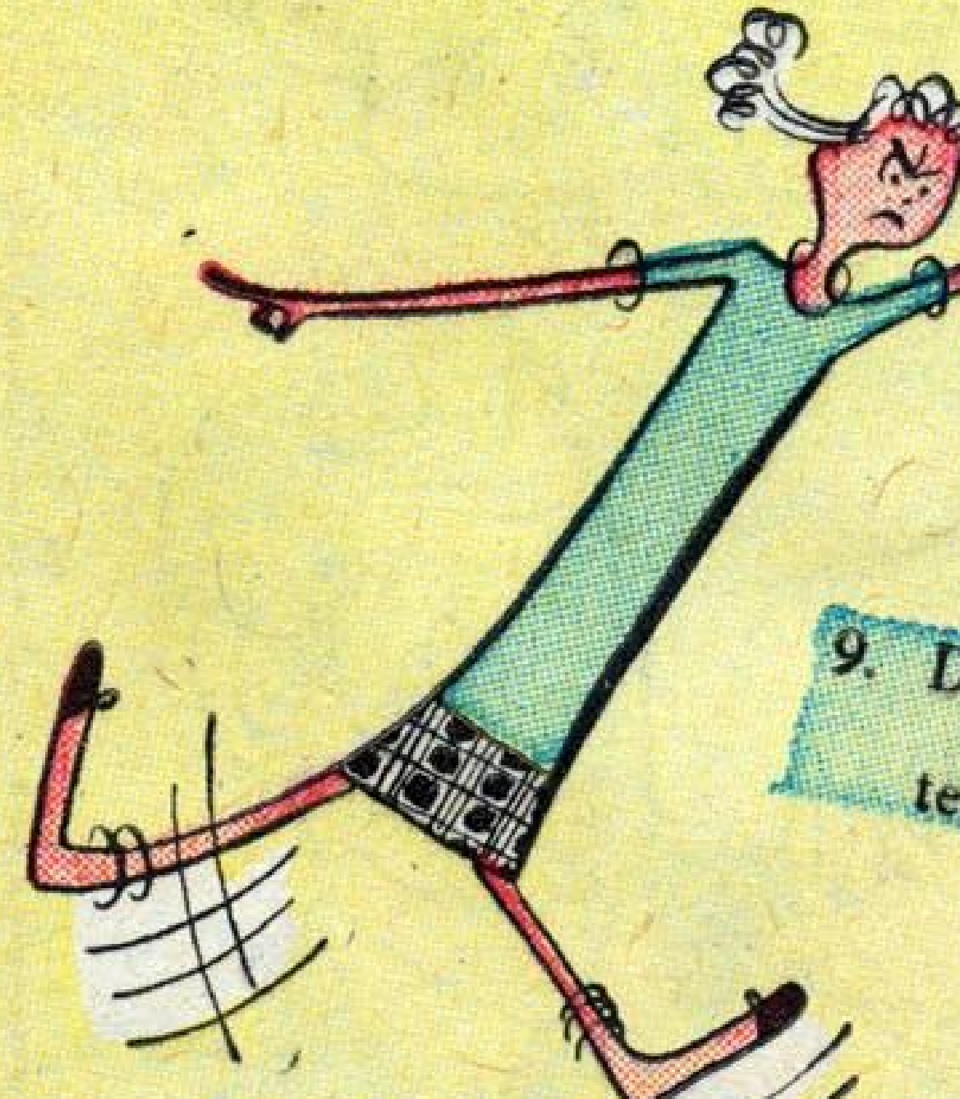




7. Do you continually talk about the girl you love—yourself—or can you converse about someone else, too?



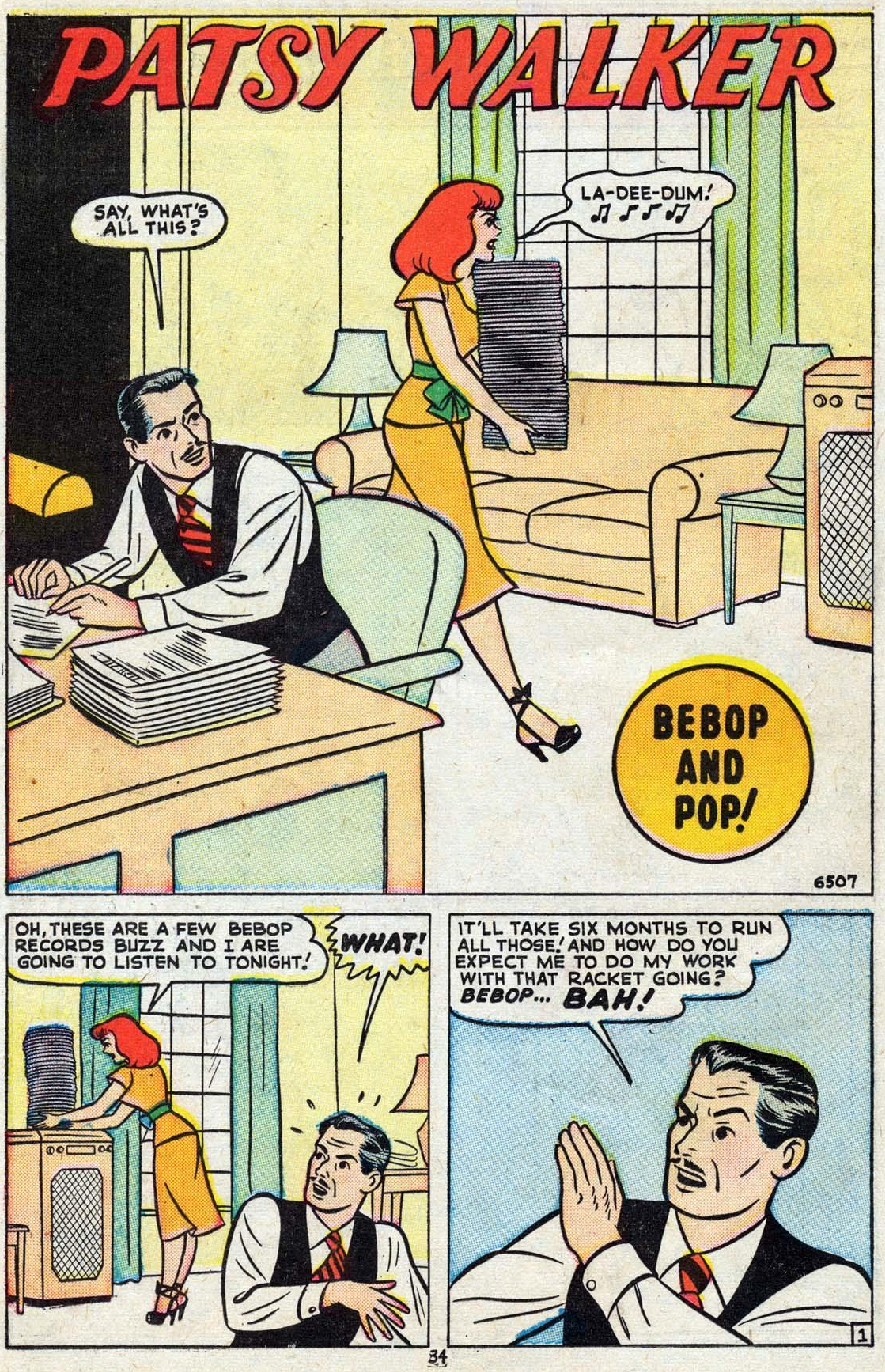
8. Do you accept the opinions of others sheep-ishly—or can you make your own decisions?

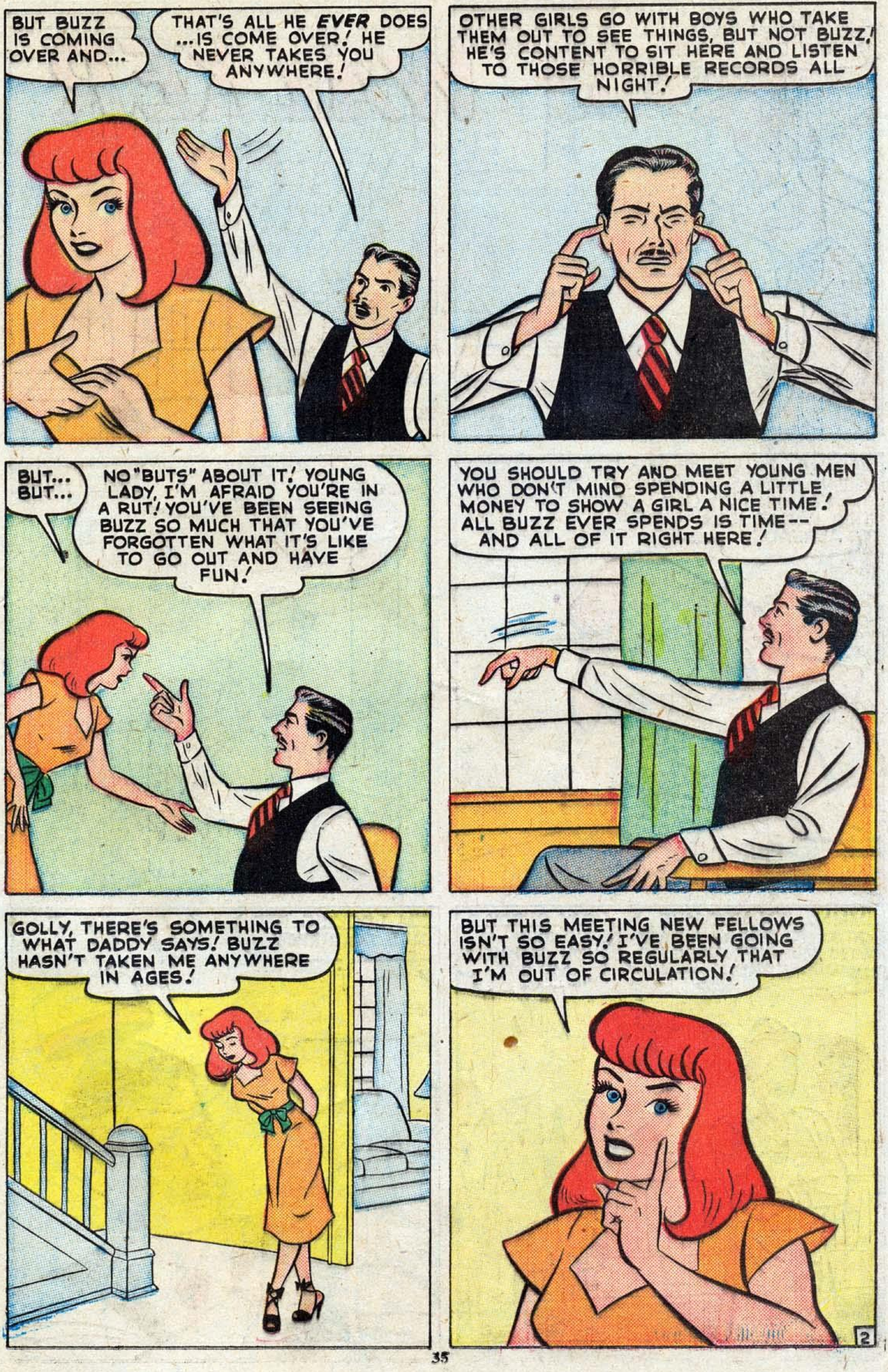


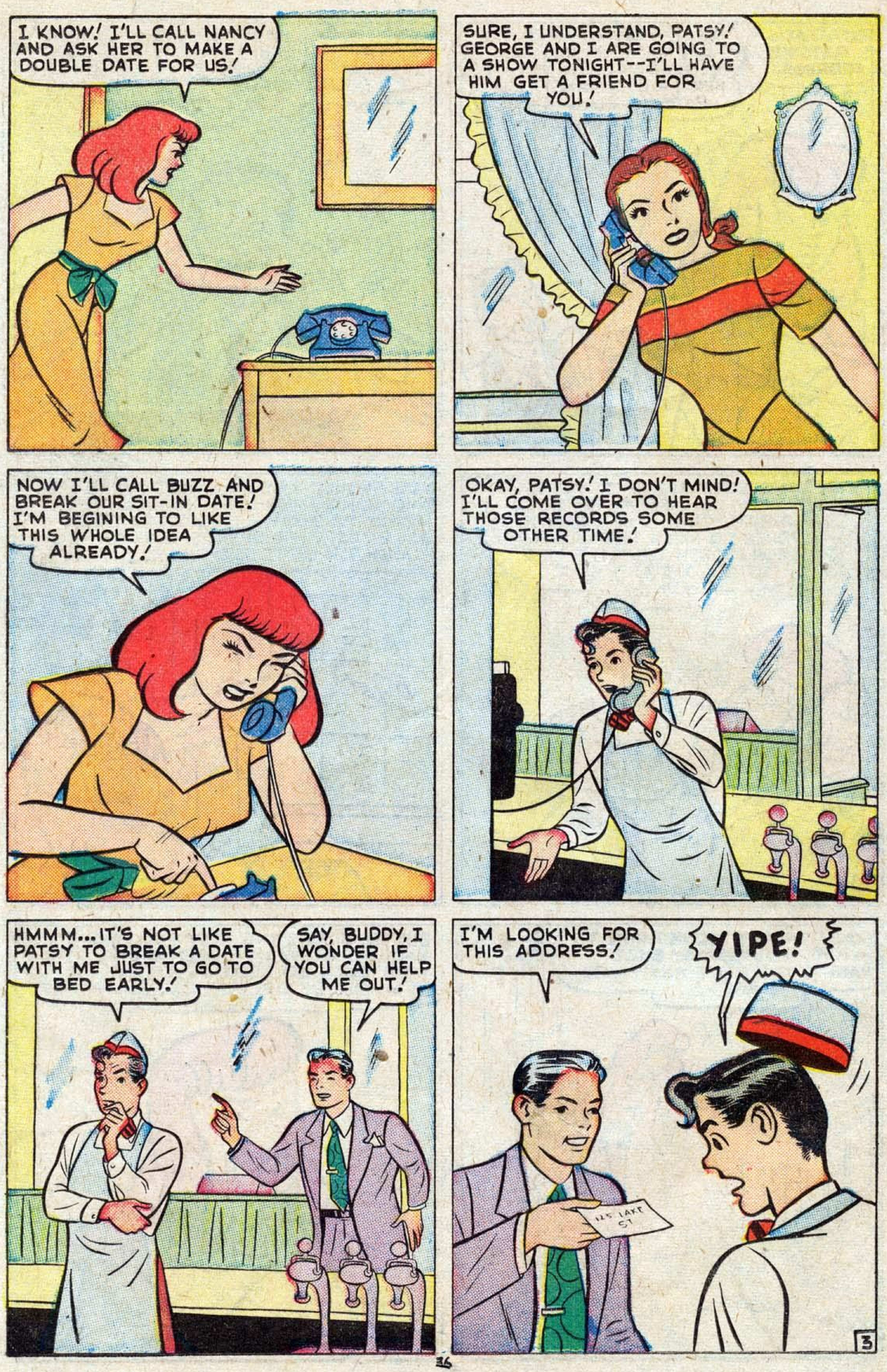
9. Do you "fly off the handle" easily—or do you control temperamental outbursts?

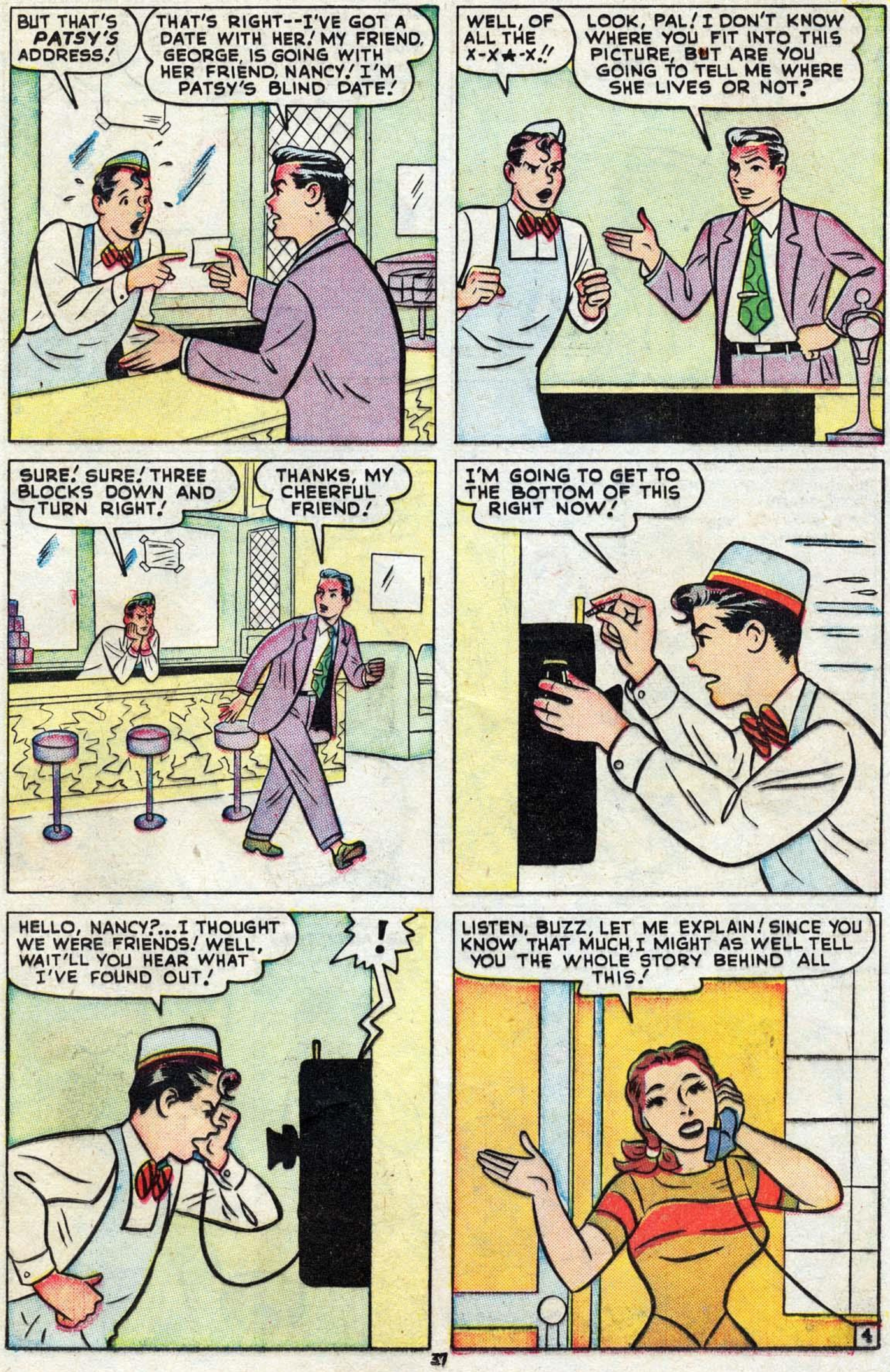
PATSY WALKER

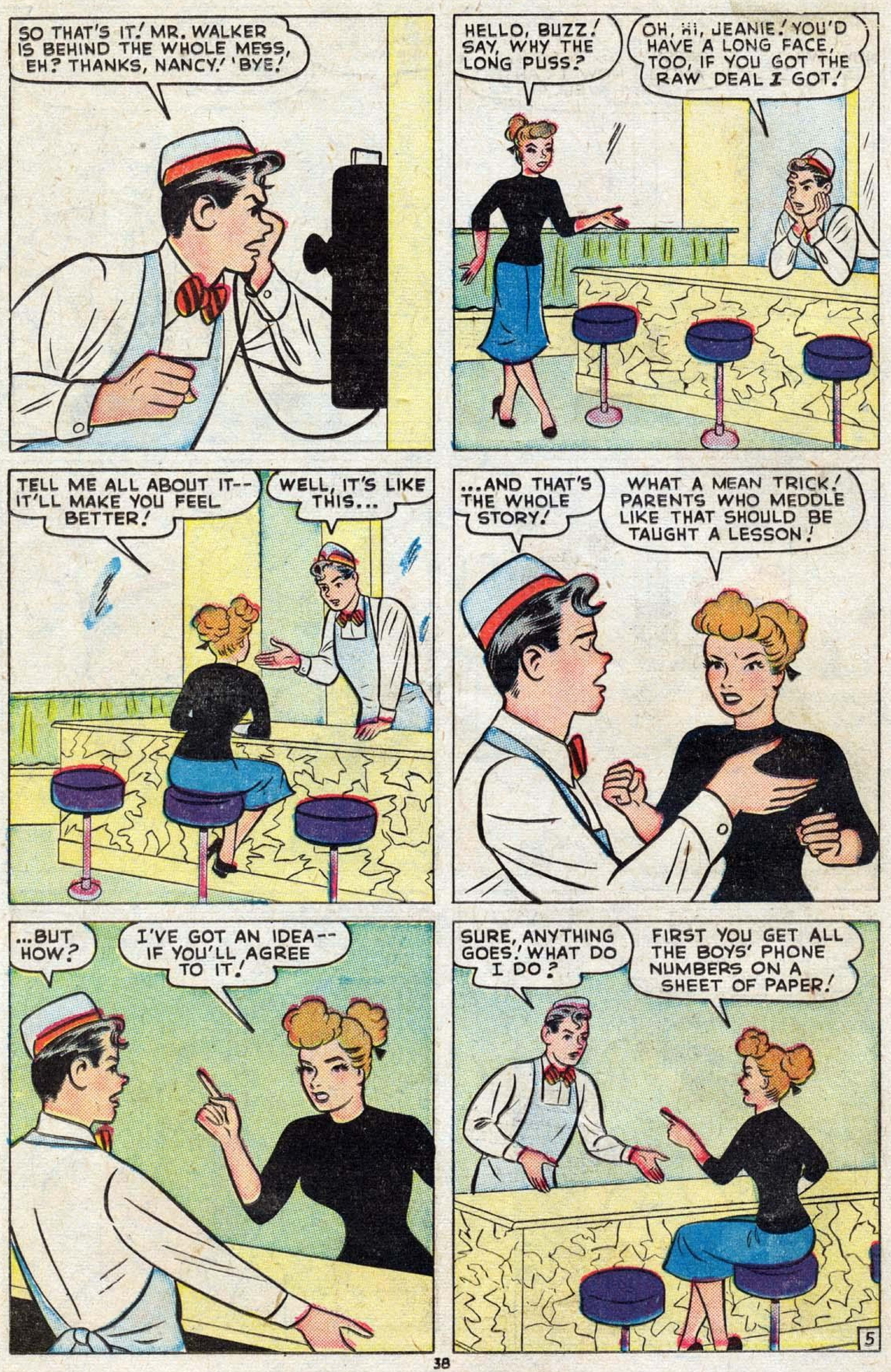
BEBOP AND POP!

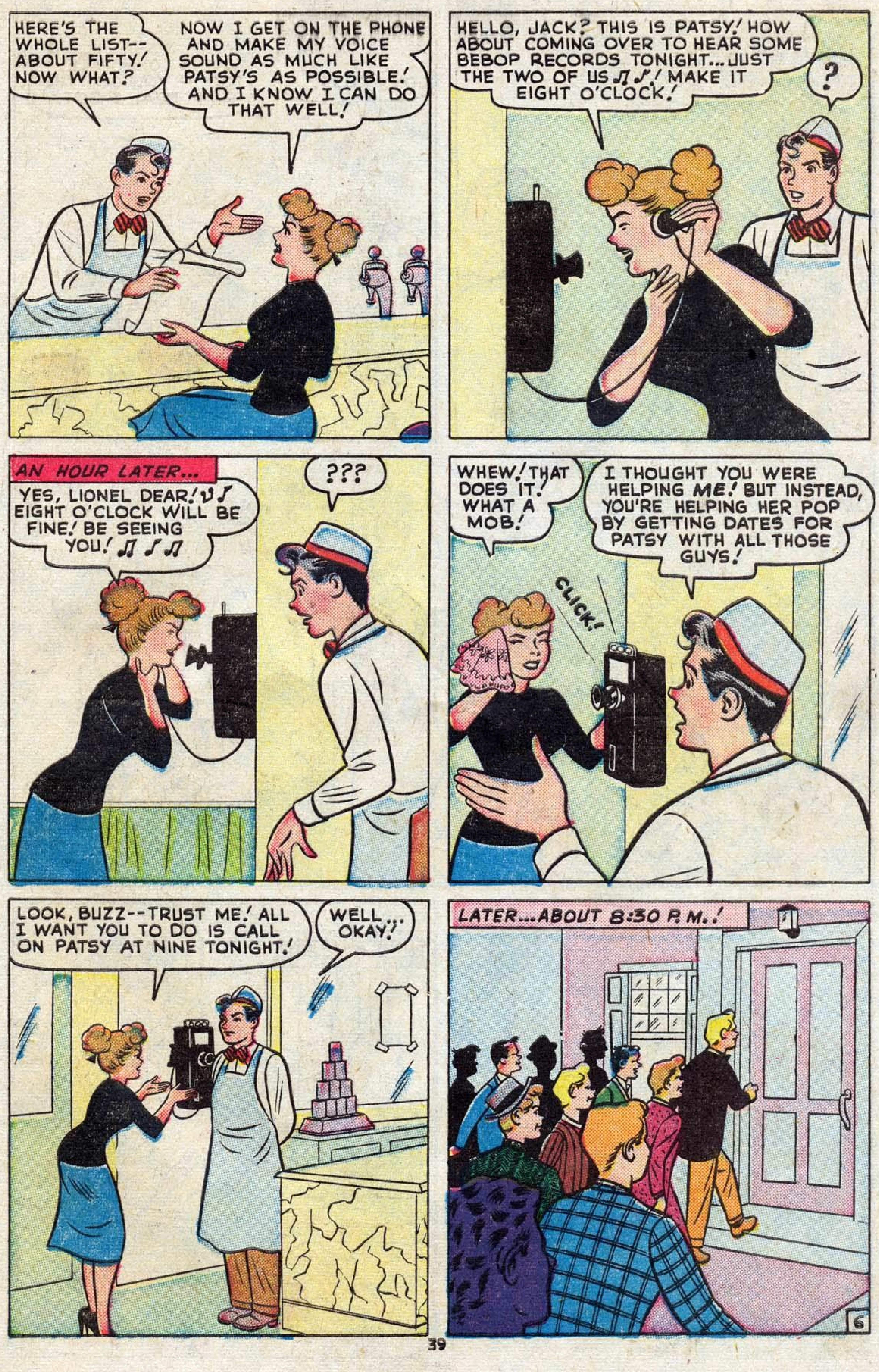

SAY, WHAT'S ALL THIS?
LA-DEE-DUM! ♫ ♪ ♪ ♫
6507
OH, THESE ARE A FEW BEBOP RECORDS BUZZ AND I ARE GOING TO LISTEN TO TONIGHT!
WHAT!
IT'LL TAKE SIX MONTHS TO RUN ALL THOSE! AND HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO MY WORK WITH THAT RACKET GOING? BEBOP... BAH!
1

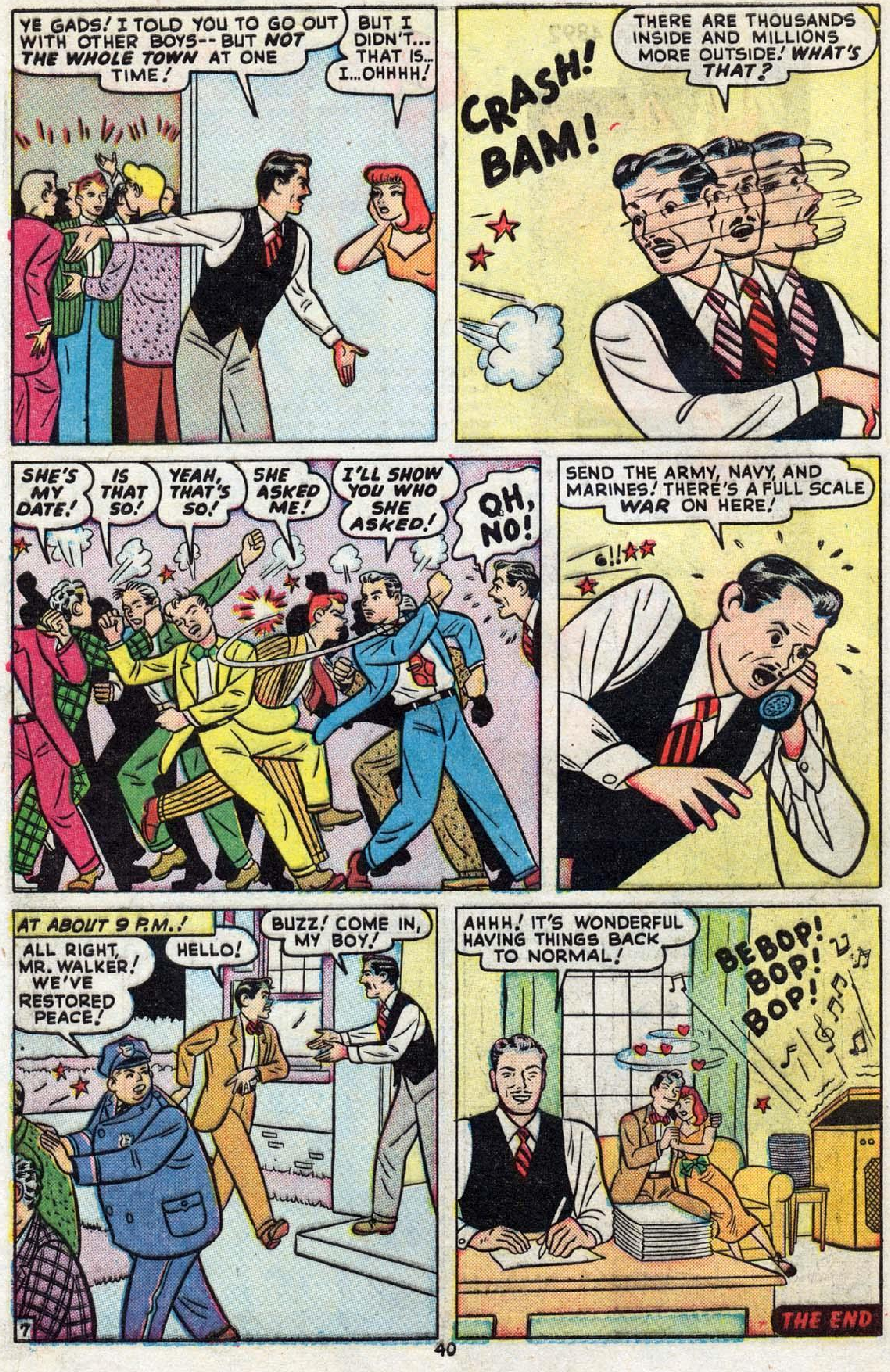

BUT BUZZ IS COMING OVER AND...
THAT'S ALL HE *EVER* DOES ...IS COME OVER! HE NEVER TAKES YOU ANYWHERE!
OTHER GIRLS GO WITH BOYS WHO TAKE THEM OUT TO SEE THINGS, BUT NOT BUZZ! HE'S CONTENT TO SIT HERE AND LISTEN TO THOSE HORRIBLE RECORDS ALL NIGHT!
BUT... BUT...
NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT! YOUNG LADY, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IN A RUT! YOU'VE BEEN SEEING BUZZ SO MUCH THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO GO OUT AND HAVE FUN!
YOU SHOULD TRY AND MEET YOUNG MEN WHO DON'T MIND SPENDING A LITTLE MONEY TO SHOW A GIRL A NICE TIME! ALL BUZZ EVER SPENDS IS TIME-- AND ALL OF IT RIGHT HERE!
GOLLY, THERE'S SOMETHING TO WHAT DADDY SAYS! BUZZ HASN'T TAKEN ME ANYWHERE IN AGES!
BUT THIS MEETING NEW FELLOWS ISN'T SO EASY! I'VE BEEN GOING WITH BUZZ SO REGULARLY THAT I'M OUT OF CIRCULATION!
2


I KNOW! I'LL CALL NANCY AND ASK HER TO MAKE A DOUBLE DATE FOR US!
SURE, I UNDERSTAND, PATSY! GEORGE AND I ARE GOING TO A SHOW TONIGHT--I'LL HAVE HIM GET A FRIEND FOR YOU!
NOW I'LL CALL BUZZ AND BREAK OUR SIT-IN DATE! I'M BEGINING TO LIKE THIS WHOLE IDEA ALREADY!
OKAY, PATSY! I DON'T MIND! I'LL COME OVER TO HEAR THOSE RECORDS SOME OTHER TIME!
HMMM...IT'S NOT LIKE PATSY TO BREAK A DATE WITH ME JUST TO GO TO BED EARLY!
SAY, BUDDY, I WONDER IF YOU CAN HELP ME OUT!
I'M LOOKING FOR THIS ADDRESS!
YIPE!
125 LAKE ST
3

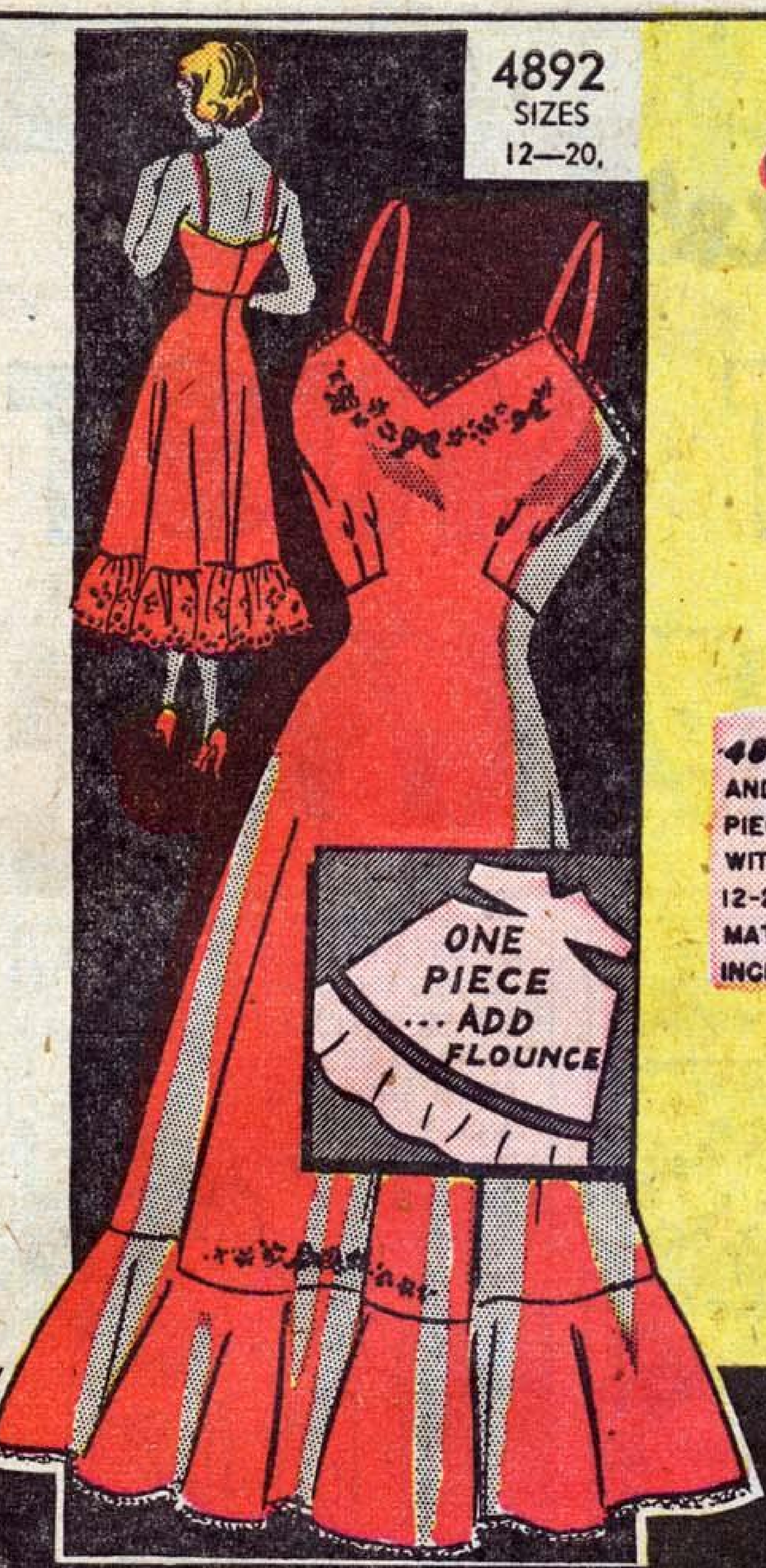

BUT THAT'S *PATSY'S* ADDRESS!
THAT'S RIGHT--I'VE GOT A DATE WITH HER! MY FRIEND, GEORGE, IS GOING WITH HER FRIEND, NANCY! I'M PATSY'S BLIND DATE!
WELL, OF ALL THE X-X★-X!!
LOOK, PAL! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU FIT INTO THIS PICTURE, BUT ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHERE SHE LIVES OR NOT?
SURE! SURE! THREE BLOCKS DOWN AND TURN RIGHT!
THANKS, MY CHEERFUL FRIEND!
I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS RIGHT NOW!
HELLO, NANCY?...I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS! WELL, WAIT'LL YOU HEAR WHAT I'VE FOUND OUT!
!
LISTEN, BUZZ, LET ME EXPLAIN! SINCE YOU KNOW THAT MUCH, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY BEHIND ALL THIS!
4


SO THAT'S IT! MR. WALKER IS BEHIND THE WHOLE MESS, EH? THANKS, NANCY! 'BYE!
HELLO, BUZZ! SAY, WHY THE LONG PUSS?
OH, HI, JEANIE! YOU'D HAVE A LONG FACE, TOO, IF YOU GOT THE RAW DEAL I GOT!
TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT-- IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER!
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS...
...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY!
WHAT A MEAN TRICK! PARENTS WHO MEDDLE LIKE THAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT A LESSON!
...BUT HOW?
I'VE GOT AN IDEA-- IF YOU'LL AGREE TO IT!
SURE, ANYTHING GOES! WHAT DO I DO?
FIRST YOU GET ALL THE BOYS' PHONE NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER!
5


HERE'S THE WHOLE LIST-- ABOUT FIFTY! NOW WHAT?
NOW I GET ON THE PHONE AND MAKE MY VOICE SOUND AS MUCH LIKE PATSY'S AS POSSIBLE! AND I KNOW I CAN DO THAT WELL!
HELLO, JACK? THIS IS PATSY! HOW ABOUT COMING OVER TO HEAR SOME BEBOP RECORDS TONIGHT...JUST THE TWO OF US ♫♪! MAKE IT EIGHT O'CLOCK!
?
AN HOUR LATER...
YES, LIONEL DEAR! ♪♪ EIGHT O'CLOCK WILL BE FINE! BE SEEING YOU! ♫♪♫
???
WHEW! THAT DOES IT! WHAT A MOB!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE HELPING *ME*! BUT INSTEAD, YOU'RE HELPING HER POP BY GETTING DATES FOR PATSY WITH ALL THOSE GUYS!
CLICK!
LOOK, BUZZ--TRUST ME! ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS CALL ON PATSY AT NINE TONIGHT!
WELL... OKAY!
LATER...ABOUT 8:30 P.M.!
6

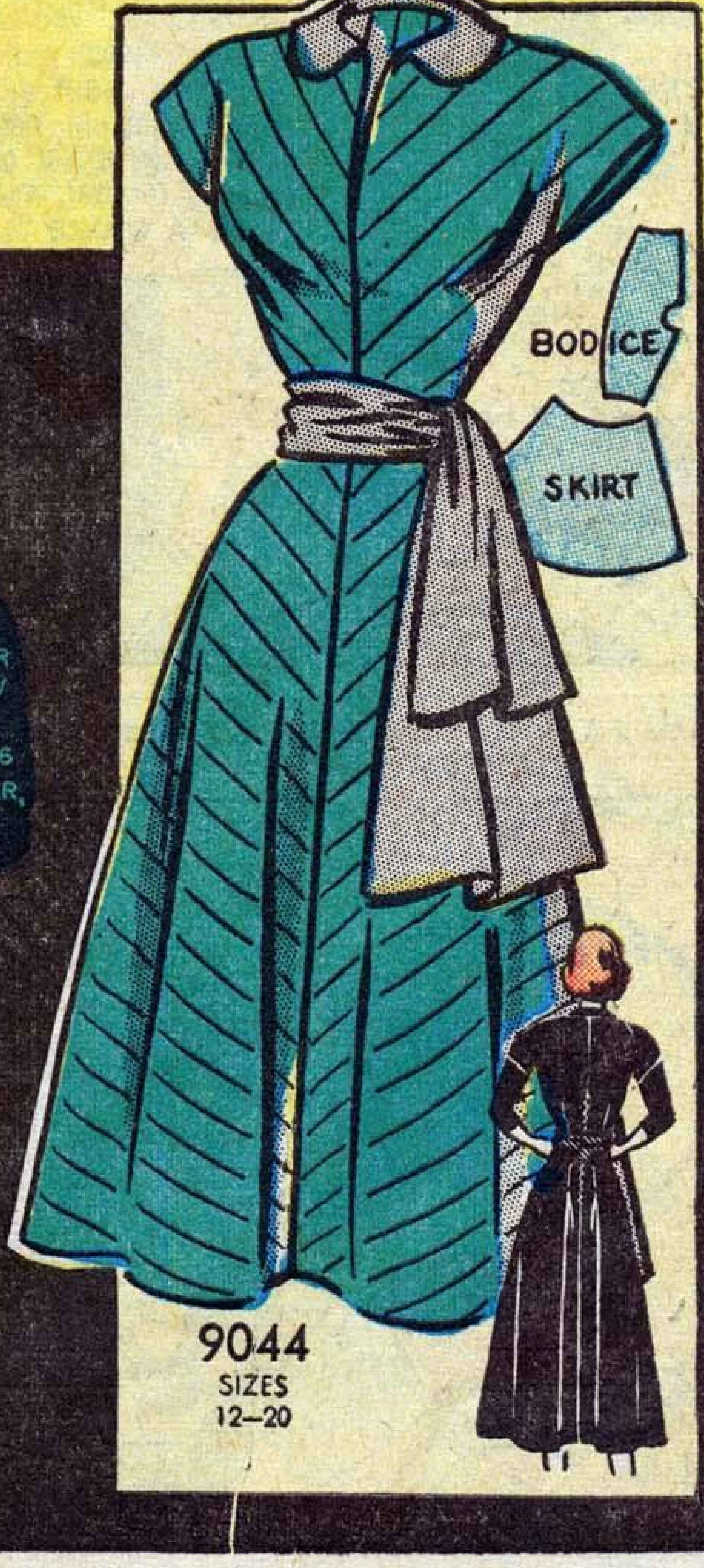

YE GADS! I TOLD YOU TO GO OUT WITH OTHER BOYS--BUT NOT THE WHOLE TOWN AT ONE TIME!
BUT I DIDN'T... THAT IS... I...OHHHH!
CRASH! BAM!
THERE ARE THOUSANDS INSIDE AND MILLIONS MORE OUTSIDE! WHAT'S THAT?
SHE'S MY DATE!
IS THAT SO!
YEAH, THAT'S SO!
SHE ASKED ME!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO SHE ASKED!
OH, NO!
SEND THE ARMY, NAVY, AND MARINES! THERE'S A FULL SCALE WAR ON HERE!
6!!★★
AT ABOUT 9 P.M.!
ALL RIGHT, MR. WALKER! WE'VE RESTORED PEACE!
HELLO!
BUZZ! COME IN, MY BOY!
7
AHHH! IT'S WONDERFUL HAVING THINGS BACK TO NORMAL!
BEBOP! BOP! BOP!
THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



4892--A WONDERFUL SLIP FOR BOTH LOOKS AND FIT! AND IT'S SEW-EASY, TOO--JUST ONE PIECE, PLUS A FLOUNCE OR RUFFLE TO FLIRT WITH THE HEM OF YOUR SKIRT. COMES IN SIZES 12-20. SIZE 16 TAKES 3 YARDS OF 39-INCH MATERIAL. A LOVELY FLORAL TRANSFER IS INCLUDED.

9044--HERE IS SIMPLE PERFECTION IN AN EASY-TO-MAKE DRESS! NO SHOULDER OR SIDE-SKIRT SEAMS AT ALL. AND THE DEEP V NECKLINE, SASH AND BACK FULLNESS ARE NEW DETAILS. COMES IN SIZES 12-20. SIZE 16 TAKES 3 1/2 YARDS; SASH 5/8 YARDS; COLLAR, 1/4 YARD OF 35-INCH MATERIAL.



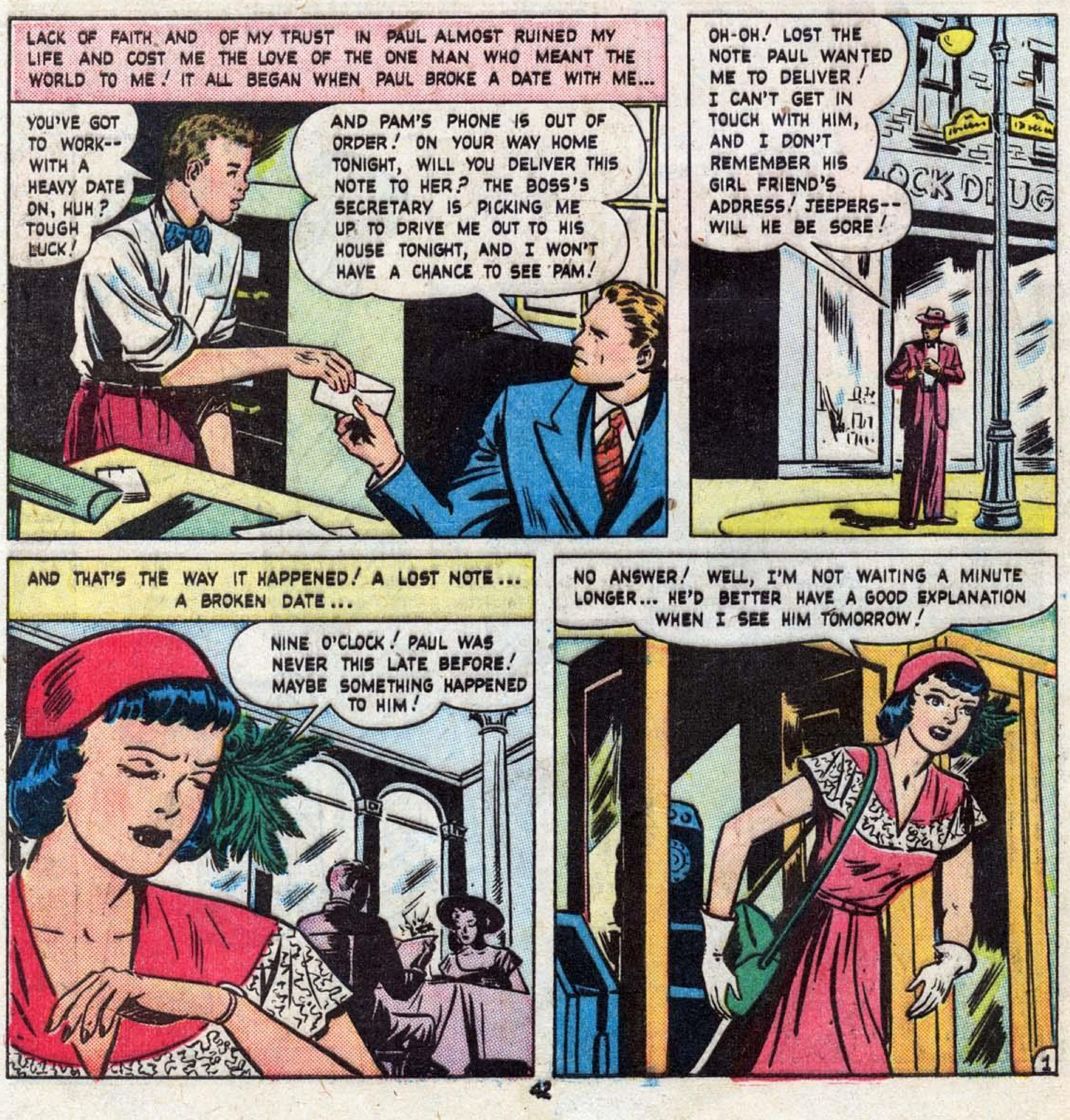
SEND ***TWENTY FIVE CENTS*** (IN COINS) FOR EACH PATTERN TO: ***MISS AMERICA,*** PATTERN DEPT., BOX 235, OLD CHELSEA STATION, NEW YORK 11, NEW YORK

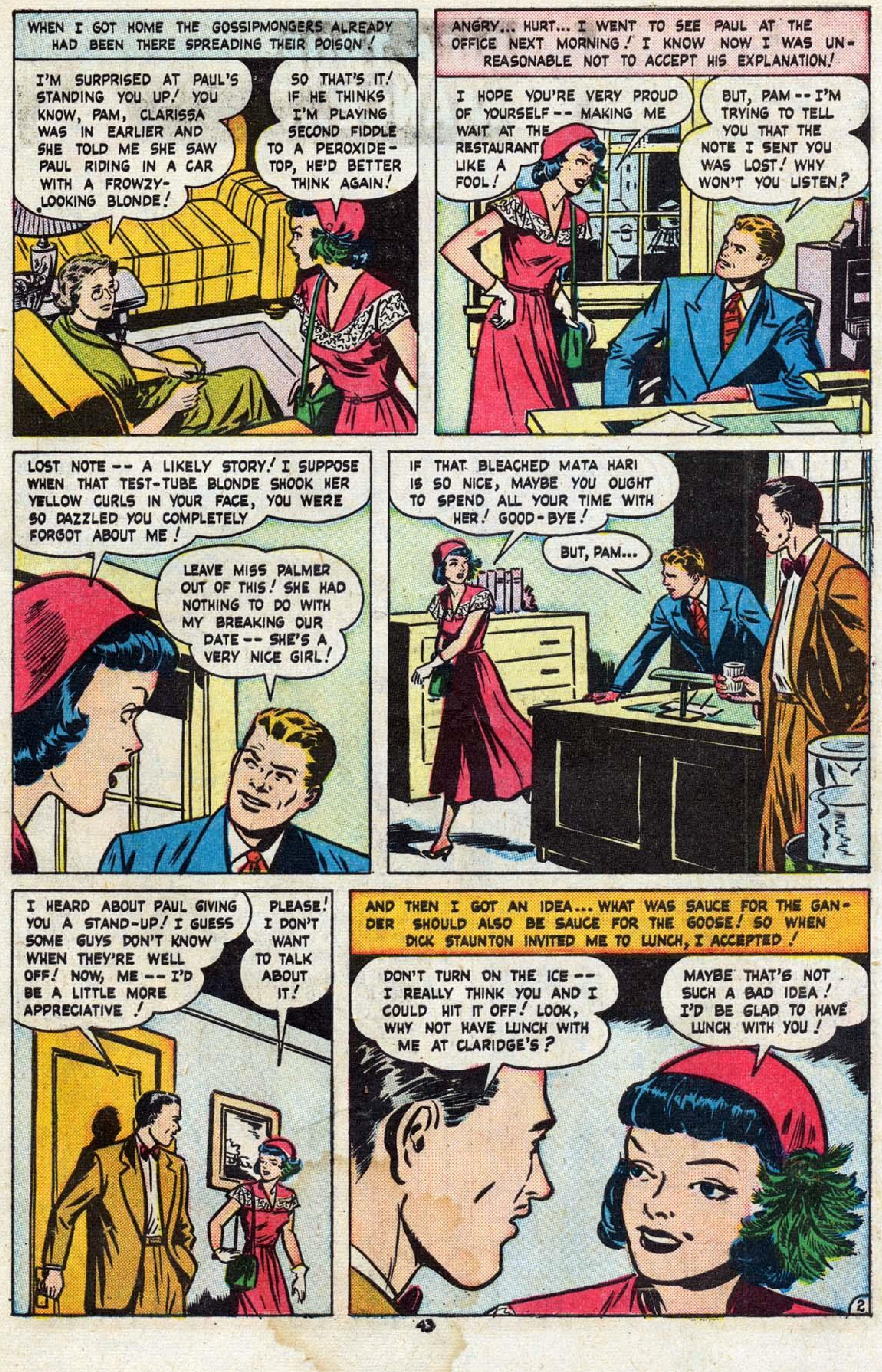
SEND ***FIFTEEN CENTS*** MORE FOR THE WINTER PATTERN BOOK WITH A FREE PATTERN PRINTED IN THE BOOK.

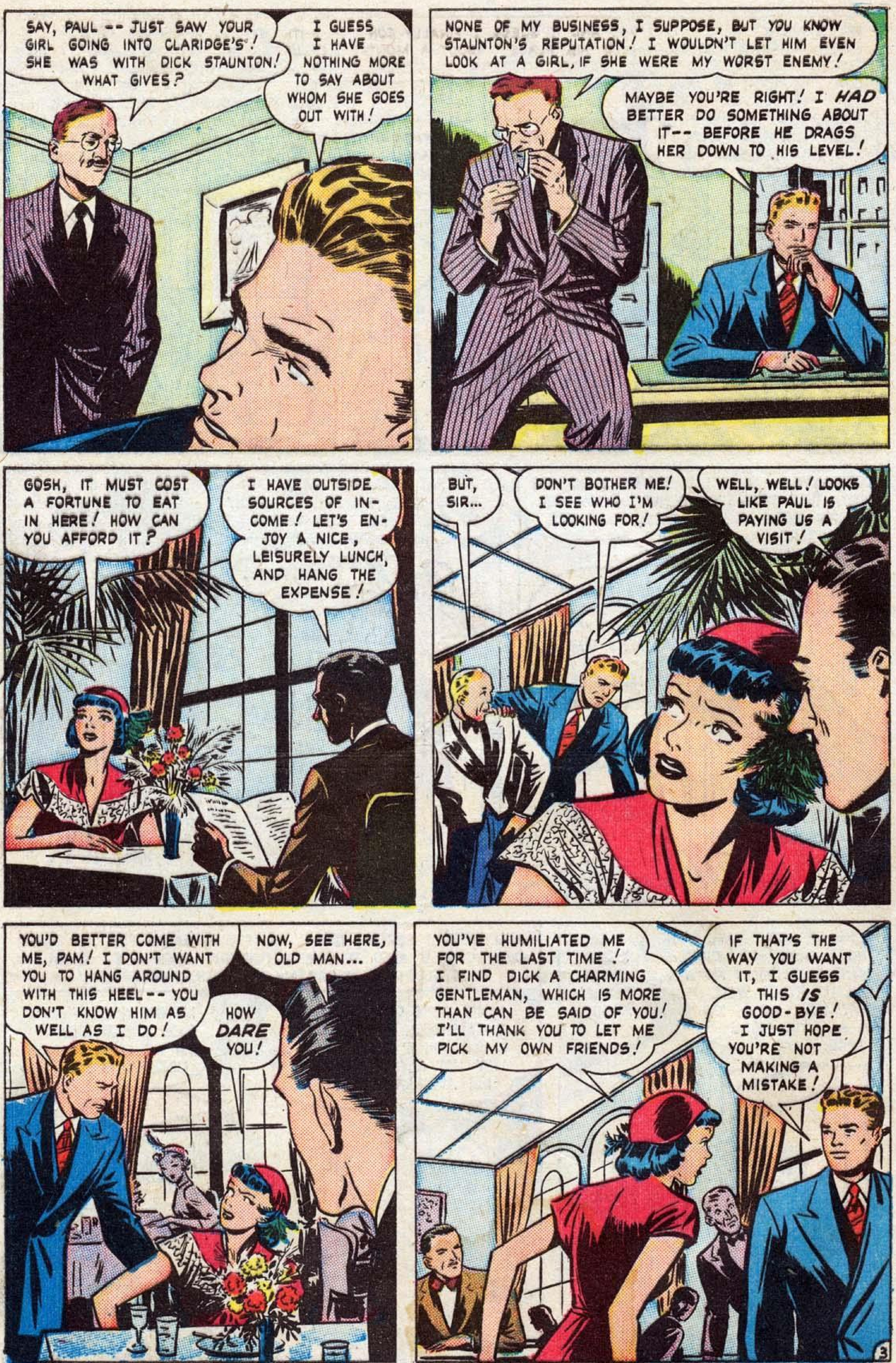
A MISS AMERICA TRUE-TO-LIFE ROMANCE...

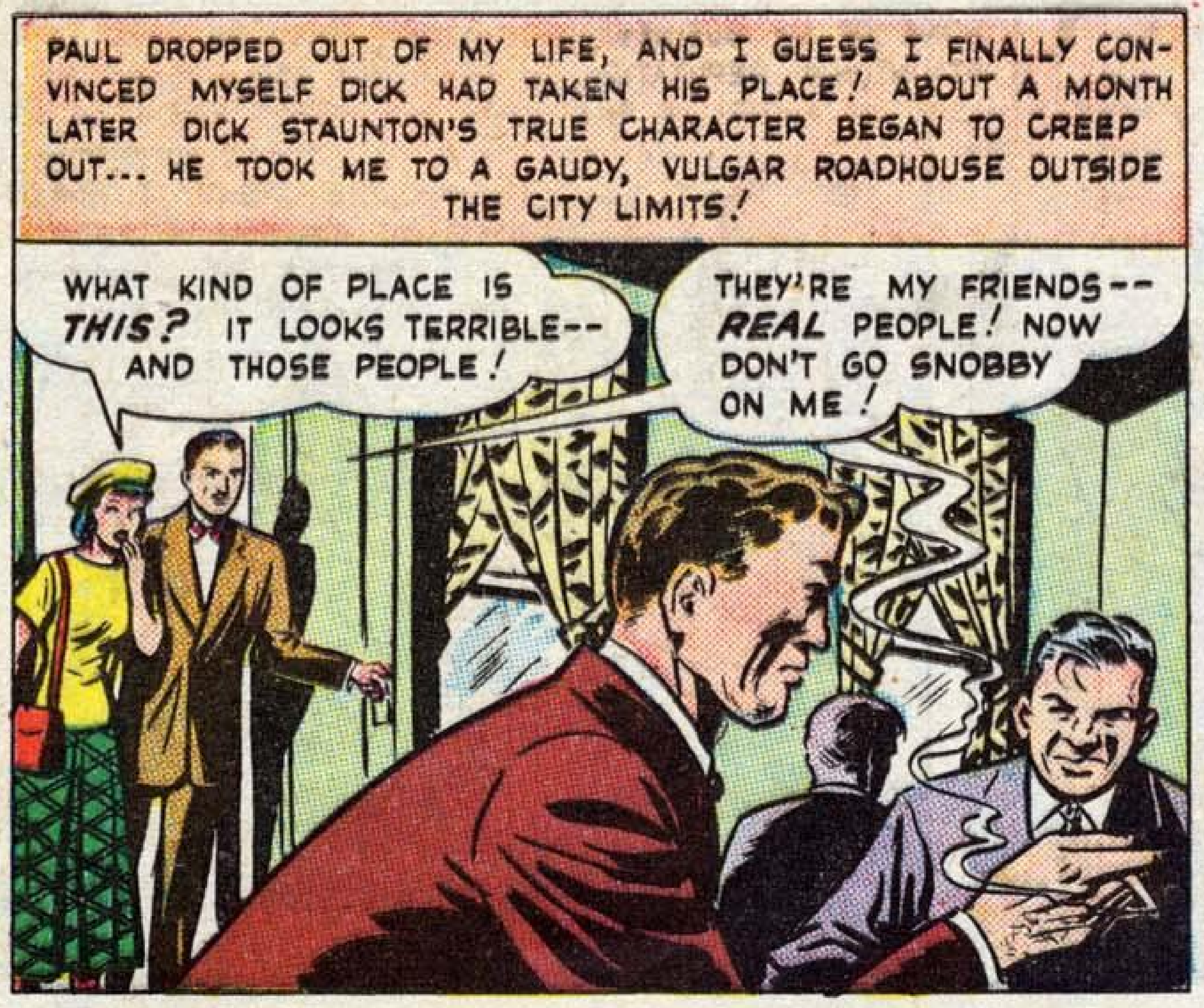
A HEART MUST HAVE FAITH!

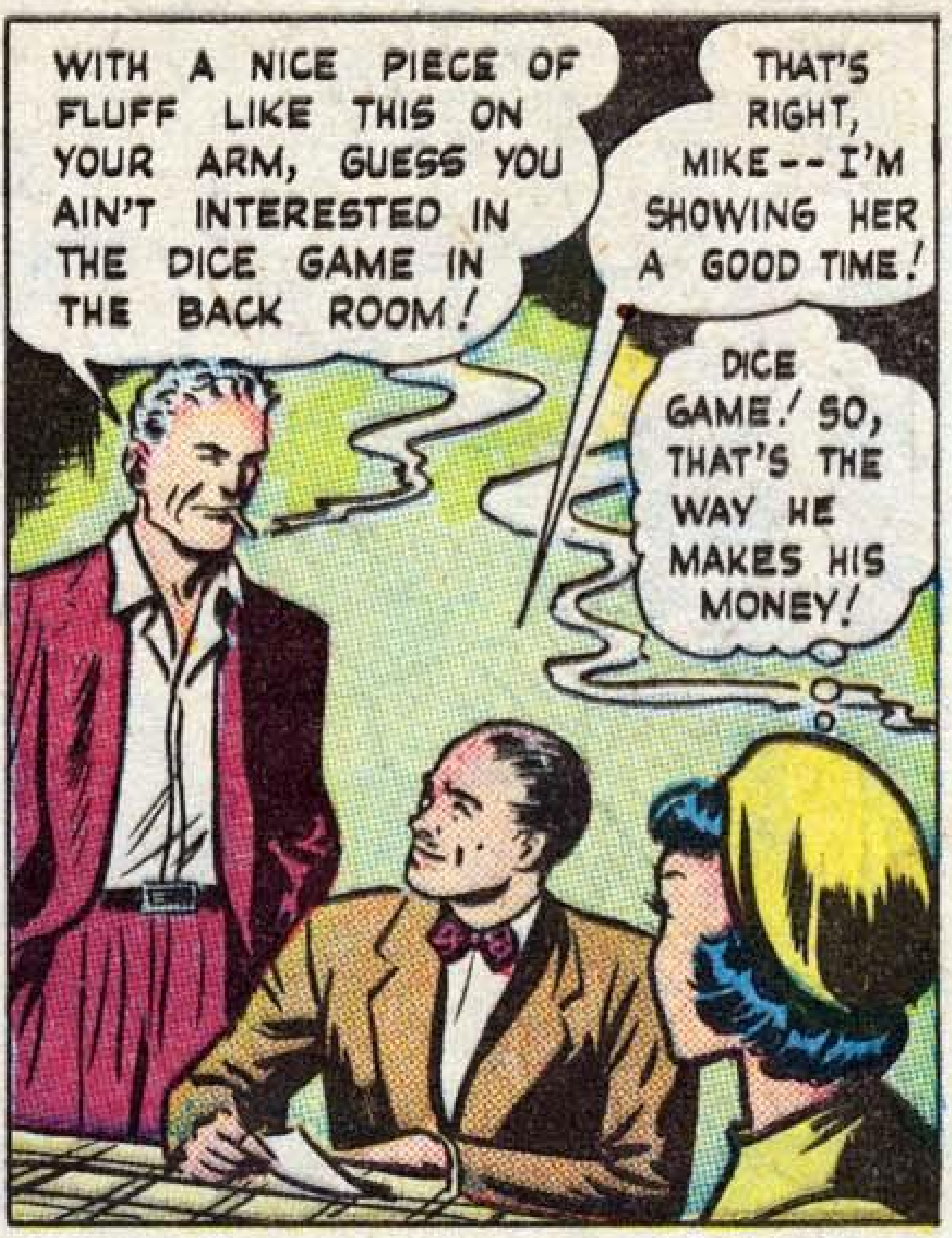
6529

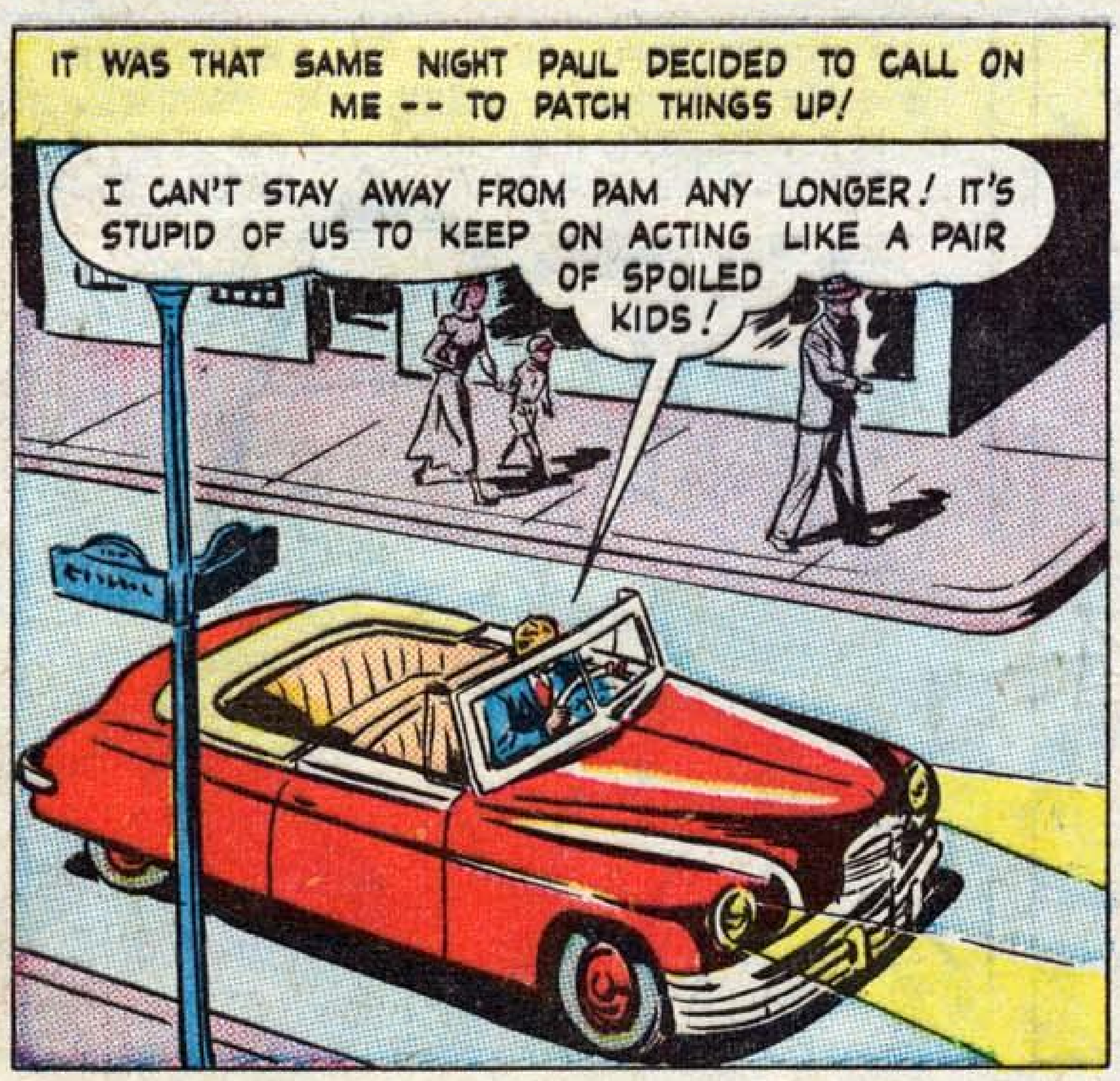

LACK OF FAITH AND OF MY TRUST IN PAUL ALMOST RUINED MY LIFE AND COST ME THE LOVE OF THE ONE MAN WHO MEANT THE WORLD TO ME! IT ALL BEGAN WHEN PAUL BROKE A DATE WITH ME...
YOU'VE GOT TO WORK-- WITH A HEAVY DATE ON, HUH? TOUGH LUCK!
AND PAM'S PHONE IS OUT OF ORDER! ON YOUR WAY HOME TONIGHT, WILL YOU DELIVER THIS NOTE TO HER? THE BOSS'S SECRETARY IS PICKING ME UP TO DRIVE ME OUT TO HIS HOUSE TONIGHT, AND I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE PAM!
OH-OH! LOST THE NOTE PAUL WANTED ME TO DELIVER! I CAN'T GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM, AND I DON'T REMEMBER HIS GIRL FRIEND'S ADDRESS! JEEPERS-- WILL HE BE SORE!
OCK DRUG
AND THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED! A LOST NOTE... A BROKEN DATE...
NINE O'CLOCK! PAUL WAS NEVER THIS LATE BEFORE! MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM!
NO ANSWER! WELL, I'M NOT WAITING A MINUTE LONGER... HE'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD EXPLANATION WHEN I SEE HIM TOMORROW!
1

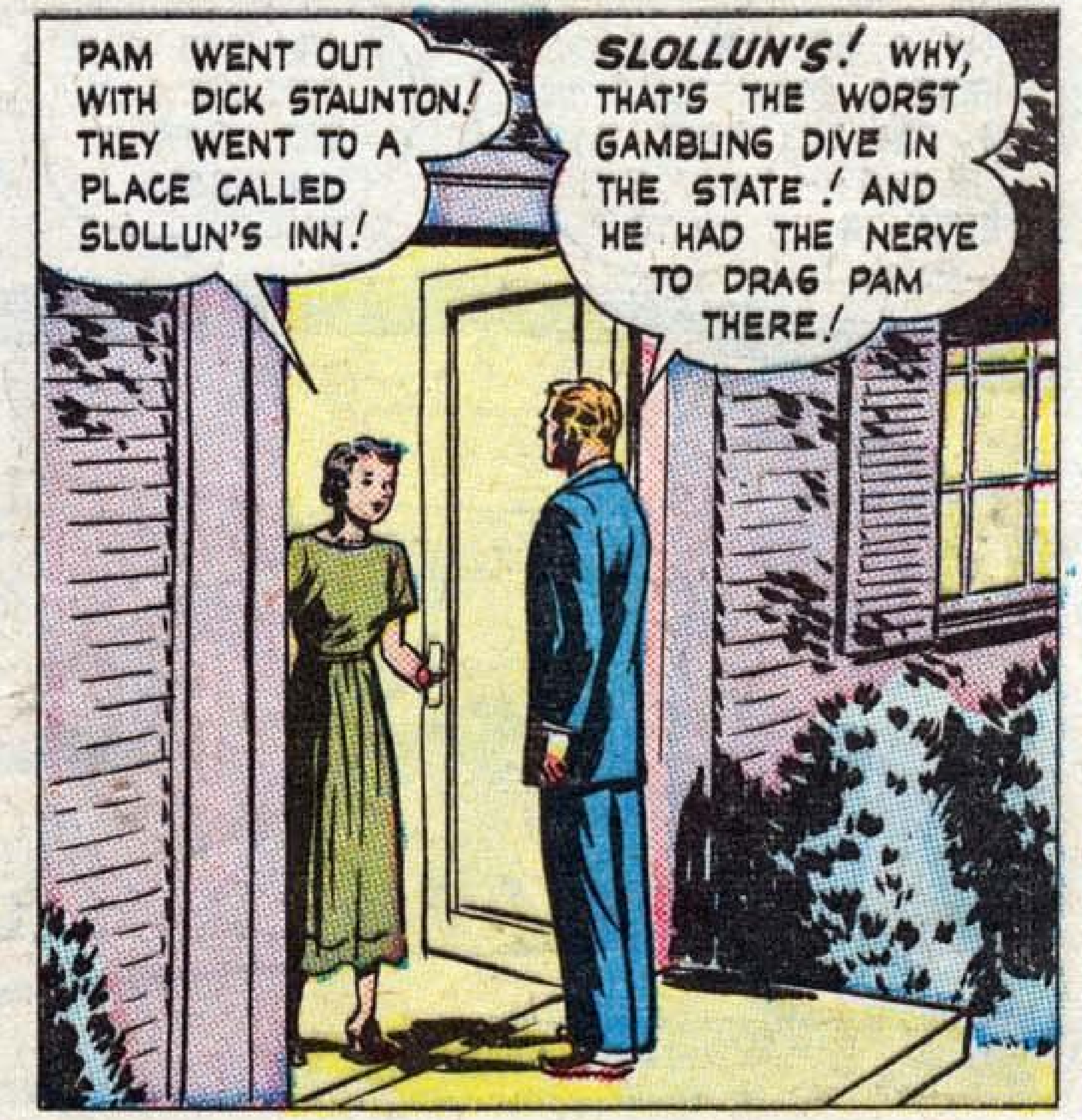

WHEN I GOT HOME THE GOSSIPMONGERS ALREADY HAD BEEN THERE SPREADING THEIR POISON!
I'M SURPRISED AT PAUL'S STANDING YOU UP! YOU KNOW, PAM, CLARISSA WAS IN EARLIER AND SHE TOLD ME SHE SAW PAUL RIDING IN A CAR WITH A FROWZY-LOOKING BLONDE!
SO THAT'S IT! IF HE THINKS I'M PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE TO A PEROXIDE-TOP, HE'D BETTER THINK AGAIN!
ANGRY... HURT... I WENT TO SEE PAUL AT THE OFFICE NEXT MORNING! I KNOW NOW I WAS UNREASONABLE NOT TO ACCEPT HIS EXPLANATION!
I HOPE YOU'RE VERY PROUD OF YOURSELF -- MAKING ME WAIT AT THE RESTAURANT LIKE A FOOL!
BUT, PAM -- I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT THE NOTE I SENT YOU WAS LOST! WHY WON'T YOU LISTEN?
LOST NOTE -- A LIKELY STORY! I SUPPOSE WHEN THAT TEST-TUBE BLONDE SHOOK HER YELLOW CURLS IN YOUR FACE, YOU WERE SO DAZZLED YOU COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT ME!
LEAVE MISS PALMER OUT OF THIS! SHE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MY BREAKING OUR DATE -- SHE'S A VERY NICE GIRL!
IF THAT BLEACHED MATA HARI IS SO NICE, MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO SPEND ALL YOUR TIME WITH HER! GOOD-BYE!
BUT, PAM...
I HEARD ABOUT PAUL GIVING YOU A STAND-UP! I GUESS SOME GUYS DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'RE WELL OFF! NOW, ME -- I'D BE A LITTLE MORE APPRECIATIVE!
PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!
AND THEN I GOT AN IDEA... WHAT WAS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER SHOULD ALSO BE SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE! SO WHEN DICK STAUNTON INVITED ME TO LUNCH, I ACCEPTED!
DON'T TURN ON THE ICE -- I REALLY THINK YOU AND I COULD HIT IT OFF! LOOK, WHY NOT HAVE LUNCH WITH ME AT CLARIDGE'S?
MAYBE THAT'S NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA! I'D BE GLAD TO HAVE LUNCH WITH YOU!
2

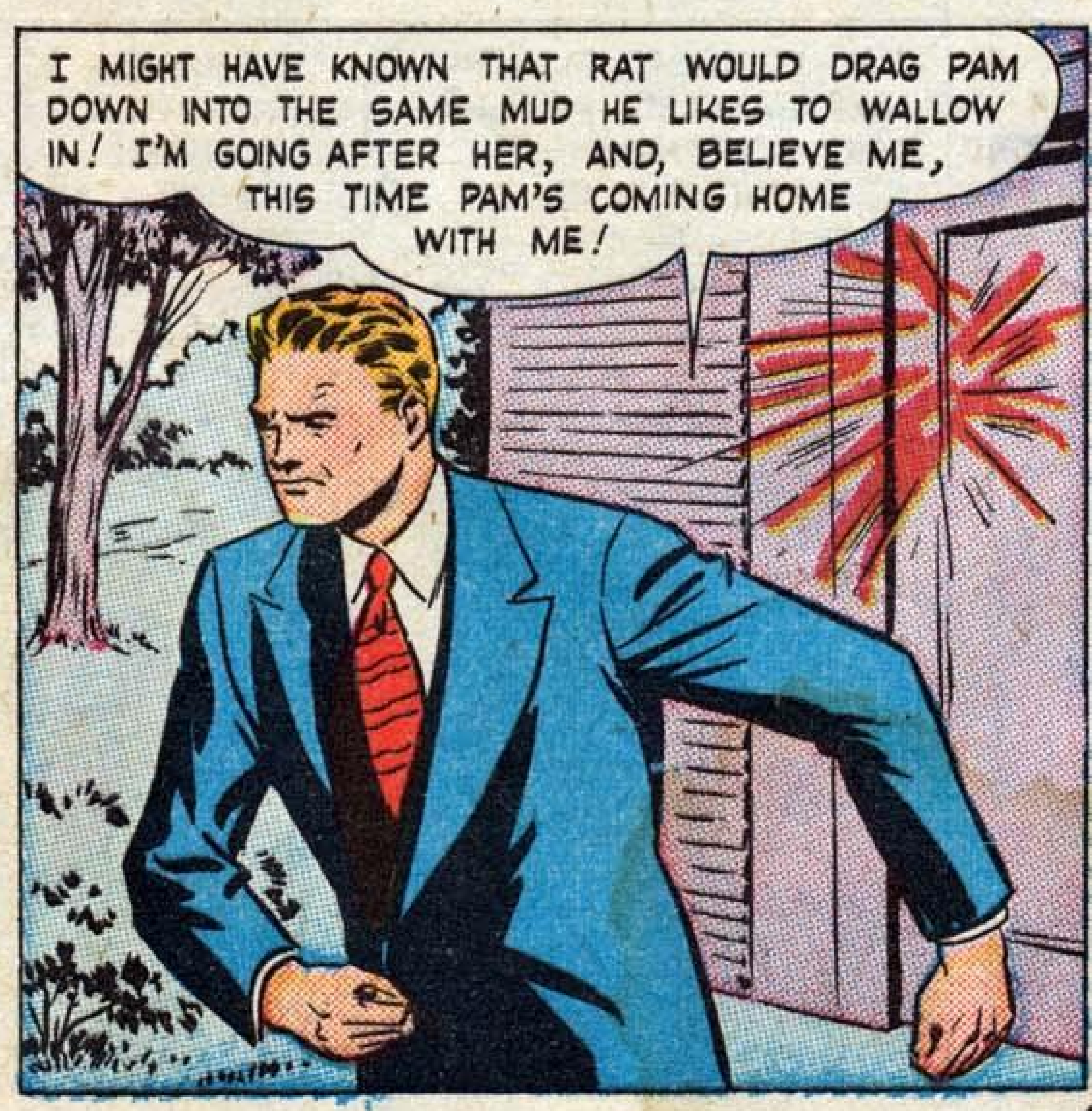

SAY, PAUL -- JUST SAW YOUR GIRL GOING INTO CLARIDGE'S! SHE WAS WITH DICK STAUNTON! WHAT GIVES?
I GUESS I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY ABOUT WHOM SHE GOES OUT WITH!
NONE OF MY BUSINESS, I SUPPOSE, BUT YOU KNOW STAUNTON'S REPUTATION! I WOULDN'T LET HIM EVEN LOOK AT A GIRL, IF SHE WERE MY WORST ENEMY!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! I *HAD* BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT-- BEFORE HE DRAGS HER DOWN TO HIS LEVEL!
GOSH, IT MUST COST A FORTUNE TO EAT IN HERE! HOW CAN YOU AFFORD IT?
I HAVE OUTSIDE SOURCES OF INCOME! LET'S ENJOY A NICE, LEISURELY LUNCH, AND HANG THE EXPENSE!
BUT, SIR...
DON'T BOTHER ME! I SEE WHO I'M LOOKING FOR!
WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE PAUL IS PAYING US A VISIT!
YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME, PAM! I DON'T WANT YOU TO HANG AROUND WITH THIS HEEL-- YOU DON'T KNOW HIM AS WELL AS I DO!
NOW, SEE HERE, OLD MAN...
HOW *DARE* YOU!
YOU'VE HUMILIATED ME FOR THE LAST TIME! I FIND DICK A CHARMING GENTLEMAN, WHICH IS MORE THAN CAN BE SAID OF YOU! I'LL THANK YOU TO LET ME PICK MY OWN FRIENDS!
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, I GUESS THIS *IS* GOOD-BYE! I JUST HOPE YOU'RE NOT MAKING A MISTAKE!
3

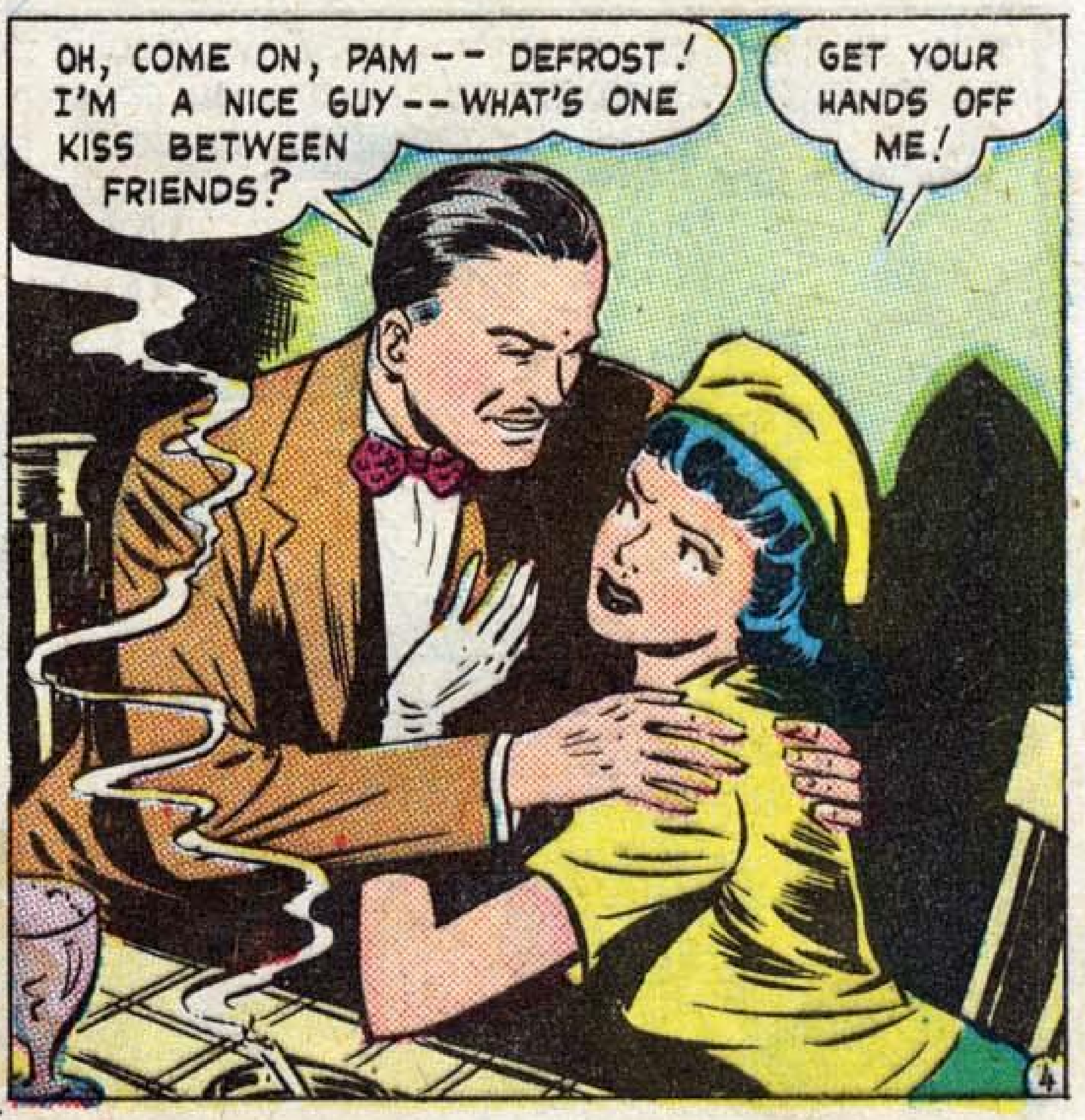

PAUL DROPPED OUT OF MY LIFE, AND I GUESS I FINALLY CONVINCED MYSELF DICK HAD TAKEN HIS PLACE! ABOUT A MONTH LATER DICK STAUNTON'S TRUE CHARACTER BEGAN TO CREEP OUT... HE TOOK ME TO A GAUDY, VULGAR ROADHOUSE OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS!
WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS *THIS?* IT LOOKS TERRIBLE-- AND THOSE PEOPLE!
THEY'RE MY FRIENDS-- *REAL* PEOPLE! NOW DON'T GO SNOBBY ON ME!

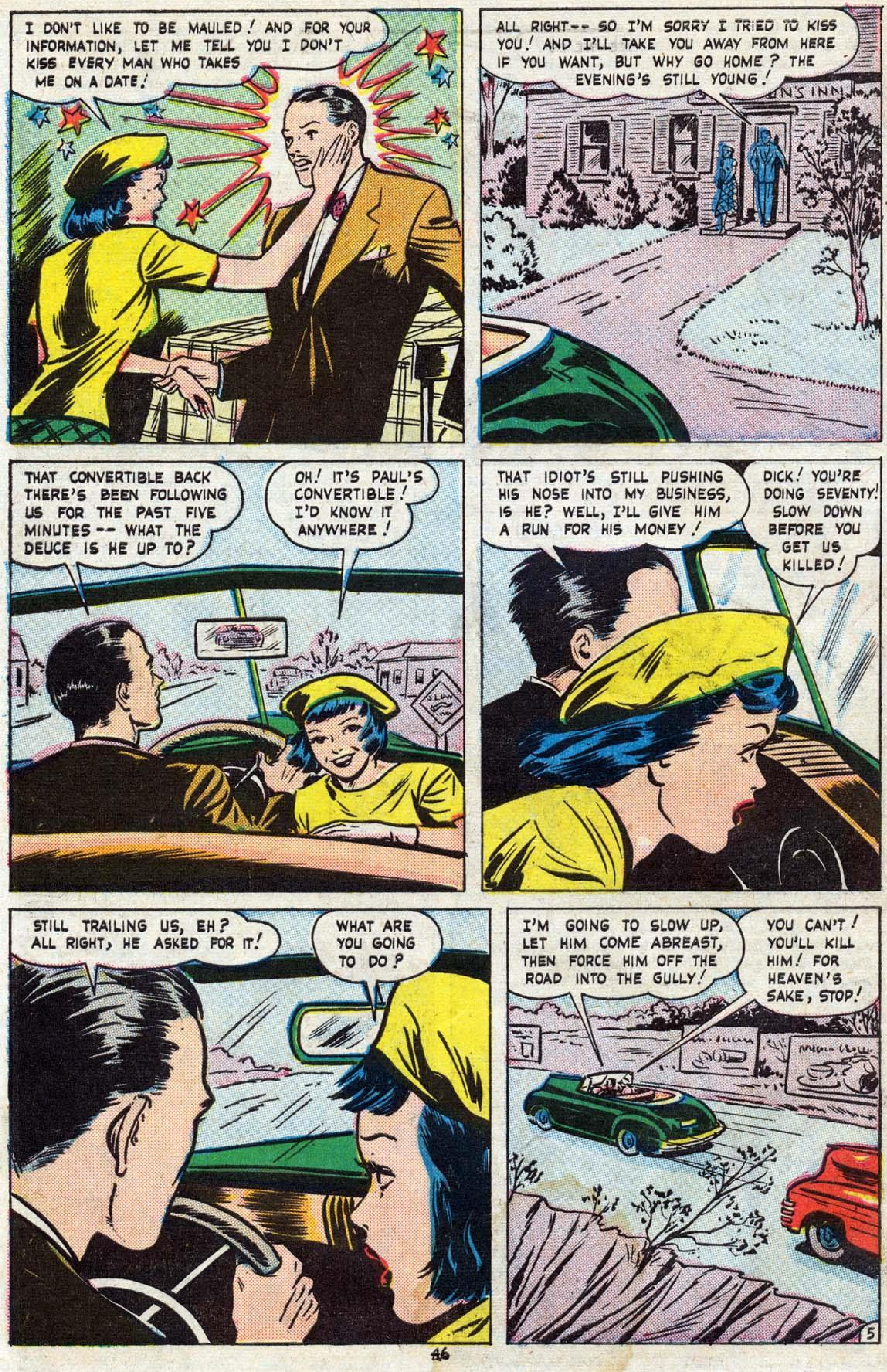

WITH A NICE PIECE OF FLUFF LIKE THIS ON YOUR ARM, GUESS YOU AIN'T INTERESTED IN THE DICE GAME IN THE BACK ROOM!
THAT'S RIGHT, MIKE--I'M SHOWING HER A GOOD TIME!
DICE GAME! SO, THAT'S THE WAY HE MAKES HIS MONEY!

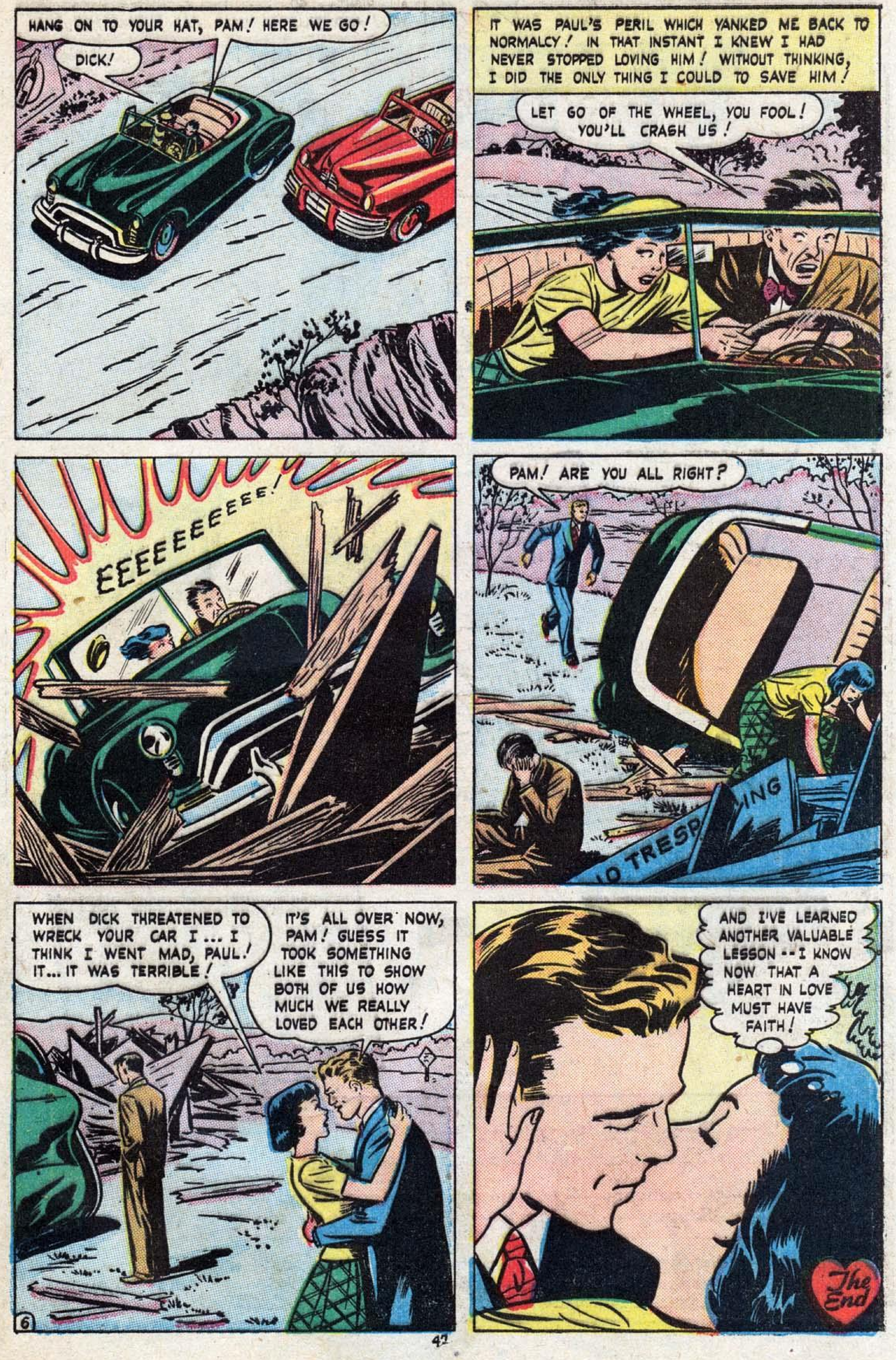

IT WAS THAT SAME NIGHT PAUL DECIDED TO CALL ON ME -- TO PATCH THINGS UP!
I CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM PAM ANY LONGER! IT'S STUPID OF US TO KEEP ON ACTING LIKE A PAIR OF SPOILED KIDS!


PAM WENT OUT WITH DICK STAUNTON! THEY WENT TO A PLACE CALLED SLOLLUN'S INN!
SLOLLUN'S! WHY, THAT'S THE WORST GAMBLING DIVE IN THE STATE! AND HE HAD THE NERVE TO DRAG PAM THERE!


I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT RAT WOULD DRAG PAM DOWN INTO THE SAME MUD HE LIKES TO WALLOW IN! I'M GOING AFTER HER, AND, BELIEVE ME, THIS TIME PAM'S COMING HOME WITH ME!


OH, COME ON, PAM -- DEFROST! I'M A NICE GUY--WHAT'S ONE KISS BETWEEN FRIENDS?
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
4


I DON'T LIKE TO BE MAULED! AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION, LET ME TELL YOU I DON'T KISS EVERY MAN WHO TAKES ME ON A DATE!
ALL RIGHT-- SO I'M SORRY I TRIED TO KISS YOU! AND I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM HERE IF YOU WANT, BUT WHY GO HOME? THE EVENING'S STILL YOUNG!
N'S INN
THAT CONVERTIBLE BACK THERE'S BEEN FOLLOWING US FOR THE PAST FIVE MINUTES -- WHAT THE DEUCE IS HE UP TO?
OH! IT'S PAUL'S CONVERTIBLE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE!
THAT IDIOT'S STILL PUSHING HIS NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS, IS HE? WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM A RUN FOR HIS MONEY!
DICK! YOU'RE DOING SEVENTY! SLOW DOWN BEFORE YOU GET US KILLED!
STILL TRAILING US, EH? ALL RIGHT, HE ASKED FOR IT!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I'M GOING TO SLOW UP, LET HIM COME ABREAST, THEN FORCE HIM OFF THE ROAD INTO THE GULLY!
YOU CAN'T! YOU'LL KILL HIM! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP!
5


HANG ON TO YOUR HAT, PAM! HERE WE GO!
DICK!
IT WAS PAUL'S PERIL WHICH YANKED ME BACK TO NORMALCY! IN THAT INSTANT I KNEW I HAD NEVER STOPPED LOVING HIM! WITHOUT THINKING, I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD TO SAVE HIM!
LET GO OF THE WHEEL, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL CRASH US!
EEEEEEEEEEEEE!
PAM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO TRESP ING
WHEN DICK THREATENED TO WRECK YOUR CAR I... I THINK I WENT MAD, PAUL! IT... IT WAS TERRIBLE!
IT'S ALL OVER NOW, PAM! GUESS IT TOOK SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO SHOW BOTH OF US HOW MUCH WE REALLY LOVED EACH OTHER!
6
AND I'VE LEARNED ANOTHER VALUABLE LESSON -- I KNOW NOW THAT A HEART IN LOVE MUST HAVE FAITH!
The End

WHIZZ

1 **Can you identify the original nationality of the movie stars listed below?**

1. Louis Jourdan
2. Jean Hersholt
3. Alida Valli
4. Akim Tamiroff
5. Viveca Lindfors
6. Hedy Lamarr
7. Marlene Dietrich
8. Norma Shearer
9. Desi Arnaz
10. Peter Lawford

2 **They say man's best friend is the dog—see how many breeds you can recognize by filling in these blanks below.**

1. C — L — — E
2. — A S — — F F
3. W H — — P — —
4. — U L L — — G
5. A — — E D — — E
6. — E — I N — S —
7. D — — — H S — — N D
8. — — — N A U Z — —
9. — A L — — T — — N
10. P — — E R — N I — —

3 **If you're interested in literature, this quiz should be a cinch. Just match these characters with the book in which they appear.**

1. Rima
2. Ashley Wilkes
3. Aunt Polly
4. Jo March
5. Long John Silver
6. Betsy Trotwood
7. Becky Sharp
8. Edmond Dantes
9. Hester Prynne
10. The Artful Dodger

a. David Copperfield
b. Treasure Island
c. Oliver Twist
d. Green Mansions
e. Vanity Fair
f. Tom Sawyer
g. The Scarlet Letter
h. Little Women
i. Gone With the Wind
j. The Count of Monte Cristo

ANSWERS TO 1: 1—French, 2—Danish, 3—Italian, 4—Russian, 5—Swedish, 6—Austrian, 7—German, 8—Canadian, 9—Cuban, 10—English.

ANSWERS TO 2: 1—Collie, 2—Mastiff, 3—Whippet, 4—Bulldog, 5—Airedale, 6—Pekinese, 7—Dachshund, 8—Schnauzer, 9—Dalmatian, 10—Pomeranian.

ANSWERS TO 3: 1—d, 2—i, 3—f, 4—h, 5—b, 6—a, 7—e, 8—j, 9—g, 10—c.

QUIZZ

4 **Each of these women had a special man in her life. See if you can recall his name.**

1. Heloise
2. Venus
3. Queen Elizabeth
4. Wallis Warfield Simpson
5. Iseult
6. Lady Hamilton
7. Guinevere
8. Helen of Troy
9. Cleopatra
10. Josephine

6 **If you're interested in swing or bebop, you'll have no trouble matching these musicians with the instruments they play.**

1. Sidney Bechet
2. Ethel Smith
3. Lionel Hampton
4. Art Tatum
5. Gene Krupa
6. Joe Venuti
7. Alvino Rey
8. Johnny Hodges
9. Tommy Dorsey
10. Dizzy Gillespie

a. guitar
b. vibraphone
c. trombone
d. drums
e. trumpet
f. saxaphone
g. piano
h. organ
i. clarinet
j. violin

5 **What countries claim these famous classical composers?**

1. Rossini
2. Albeniz
3. Bizet
4. Prokofieff
5. Grieg
6. Sibelius
7. Mozart
8. MacDowell
9. Villa-Lobos
10. Chopin

ANSWERS TO 4: 1—Abelard, 2—Adonis, 3—Earl of Essex, 4—Duke of Windsor, 5—Tristan, 6—Lord Nelson, 7—Lancelot, 8—Paris, 9—Antony, 10—Napoleon.

ANSWERS TO 5: 1—Italy, 2—Spain, 3—France, 4—Russia, 5—Norway, 6—Finland, 7—Austria, 8—America, 9—Brazil, 10—Poland.

ANSWERS TO 6: 1—i, 2—h, 3—b, 4—g, 5—d, 6—j, 7—a, 8—f, 9—c, 10—e.

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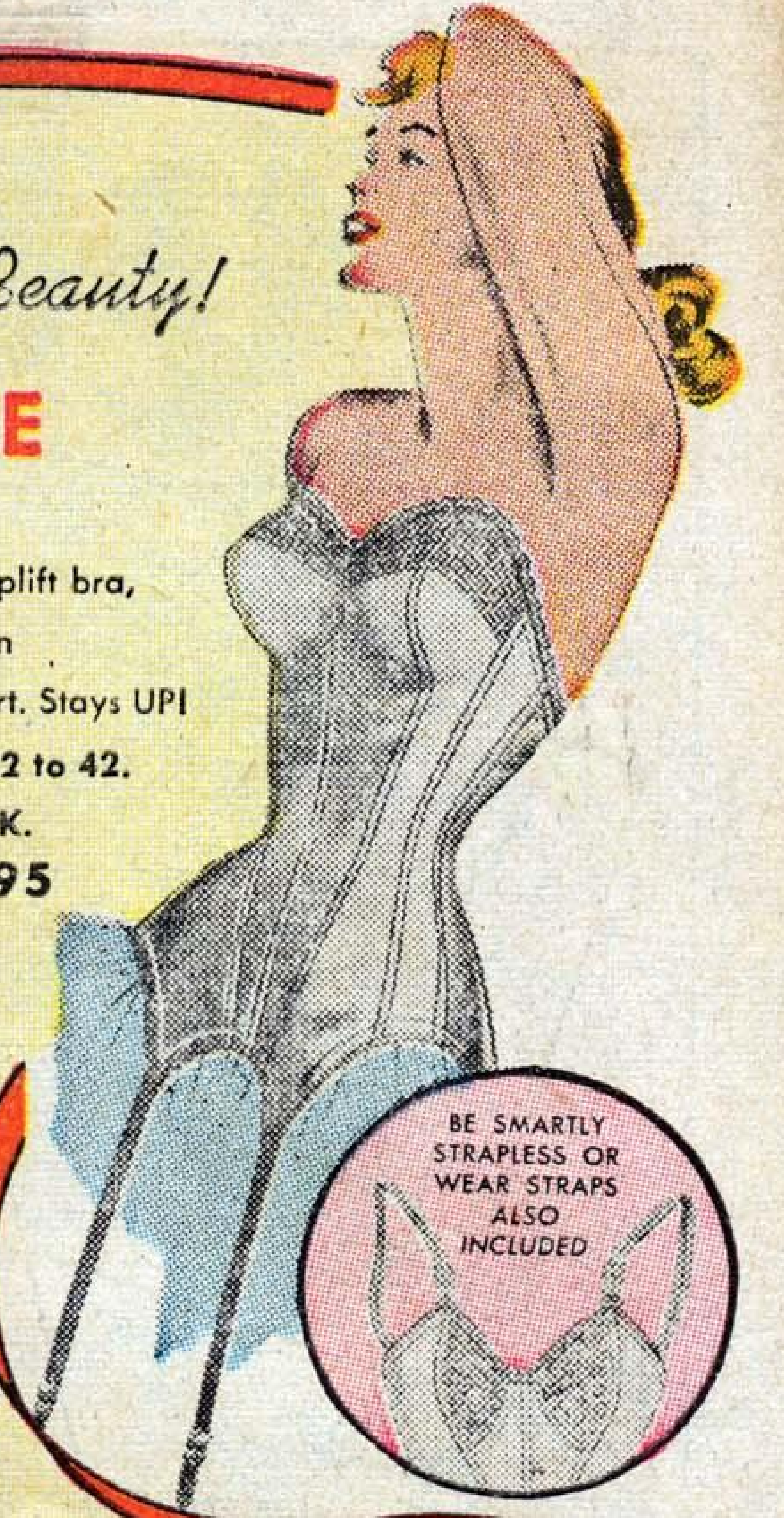
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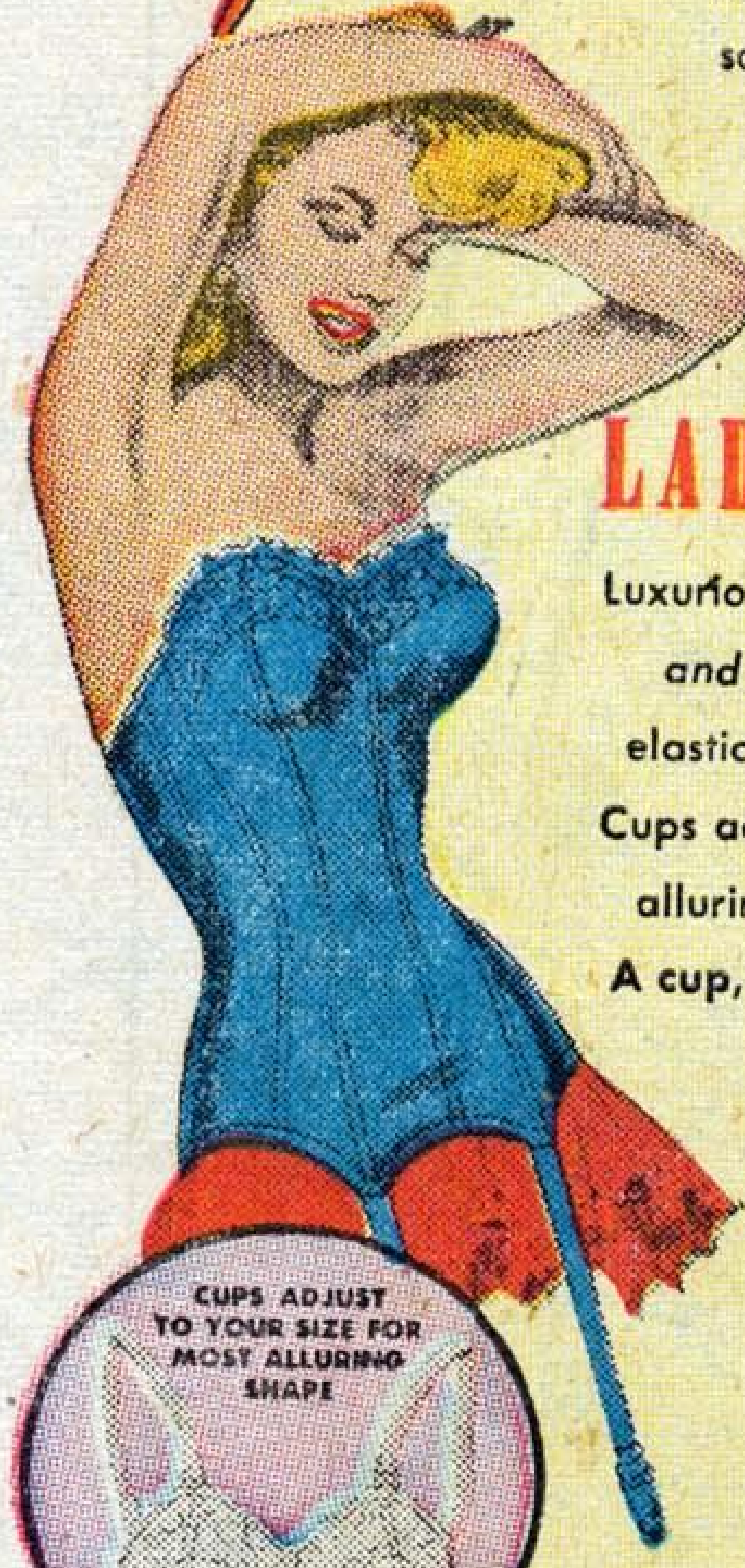
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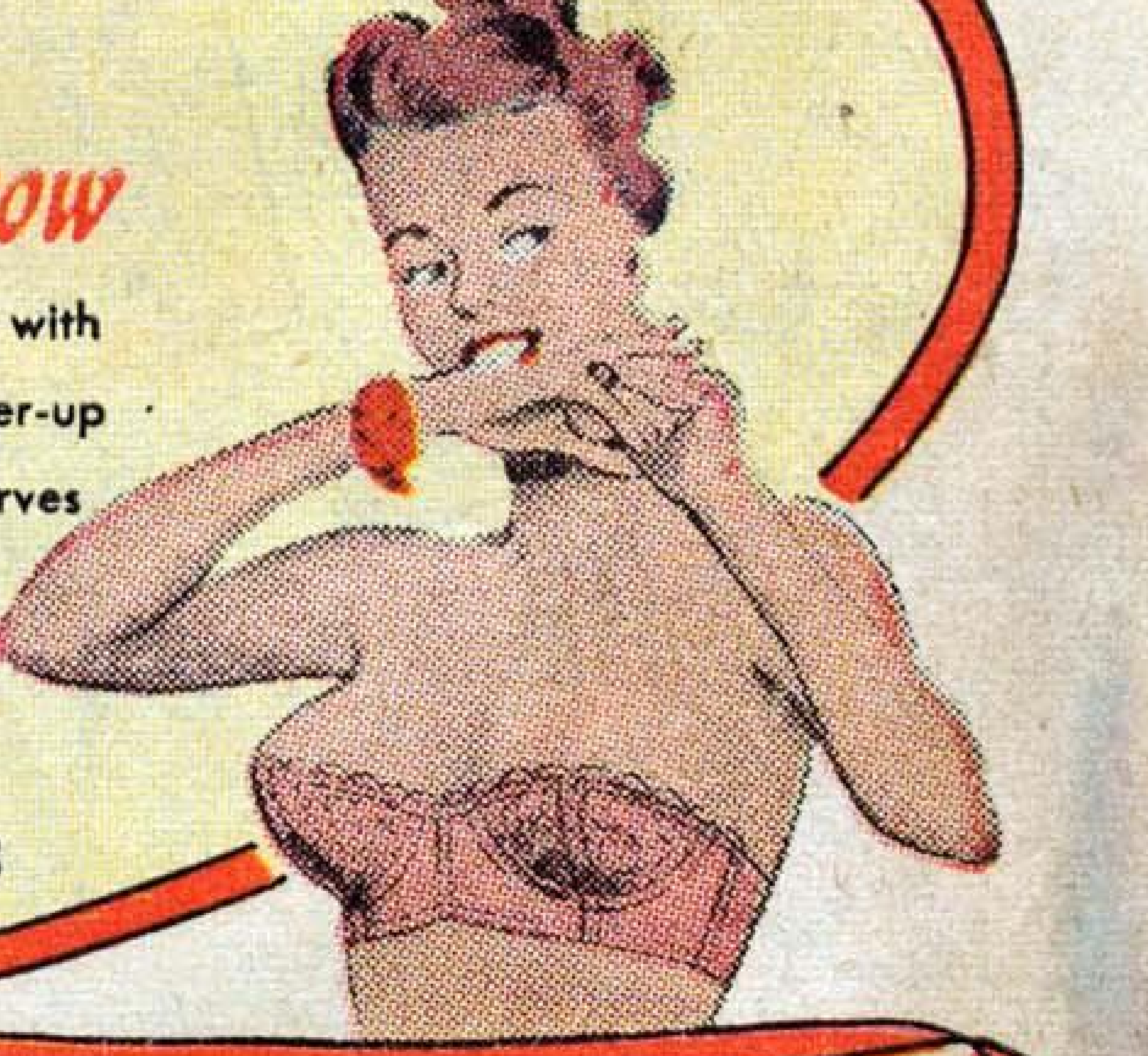

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CUP ____ 2nd Choice ____	CUP ____ 2nd Choice ____	CUP ____ 2nd Choice ____

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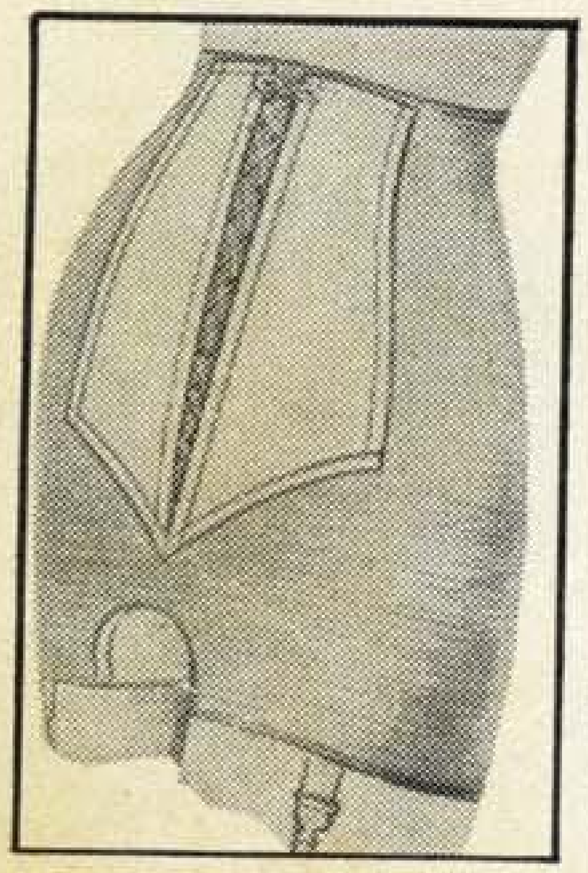

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